The Outlook

Vol. 63 October 7, 1899 No. 6

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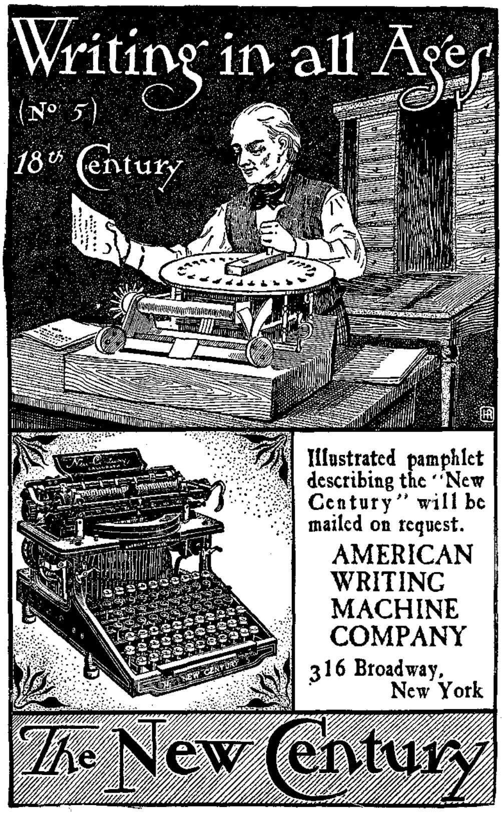

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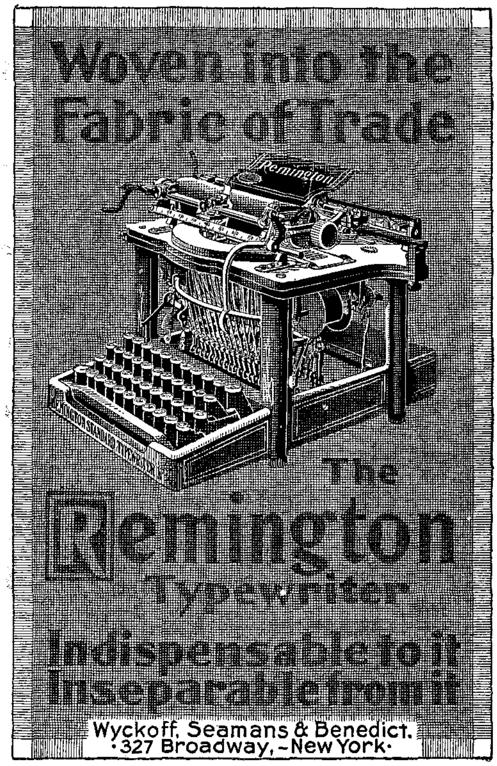

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The Outlook

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The Transvaal Crisis Continued military activity continues on both sides of the Orange-Transvaal frontier. In the Transvaal the commandeering orders are completed and the burghers are ready for the field. Commandant-General Joubert is reported to have said that there are ten thousand men near Volksrust, the nearest town to the Natal border. Commandant Cronje has three thousand on the Bechuana side. Opposing these there are, at this writing, five thousand British near Dundee, in Natal, and a considerable force at the junction of the Kimberley-Johannesburg railways near the other frontier. Business has virtually ceased at Johannesburg. Such great numbers of Outlanders have left that the mines are paying five dollars a day, with food, to those who will remain. It is rumored that at Pretoria the Transvaal Government has declared an emergency act of legislation, which authorizes the Government Bank to suspend specie payments, closes the courts, and suspends papers published in the English language. Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the war correspondent of the London "Telegraph," says that although both republics have mobilized their male population, good order prevails everywhere. "I have never seen people in such a crisis so well behaved and resolute, without the least air of boastfulness. Young and old are fully determined to fight to the bitter end. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there are large numbers of Uitlanders, English and other nationalities, who have enrolled themselves to take up arms in defense of their adopted country." The feeling among the Cape Colony Africanders, always strong, is now doubly so, since every one has relatives in the Boer forces. The line of cleavage between British and Dutch in the colony is daily growing more marked; it will be surprising if it does not occasion even greater anxiety. Impressive evidences that the British Government is in earnest are found in the large orders to transport mules and meat to South Africa. The Government has ordered nearly five million pounds of its army meat from the Louisville Packing Company. Large orders have also been received by concerns in Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. One result will probably be that the already high prices of meat in this country will become higher.

The Orange-Transvaal Alliance The most important event of last week in the Transvaal situation was the unanimous passing of resolutions by the Orange Free State Volksraad, or Parliament, in accordance with President Steyn's exhortation of the week previous. The first resolution instructed the Government to use every means to insure peace without violating the honor or independence either of the Free State or of the Transvaal. The second resolution declared that there exists no cause for war, and that war against the Transvaal, if undertaken or occasioned by the British Government, would morally be a war against the whole white population of Africa, and in its consequences criminal. Come what may, the Free State will faithfully fulfill its obligations to the Transvaal in virtue of the existing offensive and defensive alliance. As the Orange Free State is connected with the Transvaal by the closest ties, not only of a formal agreement, but of blood and race, this action of the Volksraad at Bloemfontein is, of course, what might be expected. However, as the Orange Free State has long stood in friendly relations with the British Government, some English colonials profess surprise and chagrin. One, Sir Walter Peace, Agent-General for Natal in London, is reported as saying that if the

Free State had been loyal, fighting would not have lasted fourteen days; it might now last two months. It is believed that the union of the Orange and Transvaal military forces will add nearly three-quarters to the latter's numerical strength, and, by the extension of Boer frontier, is sure to make the struggle far harder to concentrate.

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The Feeling in Great Britain The general feeling in Great Britain is voiced by the Rev. Dr. James Stewart, who has spent the last thirty years in South Africa. Writing to us on the crisis, he says that the small oligarchy of Transvaal Boers do not mean to give and will not give to white or black the smallest political or municipal rights, except those which they are compelled by force to give. In consequence, the outlook is gloomy enough. The vast majority of the British papers, home and colonial, heartily approve those passages of the Duke of Devonshire's speech last week which read as follows:

> The obstacle which seems to stand in the way of a peaceful settlement appears to be the rooted conviction of the Boers that we cherish designs hostile to their independence. That such apprehensions are unfounded has been asserted as strongly as possible—officially in our despatches and unofficially by members of the Government. The unfounded suspicions of President Kruger and his Government cannot relieve us of the duty of taking measures for the protection of our fellow-subjects and in the interests of peace and good government.

Many Liberals, however, are saying that it can be only a few years until the venerable President Kruger and the other bigoted conservatives pass away. When that occurs, the Outlanders will have their way. Why should not the latter wait, even though the present situation be desperately uncomfortable, rather than involve not only the Transvaal but every South African State in a horrible conflagration? This war would quite probably be not only between the British and the Boers, but also between the whites on the one side and, on the other, the blacks, outnumbering them eight to one. There would also be a dire imperiling of Great Britain's duties in many parts of the world—in China, where she has the "open door" to keep open; in the Persian Gulf, where she must constantly fight France and Russia, resolved upon obtaining coaling stations there and thus endangering India; in North Africa, where the Chauvinists at Paris long to avenge Fashoda. On Sunday last Cardinal Vaughan warned his fellow-countrymen as follows: "War is still trembling in the balance, and a great responsibility rests upon those deputed to safeguard the welfare of the British nation. An unjust or an unnecessary war would be a great national crime, deserving divine chastisement, because it would be an offense against God and mankind."

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A Possible Consolidation The Transvaal Boers are divided into two classes, Conservatives and Liberals. The leader of the first is President Kruger; of the second, General Joubert, Vice-President of the Republic, Commandant-General of the Army, and, with Mr. Kruger, one of the triumvirate which governed the Transvaal during the war of independence in 1880–81. General Joubert gained a victory in every one of the battles fought against the British, and has been Vice-President ever since the re-establishment of Transvaal independence. He is equally remarkable in a civil and in a military capacity. As Liberal leader he believes that the Outlanders should be permitted to vote both for the candidates for the presidency and for those of the Volkraad's first Chamber. They are already allowed to vote for those for the impotent second Chamber. Latterly General Joubert has been trying to restrain the bellicose Conservatives, and, according to the London "Times," the postponement of hostilities is due almost wholly to his influence. Now, however, he has been informed by the armed burghers that, unless he is prepared to take the initiative within a brief period, he must relinquish command of the army. General Joubert has long been the Liberal candidate for the presidency. President Kruger fears, so it is believed, that at the next election the office may pass into his opponent's hands. Accordingly, he is now said to be considering a plan which will give him the satisfaction of not seeing his rival reigning in his stead, and at the same time of wonderfully strengthening the Transvaal, morally and materially, indeed as nothing else could. This plan is nothing less than his own resignation in favor of President Steyn, of the Orange Free State. The inevitable consequence of this would be the consolidation of the two Republics, or rather the annexation of the Transvaal to the Free State. We hope that this union may take place. By this the Transvaal Boers and the Outlanders would both be benefited.

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Religion in the Transvaal No conception of the Boer character is complete which does not take into account the strong religious admixture which obtains therein. The most striking example of Boer literal faith in God is the contrast between their defeat under the atheist Burgers, whom they could not trust to lead them into battle against the natives and so were routed, and their wonderful victories over the British in the war of independence of 1880–81, when they fought with a courage and persistence above all praise, inspired by the stirring conviction that the Lord was fighting with them and for them. Few peoples have ever shown a more touching reliance upon the Supreme Being. The great analogy is, of course, the setting forth of the Pilgrims from Holland, not far from the time when the Dutch also set forth from that country to found homes and republics in South Africa. The Boer religion, however, was like the Puritan in this country—a seeming striving after an Old Testament rather than a New Testament ideal. It was also shown in the spirit of entire democracy in ritual. Anything else would have seemed sacrilege. Ever since the "Great Trek" in 1835 the Dutch Reformed Church has been the State Church of the Boers. It is now divided into two factions, of which the Doppers, led by President Kruger, constitute the conservatives. The radicals insist on singing hymns, a performance which the Doppers declare to be extremely worldly. The great festival in the Boer calendar is that of the Nachtmaal, or communion, generally held at Christmas-time at Pretoria, the capital. To this feast burghers come from all parts of the Transvaal, and, encamped about the capital, present a truly pastoral and patriarchal picture. Five of the nine legal holidays in the Transvaal are religious holidays—namely, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension Day. and Whit-Monday.

The War in Luzon Last week was more eventful in a military way than any since the rainy season began. On Sunday a naval expedition went up Subig Bay, landed a party, and destroyed insurgent works at Olongapo without much serious resistance, capturing a Krupp gun and driving the enemy temporarily away from the vicinity. None of our sailors was killed, and only one wounded. On Monday despatches from General Otis were published stating that sixty-five armed men had surrendered to our forces in Negros and that the Panay Island insurgents had made overtures for submission if good terms could be promised them; they were told that they must surrender absolutely. General Otis also confirmed the news that General Bates had placed garrisons in several places in the Sulu Islands, while in Zamboango the chiefs were willing to receive a United States garrison on the curious condition that it should agree to withdraw if Aguinaldo were finally victorious—a condition naturally declined with promptness. On the same day were published the particulars of a minor success by the insurgents: they had seized, burned, and scuttled the gunboat Urdaneta, which had been bombarding the town of Orani, on Manila Bay. The crew of ten men, landed to take possession of the place, fell into an ambuscade and were captured, and, it is believed, taken to Porac by the insurgents who looted and sunk the gunboat. Cadet Wood, in command of the gunboat, was killed. On Tuesday was reported an action of some importance in Cebu; here General Snyder made an attack on fortified positions and captured seven forts with many old smooth-bore guns.

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The Capture of Porac and Delivery of Prisoners News from Lieutenant Gilmore and his fellow-prisoners has been received through two Englishmen who have been in Aguinaldo's lines. They say that the American prisoners are at Vigan, and are well treated. These Englishmen say that five Japanese army officers are assisting the insurgents in the north. The crops, they say, are plentiful and the army is enthusiastic, but the organization is poor and the discipline slack. It is believed that the rebels will retreat to the mountains when the Americans advance. The offer made lately by Aguinaldo to release some prisoners if a commission of his officers might accompany them to Manila to talk about peace negotiations was at first refused, because of a projected immediate advance by the American forces against Porac. On Thursday this announced American advance was made against Porac—twelve miles northwest from Bacolor, eight miles southwest of Angeles (our northern advance post), and a few miles west of the railway. Porac was thus in a position which threatened our flank, and from it expeditions have annoyed our outposts. The attack was the old story over again. General MacArthur's force met with little resistance; none of our men were killed; only four wounded; the insurgents abandoned the town. The capture of Porac was part of a general movement to clear our flanks. After this advance was thus successfully carried out, the Filipino Commissioners were allowed to enter our lines escorting fourteen American prisoners (not Lieutenant Gilmore's band), who were surrendered with no other return than the admission of the Commission. The prisoners unanimously praised their treatment. One man said: "We have been given the best the country afforded, fine houses for quarters, servants, good food, plenty of wine, and a money allowance. The idea of independence has taken firm hold of the Filipinos." The Filipino Commissioners, General Otis cables, tried to secure some recognition of their Government; they were told that unconditional surrender only would be considered.

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Dr. Schurman on the Philippines The address delivered at Cornell last week by President Schurman is of more than local and university interest because of its very full statement of the views of one of the Philippine Commission on the great question now occupying public thought. President Schurman frankly admitted that a year ago he answered negatively the question, Shall we take the Philippine Islands from Spain? To-day he thought the only question was, "The United States having taken the Philippine Islands from Spain, what shall be done with them?" He admitted that there was a great difference between the expansion now proposed and that involved in the development of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific in territory practically uninhabited. The most fundamental and obvious lesson drawn from all colonial history was, he thought, the warning, "Let no ruling race ever treat its colonies or its dependencies as its possessions." We cannot, he continued in substance, do what we like with the Philippines; this would be barbarous and muddle-headed; we must not use the government of colonies or dependencies as a money-making enterprise; let a nation seek to enrich itself at the expense of its colonists and it impoverishes all; a colonizing power should aim at nothing but the welfare of its colonies, but colonies and dependencies should be made self-supporting. President Schurman, in reply to the question, Why should we extend our sovereignty over remote countries and alien people? affirmed over and over again that the only justifiable object would be the establishment of good government in the territory, the evolution of its people in civilization, and "the training of them in progressive self-government with a view to ultimate independence, whether by partnership in or separation from the sovereign State." He believed in our mission to educate and elevate the Filipinos in honest and fraternal co-operation with them to establish a just and stable government, "in which the natives shall have ever-increasing participation in proportion to the development of their political capacities."

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Captain Carter's Sentence The verdict of the court martial against Captain Oberlin M. Carter was approved by the President at the close of last week. On the Wednesday preceding, ex-Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh, one of Captain Carter's counsel, was heard in his defense by Attorney-General Griggs, but only a few minor specifications in the findings of the court martial were disapproved. Mr. MacVeagh expressed his own belief in the innocence of his client, but his argument was almost exclusively a pleading of legal technicalities against the decision of the court martial. He urged that the court martial had violated the rules of evidence in various ways—notably by admitting illegally seized private papers of Captain Carter—and pleaded that the court martial was incapable of conducting a thorough trial of the case, because it could not compel men in civil life to testify before it. This plea was undoubtedly true, but the inability of the court martial to subpœna civil witnesses was rather an advantage than a disadvantage to the accused, whose personal popularity, supplementing the financial resources of the contractors involved, enabled him to secure volunteer witnesses at command. Laymen who have followed the case have generally been convinced of the accused officer's guilt ever since he pleaded the statute of limitations to secure himself from prosecution for offenses committed during eight years of the ten he was in charge of the Government works in Savannah Harbor; and the present attempt of one of his counsel, Mr. Blair, to raise the cry of "militarism" will utterly fail. That the verdict of the court martial imposed in April, 1898, should remain so long unapproved shows that civil distrust of military tribunals has been carried to the last possible point. The Nation will indorse the execution of the sentence, which imposed a fine and imprisonment for five years at hard labor.

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The Boston and Albany Lease

The "Protective Committee" of stockholders of the Boston and Albany Railroad, who opposed the acceptance of the eight and a half per cent. lease of this road to the New York Central, had remarkable success in obtaining the support of their fellow-stockholders. At the beginning of last week they held the power to vote 136,000 shares out of the total of 250,000, and were thus clearly able to veto the proposed action of the directors. To make their victory complete, however, they decided to put in nomination a new list of directors, and though they renominated President Bliss and four of his associates on the present board who favored the lease, their object was clearly to rebuke if not to remove the old management. This new attitude called forth considerable protest from their previous supporters, and when President Bliss refused to accept their nomination they found themselves unable to dictate what the outcome should be. At the meeting of the stockholders on Wednesday the friends of the old management were able to secure postponement of final action upon the lease until November, and before the vote upon the new directors could be counted a compromise was effected by which the protestants against the lease accepted a mere increase in their representation upon the board. Meanwhile the question of State purchase of the Boston and Albany has gained unexpected prominence. The charter of the road, it will be recalled, provided that the State might at any time purchase the road upon terms that would return to the stockholders their original investment and ten per cent. interest thereon. As the State has chartered no parallel road, the stockholders have always received about ten per cent. interest, so that the State has the contract right to purchase the stock at par—or for about half what the New York Central offers. If a private corporation had this right, it would exercise it, and a great many citizens of Massachusetts believe with ex-Senator Dawes that the State should look after the rights of the public as zealously as a private corporation after the rights of its shareholders. No prominent paper, so far as we have seen, advocates the public operation of the road, but both the Springfield "Republican" and the Hartford "Courant" are in substantial agreement with the Boston "Post" when it says: "The strong tendency of things to-day is towards the public ownership of 'public utilities' by the people. Why would it not be a good thing for the State to buy in the road, and then lease it to Mr. Vanderbilt for the profit of the public treasury?"

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The Political Assessment of Judges

There is nothing before unknown in the testimony of many Judges of New York courts (including eleven of the Supreme Court Justices) before the Mazet Committee. It has been perfectly well understood for years by all well-informed people that candidates for the bench or for re-election, with few exceptions, make contributions on a regularly fixed scale for "campaign expenses." But the completeness with which this practice was exhibited has brought the subject before the public mind in a striking way. Some of the Judges upheld the practice, making a distinction between "contributions" and "assessments," and arguing that judges, like all other political candidates, were properly called upon to contribute to necessary political expenses. This argument merely suggests the general principle that all collection and expenditure of campaign funds should be under such strict supervision here as in England, with full publicity as to items; the present New York law is really farcical, as it does not call for any accounting by campaign committees. Apart from the general question, however, the members of the bench exercise a peculiarly important public function, and should be more carefully guarded from the least suspicion than ordinary political candidates. When it is noted that the Judges testified last week to paying from $2,500 to $12,500 each; when it is remembered that in many cases the nomination was all but equivalent to an election; and when it is known that the payments were made to or through such political machinists and corruptionists as the present Tammany leaders, there is certainly reason to regard the practice as reprehensible. New York judges, as a body, have a high reputation for honor and ability, but it is a disgrace that before election or nomination they should have to chaffer with political bosses as to the amount of contribution to be made to the campaign fund. If it cannot truly be averred that they buy their judgeships, it is at least true that they wear the collar of the "organization," and are driven into undesirable relations with men who exert a powerful influence in making the laws which the judges interpret. Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court, while believing that judges should be elected rather than appointed, declared earnestly that, as far as possible, the judiciary should be absolutely removed from politics. He added:

> I think that a man who goes into the judiciary should be consecrated—set apart from other men. His position is second only to that of the ministry, and he should not be regarded in the same light as other candidates to political life. His whole life should be given up to the cause of administering justice, and he should not be required to pay any attention to political considerations. I am absolutely opposed to the whole system of judges paying contributions to campaign funds.

The Negro of the New South

An interesting contribution to what may be called the psychology of the negro problem is that of Mr. David F. St. Clair in the "Criterion," the result of a visit to the South after an absence of ten years. In place of the "old-time darkey" he had known, Mr. St. Clair found "a self-conscious colored man, less optimistic, less mirthful, less improvident, perhaps more morose, more melancholy, and with a more acute sense of pain and suffering;" in short, a changed type, one that had developed a nervous system like that of the white. A conspicuous sign of the change was the abandonment of the banjo, so long associated with care-free plantation jollity—due, probably, to the ambition to imitate the whites—and the substitution for it on excursions of the guitar, zither, or music-box. With the passing of the banjo has also passed the spontaneous love of song—"the sort of song one was wont to hear at the corn-huskings, log-rollings, house-raisings, and railroad-buildings in the '70's and '80's." In a small town in North Carolina Mr. St. Clair saw fifty young negroes laying water-pipes, "working in absolute silence and their faces as glum as so many Italian pipe-layers in New York." He asked one of them to start a song, but "the response was so feeble that the tune soon collapsed." The foreman explained to him: "Dese niggers can't sing. Dey's in no mood." Mr. St. Clair thinks this an explanation which gets "near the heart of the secret." Mr. St. Clair saw a like change of mood reflected in the more decorous services of the colored churches. Not once was the word "hell" mentioned in a half-dozen sermons he heard from educated colored preachers. One of them explained to him that while this was due in part to a theological change, the principal reason was that "we cannot restrain our people if we go on talking to them about hell. We are now trying to teach our people to reason and think." In illustration, Mr. St. Clair noted a case where a scholarly preacher dropped into a strain of old-time fervor, stirring every man and woman in the congregation to the highest pitch of excitement. Attempting in vain to calm the storm he had raised, the preacher sat down in utter disgust. Among the causes to which Mr. St. Clair attributes the loss of mirthfulness, there comes first the deep chagrin felt by the colored man over the deprivation of the right to vote. Every time he hears the word "'lection" he has "some such sinking feeling as a disinherited son has at the mention of his lost inheritance." Despite this bitterness, however, there is no development of race malice. The negro's crimes, says Mr. St. Clair, are principally the result of ignorance and irritation. Not more than five per cent. of the negroes are guilty of the outrages which have caused the lynchings. He adds that "in private the severest critic of these brutes is the negro himself." One result of a keener consciousness of his hard lot is an exodus from the country into the towns and cities. There the colored population is crowded into the foulest quarters, entailing effects the most appalling, especially the development of consumption and insanity, whose ravages the race had in the past largely escaped. Mr. St. Clair's conclusion, somewhat incongruous, but in its way interesting, is that, despite changes, "the negro still remains the best judge of a gentleman in the South. When he tells you this white man is a gentleman and the other is not, you have got an opinion from an instinct that is never fooled on this delicate point."

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The Presbyterian Alliance

The Pan-Presbyterian Council, popularly so called, but more properly the Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the world holding the Presbyterian system, assembled at Washington September 27. Its last meeting in this country was in 1880, at Philadelphia. The present meeting is the seventh General Council of the Alliance, which was organized in 1877. The delegates are mainly from English-speaking countries; very few are from Continental Europe. Of the 5,000,000 communicants in the Alliance, only one-fifth speak any other than the English language. The meetings are held in Dr. Radcliffe's church, where, if we mistake not, condemnation was pronounced on Dr. Briggs. The opening sermon by Professor De Witt, of Princeton, on "The Bible and the Reformed Churches," naturally recalled that event. He declared it imperative to take notice of the present crisis of Biblical belief, and to meet the demands of the critics with counter-criticism. On the other hand, he held the great duty in the sphere of feeling to be charity, remembering that "none of us is thoroughly consistent intellectually." Dr. J. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, in his opening address as President of the Alliance, seemed to look out on a wider horizon. The churches, he said, will command the attention of the age only so far as, without lowering their testimony or their ideals, they make room for its trends and habits of thought, its expansions and complexities of life. "We are not worshipers of the past. While a false liberalism ruthlessly tears the present from the past, it is an equally false conservatism which insists that the molds into which the conclusions of a past age were cast shall remain fixed and rigid for all future periods."

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Presbyterian Fellowship

The meetings of the Alliance are for purposes of fellowship only, and take on no legislative functions. In this respect it is like the recent International Council of the Congregational Churches at Boston, and aims to realize the spiritual unity and co-operation of the mutually independent Presbyterian denominations. The statistical report by the General Secretary, Dr. Mathews, of London, showed that, whatever drawbacks had occurred, the aggregates of ministers, congregations, elders, communicants, children in Sunday-school, and contributions to missionary work indicated an increase all along the line. The congregations included in the Alliance number nearly 25,000,000 souls. "Co-operation is the watchword." On the occasion of an exchange of salutations with the Congregational Council at Boston a proposal was made to extend this co-operation and to see if anything could be done toward unifying Presbyterians and Congregationalists, but it was not favorably received. The fellowship of the Alliance itself is not complete in the service of song, as the United and the Reformed Presbyterians count it unlawful to sing hymns, or any other lyrics than the Psalms, and serious difficulties have thus arisen heretofore. That Calvinism is not moribund in the Presbyterian communion was evinced by a strong and striking paper on "Calvinistic Forces in the Formation of National Life" by Principal Salmond, of Aberdeen, Scotland, and also by Dr. W. H. Roberts, of Philadelphia, in subsequent discussion. The Alliance is to continue in session till October 6. Perhaps the most noted man present is the Rev. J. G. Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides.

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Bishop Potter on Divorce

At the Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention held last week in New York City, the principal event was a very strong statement by Bishop Potter on the subject of divorce. At the last General Convention he was regarded as a leader in the policy of upholding the existing law of his Church. Hence his opinion that it might be the best course to refuse remarriage to any divorced person is of peculiar interest. Both in his recent speech and in an article in the current number of the "North American Review" Bishop Potter emphasizes the exaggeration of individualism. By individualism he means the modern tendency to throw off the earlier forms of authority and let each person act as his own judgment dictates, so long as the rights of others are not curtailed thereby. While he admits that in the spirit of individualism the historian of the future may perhaps discern the mightiest force of this age, the Bishop holds that it has had a disastrous effect upon family life, and, through the family, upon the institutions and obligations of marriage. The Rev. Dr. Dix, after reading the report of the committee appointed to consider this subject, was even more outspoken. He declared that—

> Families are broken up, homes ruined under frivolous pretenses, or at the dictate of lawless passion; yet it is assumed that these things should be left to the individual as his or her personal concern, and not the concern of the social circle in which he moves, and feeble, if any, opposition is made to the exoneration and full rehabilitation of offenders whose acts merit the reproof of just and honorable men. These sins against human and divine law are not committed only by the low, the degraded, and the ignorant; they are conspicuously manifest in the case of what are known as the higher classes; persons arrogating to themselves the character of social leaders have been among the most reckless in contempt for obligation and duty, and most flagrant among the offenders against God and the Christian institutions, while it is a deplorable fact that their associates and companions in the very class which might and ought to exert a salutary influence in frowning on transgression and trying to keep society pure, appear to take their part, and even to justify and applaud their conduct. We are reaching a point at which alarm is daily growing greater, and disgust and indignation are more widely felt; a point at which the opinion is gaining ground, to which the Bishop has referred, that legislation is advisable which shall prohibit the remarriage of divorced persons under any circumstances whatever.

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President Hyde on Theological Seminary Reform

One of the warmest discussions at the International Congregational Council last week was on the question of the training of clergymen. The subject was introduced by President Hyde, of Bowdoin, who declared that a man's first qualification to preach was the call of God. This is no audible voice or visible sign; it is not even some pathological disturbance of the nerves. It is the clear conviction that life, as most men live it, is a wicked waste and an insult to God. It is the equally clear conviction that life, as man ought to live it and as Christ has shown us how, is pleasing to God and restful to the soul. The second qualification is mental drill. Exacting should be the training of the man who is to apply to the soul the active, living word of God. Thirdly, Dr. Hyde puts first-hand secular knowledge. It is, indeed, of little use to preach to a world whose ways of thinking the preacher does not understand. The minister, Dr. Hyde declares, must wrest the scientific concepts of the age direct from the laboratory; nor will any text-book or lecturer, giving them in finished form, serve his purpose. The speaker affirmed that—

> The most ominous sign in American Congregationalism to-day is the disposition of thoughtless churches to welcome to their pulpits, of weak-kneed associations to recognize, of complaisant councils to install, untrained or half-trained men from foreign lands, from denominations having lower intellectual standards, from lay colleges, from Christian Association and Endeavor work, simply because they can glibly proclaim with unctuous fervor the plagiarized platitudes they have borrowed, in substance or in form, if not in both, from pernicious homiletical helps.

Lastly, President Hyde urged the individual grasp of spiritual truth. This involves a radical reform in methods of seminary instruction. The speaker somewhat sweepingly claimed that when college graduates go to the seminary they almost invariably report a falling off in interest. Men who have learned in college to investigate and think for themselves, when given dictated lectures to write out and learn as the chief means of intellectual growth, feel as if put back into the kindergarten. The best men are disgusted; the poorest, stultified. Their manhood is at the same time threatened by superfluous eleemosynary aid. Again, seminaries which will emancipate the minds of their students must themselves be free from bondage to the letter of antiquated creeds. "Creeds have their purposes and uses, which are akin to the uses of platforms in political parties. What would you think of a college that should bind its professors forever to teach McKinley doctrines of the tariff or Bryan views of silver coinage?"

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Other Views President Slocum, of Colorado College, who followed, agreed with Dr. Hyde, and asked if the time had not come to consolidate the theological schools of New England. Consolidation into one strong divinity school would command great teachers, earnest students, and large financial support. In such an institution high standards could be set and maintained and the eleemosynary element banished. On the other hand, Professor Moore, of Andover Seminary, thought that all of the seminaries were doing their best to administer the trust funds committed to their care for the purpose for which they were given. With one or two exceptions, the seminaries endeavor to administer their funds in scholarships on the same plan as colleges and universities employ. As to the diligence of students, Professor Moore declared the seminaries to be inspired by the supposition that men who came from college to the seminary had already acquired the motive for study. As to the course of study, theological schools do not pursue methods which have become obsolete; the lecture, which is one of the best methods of instruction, being always supplemented by wide reading. Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, also protested, saying that, whatever American seminaries might lack, the reforms outlined by Presidents Hyde and Slocum were not needed in British schools. To this we would add that we believe the cry for reform in some directions to be a just cry. Many of the students in our seminaries are suffering from a lack of self-respect. Both as regards education and as regards compensation, the seminaries should place their students on the same basis as that of students in the schools of law and medicine.

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The Prison Association It is an encouraging sign of the times when reform movements grow more enthusiastic. Such a sign, one in which they may well conquer, was seen at the meeting of the National Prison Association in Hartford, September 23–28. This was marked not only in the tone of the papers from such experts, practical and theoretical, as Warden Hert, of Indiana, Warden Wolfer, of Minnesota, Colonel Carroll D. Wright, Professor Bates, of Elmira, and President Slocum, of Colorado, but in the lively discussions and in the admirably full and comprehensive newspaper reports. When a reform meeting gets as much space in a daily paper as a prize-fight, it is enough to comfort a reformer. Everything went to show that the idea of the indeterminate sentence is taking deep root. On that stock must be grafted the best systems for governing any prison or reformatory. Wise labor schemes, technical training, trade teaching, thorough protection of society from the professional criminal—these and kindred methods for improving prison discipline will fail of their purpose without the indeterminate sentence. Dropping out the minimum of a sentence was good so far as it went, but every experiment goes to show that when all reference to the maximum term shall be omitted likewise, the prisoner will first awake to the full responsibilities before him. The dangers that lurk in things apparently good are not sufficiently considered, as a rule, but those who heard the paper by Professor Bates, of Elmira, on the prevention of crime had warnings in that direction. It is almost discouraging to be told that of the convicts sent to one reformatory alone, fifty-eight per cent. have passed through reform schools or houses of reformation before coming there. Could there be better proof that institutions do not fit boys and girls to meet the stress of life outside the sheltering walls? Mr. Bates finds also great dangers to young people in Sunday excursions, and even in the freedom of our beautiful parks. The remedy for these evils, of course, is education, to teach the use of all that is helpful without abuse. Among other helps toward the prevention of crime, Mr. Bates commended the establishment of lodging-houses for newsboys, and such hotels as the Mills in New York, which have had a distinct influence in improving the behavior of their guests. From figures collected by the Governor of South Carolina it appears that since the establishment of the dispensaries there the cases of drunkenness reported have diminished 57 per cent., the number of cases brought before the courts has fallen 66 9-16 per cent., and the consumption of whisky in the State has decreased 47 6-7 per cent.

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Special Features The pitch of enthusiasm of the Prison Congress reached its highest note at the last session, when President Slocum, of Colorado, wove the different strands of the meeting into a harmonious whole in his admirable address on the prison as a great charity, using charity in its broadest sense—the charity which, believing in the higher destiny of the human race, works toward the transformation of paupers and criminals into men and women who may become valuable to human society. A prison system based on this optimistic view would lift its administration out of politics, would introduce industrial labor as a regenerative force, and would give the worker, even in prison, a share in the proceeds of the work which he performs, that his self-respect might be increased from a knowledge that he could render to the State something like a fair compensation for his maintenance. Of course Dr. Slocum laid stress on the indeterminate sentence as the necessary foundation for the best work. The National Prison Association meets next in Cleveland, with Warden Wright, of Pennsylvania, as President. Delegates to the International Prison Association to meet in Brussels next summer were elected. The memory of Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson was honored at one of the sessions in a worthy manner. In addition to a brief sketch of her by her friend Mrs. I. C. Barrows, who was with her when she died, there were warm tributes from F. H. Wines, F. B. Sanborn, Charles Dudley Warner, and others, showing how wonderful was her work and how remarkable her own character.

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Agricultural Prosperity Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, who has lately returned to Washington from the West, declares that our farmers are now enjoying unprecedented prosperity. He says that crops in the Mississippi Valley are the heaviest ever grown there, that Kansas will produce four hundred million bushels of corn, that Nebraska's yield is estimated at three hundred and sixty millions, and that Iowa and Illinois will have record-breaking crops.

> Throughout the Western country feeding-animals are scarce and dear. Heavy exports of corn will result, our great balance of trade will be maintained, and ready money will be brought back to the producers. Agriculture and horticulture are exceedingly prosperous in the mountain States and along the Pacific coast. Our total wheat crop will be short of last year's figures, but all other crops will be superabundant.

Mr. Wilson is authority for the statement that the State of Iowa has a hundred and thirty million dollars idle in its banks, and that other Northwestern States are similarly provided with surplus deposits. All this money came from the soil. Not a dollar of it to-day can be lent in the West, says the Secretary, even at five per cent. interest; indeed, some farm loans are being made at four per cent. Mr. Wilson believes that this present prosperity in agriculture has come to stay. He declares that it is based upon conditions of permanent success in the operation of farms and upon economic laws regulating the prices of farm products, and that there is nothing ephemeral or spasmodic about it. The great Mississippi Valley, he adds, will continue its ratio in the production of staple goods, and will increase it as scientific knowledge of farm management becomes more general. What is true of that section ought to be measurably true of other agricultural communities.

English Liberal-Unionists

The recent speech of Mr. Chaplin, President of the English Local Government Board, and therefore a member of the present Coalition Cabinet, has elicited wide attention and comment. Mr. Chaplin is only one of many Conservatives who have become anxious on account of their ante-election pledge to pass an old-age pension law through Parliament, and on account of their failure so far in fulfilling that promise. His speech is, in substance, an appeal to return to protectionism, and it is hardly to be supposed that a Cabinet member has spoken as merely reflecting his own mind; probably he has the sympathy of several of his colleagues. He asks the English people to count the cost of embarking upon a scheme of old-age pension, and declares that the minimum expense is so great as to demand an enlargement of the area of taxation. In this he is supported by Mr. Lecky, the historian, who says that the cost would probably be more than fifty million dollars a year to start with, and that the annual charge would be an increasing one. Mr. Lecky also declares that in order to maintain these new conditions a wider basis of taxation would become necessary, and that the burden would be felt directly as well as indirectly by all. In order to meet this burden, Mr. Chaplin favors a revival of the registration duty on wheat, a duty levied for some years after the Corn Laws were repealed. The small proportion of agriculturists among English voters, however—smaller now than during the Corn Laws agitation—would hardly be able to carry such a measure as against the will of the majority, belonging to other departments of industry, let Conservative landowners do what they would. The immediate effect of Mr. Chaplin's speech has been to bring forth a number of protests from Liberal-Unionists, who are all free-traders. These seem disposed even to return to an ultimate allegiance with the Gladstonian Liberals rather than to consent to protectionism. They ask, directly, What right has Parliament to put the whole burden of defraying the cost of an old-age pension scheme on the shoulders of a single class? Furthermore, they declare that the proposed duty would not cover the cost of the pension plan; that the cost has been grossly underestimated. They add that, even if it were decided to impose such a duty, it would have to be imposed on colonial as well as on foreign grain. No matter if the tax on the former were only half as much as on the latter, it might strain the loyalty of Australia and Canada. Hence, if the protectionist Conservatives should decide to redeem their old-age pension pledge, and get the money for it by the imposition of a duty on grain, the Liberal-Unionists would probably secede, and this would very probably bring about a Conservative defeat at the next general election.

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Let Him Crown the Work

The careful student of public opinion in America cannot fail to observe two currents which appear to be flowing in opposite directions but which really proceed from the same source and interpret one and the same sentiment.

There is a distinct decadence of the so-called anti-imperialistic feeling. When the war with Spain first broke out, it was bitterly opposed; now it is not easy to find prominent men who condemn it. When it was begun, the Senate came dangerously near decreeing the independence of Cuba by an official recognition of the so-called Cuban Republic. Now we do not recall any newspaper or public man of note who desires to see us immediately withdraw from Cuba and leave it to its fate. Immediately after Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, there was an audible demand that, having destroyed the Spanish fleet, he sail away and leave the island to itself. To-day it would be hard to find any intelligent American who would seriously criticise him for not having done so. When destiny and duty compelled America to take a place among the nations of the earth and abandon her policy of continental exclusiveness, it is not at all strange that a great many Americans could not readily adjust themselves to the radical change of National policy which such a course involved. The Monroe Doctrine and Washington's Farewell Address, or, to speak more accurately, a single paragraph in it, were made to do duty in defense of that spirit of traditionalism which is no better in politics than in theology. At first only men of prophetic vision, who sought guidance from fundamental principles rather than from tradition, saw that the spirit of Washington demanded an abandonment of a policy wise in his day but not in ours. And their perception of this would probably have been unavailing had not commercialism somewhat, militarism more, and the spirit of humanity most of all, re-enforced their interpretations of current events.

But the American people think quickly, and by this time the entire American people have adjusted themselves to the new conditions. All arguments against expansion are shattered by collision with the fact that we are expanded. The proposal to haul down our flag, sail away from the Philippines, confess ourselves at fault, and acknowledge the independence of the Filipinos, that is, leave the inhabitants of the islands to such a government as one tribe is able to exercise over the others, finds to-day few consistent advocates, and, were it definitely formulated and proposed, would be voted down by an overwhelming majority. We do not believe it would carry a single State in the Union; we doubt whether it would carry a single considerable city.

But, on the other hand, it is not to be doubted that there is an increasing dissatisfaction with the inconsequential campaigning in the island of Luzon. That dissatisfaction is intensified by an impression—we are inclined to think that it is groundless, but we are certain that it is widespread—that diplomatic tact might have avoided a war in which neither profit nor glory can be won; by the contrast between the resultless skirmishes on land and the brilliant and decisive victory won by Admiral Dewey on the water; by the seemingly needless and impolitic press censorship; by the absence of any reports of such civic reform in Manila as in Havana, Matanzas, and Santiago has justly excited our pride and enthusiasm. Whether General Otis has been interfered with by orders from Washington, or has been given a double duty of military campaigning and civil administration which no one man can do, or has not the capacity to throw responsibility upon others and so allows himself to be crushed by multifarious details, we do not know, and we do not believe that it is either wise or just to form a judgment on such questions without adequate knowledge. But there can be no question that the public is greatly and increasingly dissatisfied with the results obtained in Luzon contrasted with the results obtained in Cuba, and is likely to express its dissatisfaction in the only possible way in the approaching elections. That dissatisfaction would be lessened were General Otis to be at once relieved of at least one or the other of the two functions now laid upon him. It could be at once converted into enthusiasm by one bold act which requires only the concurrence of two men.

The time when Admiral Dewey must retire from the navy on account of age is near at hand. And yet he is at his best, full of a splendid life and a patriotic ambition. If the President would appoint him Military Governor of the Philippines, with practically autocratic powers, and would associate with him such a field officer as he might select to conduct the campaign, if a further campaign were not rendered unnecessary, and if Admiral Dewey would accept the office, the effect would, we believe, be electrical. It would afford as nothing else could assurance to the Filipinos that they would have absolutely just and generous treatment under the American flag. It would convince those who have arms in their hands, on the one hand, that they had nothing worth fighting for which they could not get without fighting, and, on the other hand, that it would be hopeless to continue the fight. And it would be welcomed by the whole country, North and South, East and West, Democrat and Republican, as an evidence that no resource of friendly diplomacy and just and wise administration would be wanting to re-establish friendly relations between the Americans and the Tagals, and no resource of military vigor to secure the supremacy of law by force wherever obedience to law could not be secured without force.

In the kingdom of God the reward of a great service is the opportunity to render a still greater service. The noblest honor this country could render to Admiral Dewey would be to offer to him the office of Governor-General of the archipelago, that he might by his just and pacific policy complete that work of liberation which his brilliant victory has made possible. President McKinley could do no act so wise and at the same time so politic as to offer him that office.

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Dewey's Home-Coming

Crude, not to say childish, seems Haman's plan, in the story of Queen Esther, for showing honor to him whom the king delighted to honor: "Let royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head; and let the apparel and the horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and cause him to ride on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor." Many centuries have passed since then, but we in America to-day adopt essentially the same method of honoring him whom the people delight to honor. We put Admiral Dewey in a carriage instead of on horseback; he is driven instead of led; a great procession follows him; and he passes under some temporary arches which may not long outlast the bunting which lines the street. But essentially the plan is the same: we conduct our hero through the streets of the great city, and, in place of a single courier, all the people by their huzzas proclaim, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the Republic delighteth to honor."

Nevertheless, the cynic who sneers at this popular demonstration is only one degree less shallow than he who, with ill-concealed envy, sneers at the achievement which has excited all this enthusiasm and admiration. The heroism of that sail through the darkness into Manila Bay is justly welcomed with the applause which the world always awards to bravery—applause the more heartfelt because the event demonstrates that the heroism which has made memorable in human history Marathon and Trafalgar and Bunker Hill and Gettysburg has not died out from human hearts. The spirit of commercialism has neither destroyed heroism nor popular admiration for the hero. If there were no enthusiasm in America eager to pay "honor to whom honor is due," we might well despair for the Republic. Make full allowance for the irrational desire of men to get together in crowds for the mere inexplicable pleasure of jostling one another, for the not very exalted though entirely healthful pleasure in a great parade, with its glittering uniforms, its military order, its stirring music, and its brilliant fireworks; nevertheless, underneath it all and expressed by it all is a genuine and unaffected if not altogether profound admiration for the qualities in man which made the achievement at Manila Bay possible. The demonstration of this lies in the fact that the interest of the whole day centered, not in the great bands of music, nor in the splendidly equipped guards, nor in the evening pyrotechnic display, but in the modest man who rode at the head of the procession. Nor can we doubt that if it had been possible that there should have followed him a contingent of the Spanish sailors who stood by the side of their bursting guns till all was over, they, too, would have come in for their share of public honor, and would have been received, not with jeers, but with cheers. For bravery is honored whatever uniform it wears, whatever language it speaks, in whatever cause it serves.

Such a welcome as America is giving to Admiral Dewey manifests in Americans a spirit which constitutes the hope of the Nation. Capacity for admiration is altogether admirable, as incapacity for admiration is altogether despicable. America has not lost its capacity for admiration, though we are tempted at times to think that it has. Democracy is a leveler. It develops neither reverence nor humility; for humility is reverence looking down, and reverence is humility looking up. It develops self-conceit, and that cynicism which is bred of self-conceit. Our public men are not heroes set up for us to honor, but targets set up for us to shoot at. The newspaper imagines that it criticises when it only snarls, and forgets that discrimination requires praise for merit no less than condemnation of wrong. The reader of the average daily journal might well imagine that either America had no great and good men, or had lost the capacity to appreciate them. It is, therefore, eminently well that America should sometimes say to herself and to others, as she said last week by her Dewey celebration, that she has great and good men, and that she knows how to do them honor. It would be well if she would do this oftener. The simple doing of it would more than compensate for the sometimes infelicitous effusiveness of over-rhetorical writers and orators, or the less pardonable display of a weak vanity endeavoring to shine in the light of another's glory, which invariably constitutes the blemish of such a celebration.

We make no attempt here to repeat the dramatic story of Admiral Dewey's achievement, nor to defend him from those who have attempted to belittle it. America has justly passed by such envious detractors with contemptuous silence. Admiral Dewey needs neither eulogy nor defense. The Outlook could conceive no better way of showing its own participation in the universal admiration for the hero of Manila Bay than by employing both pen and camera to bring to the celebration those of our readers who could not come in person, and to furnish a reminder of an ever-memorable event to those who were so fortunate as to witness and in some sense participate in it. The impressive celebration ought not to pass without leaving some permanent memorial. The strikingly beautiful triumphal arch should be reproduced in marble, as a memorial not only of Manila but of Santiago, and of the courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice evoked by the Spanish war.

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Inheritance Taxes

The passing of the Vanderbilt estate to the heirs has recalled public attention to an important feature of the war-revenue law. That law introduced into our National budget a tax which modern democracy has developed into great importance in most of the countries of western Europe, and into still greater importance in some of the self-governing States of Switzerland and of Australasia. It provides that all personal estates in excess of $10,000 should be taxed, according to their amount, at rates ranging from three-quarters of one per cent. to two and a quarter per cent. when inherited by children or parents, and rates ranging from five to fifteen per cent. when inherited by very distant relatives, "strangers in blood," or corporations. Some disappointment was felt when the revenue from these taxes during the first year aggregated only a few hundred thousand dollars, whereas Mr. Dingley's estimate was in the neighborhood of ten millions. This disappointment, however, was only due to the fact that administrators of estates nearly everywhere took advantage of the full time allowed them before making the settlements required. The inheritances of personal property of citizens who died last year must, as a rule, be distributed this year, and the distribution is illegal unless the taxes are paid. There is reason to believe that the revenue collected this year will even exceed Mr. Dingley's estimates.

The amount of personal property in the country aggregates about $40,000,000,000, and as the death-rate among property-owners is one in every thirty-six, about $1,000,000,000 must become subject to the duty yearly. As the ordinary rate of duty is nearly one and a half per cent., our Government, like the English, may expect nearly $15,000,000 a year from this source. If peace is re-established, next year may find this country nearly as independent of customs revenue as Great Britain. Last year the Nation's receipts from internal revenue were $273,000,000, or just about its ordinary expenditure each year from 1872 till 1890. Our revenues from customs duties were but $206,000,000, and the restoration of normal peace expenditures would make half this sum—or exactly the English customs revenue—sufficient. Of course it is not certain that the Nation will choose to reduce its customs duties rather than the new internal taxes, but the alternative will be presented. The new inheritance tax seems especially likely to remain, as nearly all classes accept its justice—save toward bequests to educational and philanthropic institutions. The prospective share of the public in the Vanderbilt estate is something we are unable to figure upon. The Gould estate of $72,000,000, which was divided five or six years ago, yielded the State of New York $700,000, and would have yielded the National Government $1,500,000 had the new Federal law been in force.

Pastoral Letters

"I Believe in the Holy Ghost"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Briggs I find this utterance: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, who spake by the prophets, who, with His divine energy, entered into men and women, took possession of them, enlightened their minds so as to give them insight into sacred truths, grasp to comprehend the great things of God, and foresight to precast issues of events, and who then assured them of the truth of God, gave them certainty of their prophetic call." I am in no captious mood, am old enough to be sobered by years, have had educational advantages, have no desire to *corner* any one, but I do want some "ruler in Israel" to make an explanation here, and I have noticed that The Outlook is generally helpful and obliging to earnest inquirers. I want the editor to say if, in his belief, there is a human experience of a character that warrants Dr. Briggs or any other man in assigning it to the Holy Ghost or to any agency outside of man's natural endowments. I cannot avoid the conclusion that this doctrine of the Holy Ghost is unsupported by any facts or experience of sufficient weight to support its pretensions. How is it possible for a man to know that a Person of the Godhead has taken possession of his organization, overruled his faculties, and spoken through his lips? He may declare that he knows this to be true; such a declaration may be good evidence of his sincerity, but very inadequate ground for accepting his assertion. It may be urged that human powers, unaided by divine possession and special guidance, are not equal to the utterances of Apostles and prophets that are preserved in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, and perhaps other scriptures. By what means can we test the capacity of human powers, and how shall we determine their natural limits? Until we can do both we are not upheld by reason in assigning any human effort to another invading and overmastering personality. Because Plato drops the intellectual plummet into profounder depths than other mortals, because Jesus spake as never man spake before, because Shakespeare wrote as never man wrote before, must we decline to believe in their pure humanity, and call in a special divine personality to explain their unusual performances?

When the *ultima thule* of human possibilities has been reached, when the human endowments have been tested, then will be time enough to call in another factor to account for the words and works of men. If this is not sound reasoning, I will be ready to examine its defects, and receive any light that is now turned away from me.

R. R. McLeod.

Brookfield, N. S.

There is a conception of nature as governed by certain great laws and operated by certain great forces which act automatically and independently, but can be, at least in thought, traced back to a Great First Cause, which created them, keeps them in operation, regulates them, and sometimes interposes and sets them aside. Such an interposition is called a miracle, or sometimes, if it is less remarkable, a special providence. This old-time conception is, however, giving way in philosophy to one which is well formulated in a phrase of Herbert Spencer's which has often been quoted in The Outlook: "We are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." This later conception assumes that there are no forces, there is only one Infinite and Eternal Force; that there are no laws, there is only one Infinite and Eternal Will; that there is neither one Great First Cause nor a number of secondary and measurably independent causes, but one ever-present and underlying Cause, always operative, and thus continuously and infinitely creative.

So in the spiritual realm there is an old-time conception of man as possessing a life in himself, with an endowment of faculties adequate for all the ordinary exigencies of life, which enable him to live and act independently of any power outside himself; and of God as One who, having made man, occasionally intervenes to direct, aid, or rebuke him when he is going wrong. He is pictured to the imagination as a school-teacher who leaves his pupils to do the best they can without help from him, but occasionally intervenes that he may help them over hard places, call them to account for neglect or carelessness, or punish them for disobedience or stubbornness. In the spiritual realm this conception also is giving way to a more modern one, which is expressed in the formula of Matthew Arnold's which has also been often quoted in The Outlook: "There is a Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." According to this conception God is immanent in men as in nature; in him we live and move and have our being; apart from him we could not exist; all our life is derived from him, his gift, his impartation; he is the air we breathe, the sunlight on which all our energy depends. The pupil at first imagines that the teacher only helps him over the hard places when the hard places are brought to him for help, and only keeps order in the schoolroom when he is at his desk overseeing the school. But, looking back in after life, he knows, if the teacher was a true one, that the teacher's inspiration was always in the school, his spirit always quickening endeavor and his influence always maintaining order; that, in some sense, this teacher was omnipresent in the school. In this modern conception God is in and with men not less when he is not seen than when he is seen in unmistakable manifestation. A child seeing the rising sun strike the lilies on a pond, and their opening under the influence of the sunlight, so that the surface which before was green becomes almost instantly radiantly white, might well imagine that most flowers open of themselves, but that pond-lilies are opened by the sun. But we all know that this is not the case; that all flowers are opened by the sun; that there is not a color in one of them which is anything else than a reflection of a fragment of the sun's rays; that if the sun ceased to shine the flowers would cease to live. In this modern conception God is the Sun of righteousness; all life depends on him; and there is not a human virtue, not a human power, which is anything else than a fragmentary reflection of divine life borrowed from him.

I speak of this as the modern conception; yet in this, as in so many other cases, the modern conception is a return to the ancient. Of course the reader will recognize the phrase "Sun of righteousness" as taken from the prophet Malachi. Of course he will recognize the phrase "In him we live and move and have our being" as taken from Paul. He will, perhaps, also remember under what circumstances and to what audience Paul addressed this latter phrase. He was speaking to pagan idolaters on Mars Hill. It was to them he said, "God is not far from any of us;" to them he said, "In him we live and move and have our being;" one of their own poets he cited as authority for the declaration, "We are also his offspring"—not merely his children: we might be children by adoption; but *offspring*—all our life springing forth from him.

The question of my correspondent involves the profoundest of all questions: What is the secret of life? The answer of religious faith in all ages has been—God. The tendency of modern science and modern philosophy is to the same answer. The universality of the divine presence and power is the affirmation of the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Psalm; the Divine Immanence is the conclusion reached from an inspection of all phenomena, physical and mental, by John Fiske in his "Idea of God." What the poets long ago perceived as in a vision the scientists are coming to perceive as the result of their painstaking and unprejudiced investigations.

I do not, then, believe that the universe was wound up and set a-going, and that God interposes occasionally to regulate it, as an engineer his engine; I do not believe that man is an independent entity, competent for the ordinary occasions of life, but that now and again God appears upon the scene to help him over hard places. I believe that God is the secret of all physical life and of all spiritual life; that all physical energies are different manifestations of one Infinite and Eternal Energy, and that all human faculties and powers are the offspring of one Infinite and Eternal Power; that God is in all his works and God is in all his children.

In this fact lies the horror of sin. For sin is man's use of divine powers for undivine ends. As when fire, intended for our warmth, is directed by the incendiary for our destruction, or an herb intended for the healing of the sick is used by the murderer for assassination; so is it when oratory, a power truly coming from God for man's elevation, is used by the demagogue for man's degradation; or imagination, which is one phase of God's life in the soul, is employed, not to elevate and purify, but to deteriorate and corrupt. Then is man using God for ungodly ends, and God allows him to do so because the development of moral life in the race, through individual liberty, is more important, by far, than any immediate results of good or evil arising from the righteous or unrighteous use of that liberty.

If I am asked why I believe in this universal presence and potency of God, this Divine Immanence in nature and in man, I reply that the reasons are many and cumulative. Shakespeare's affirmation, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," is the expression of a substantially universal belief. I suppose that there have lived very few men or women in this world who have not at times felt this truth, even if they have not articulated it in intellectual expression. That there are forces or a force within me, impelling me, determining for me, placing me where I never would have placed myself, laying on me duties I never would have assumed myself, seems to me as clear as any fact in life. And it seems so not to me only but substantially to all thoughtful men and women. So universal a belief argues a wide observation and experience, from which, by an unconscious inductive process, humanity has reached its conclusion. That conclusion is confirmed by a study of history. Nothing is clearer in such a study than that nations are not mere aggregations of individual wills, but that there is also a guiding, controlling factor, mysterious but irresistible. No one can read Sir George Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution" without being convinced that the separation of the American Colonies from Great Britain was to be; that it was ordained, determined, enforced, in spite of the reluctance alike of Great Britain and of the colonists themselves—in spite, that is, of the very men who worked out that separation. So no one, it seems to me, can doubt that our present relation with the Philippines was brought about by forces, or a force, acting in men and conjointly with them, to ends which those men neither foresaw nor desired. Call it Manifest Destiny, call it Providence, call it what we will, doubt and discuss as we may about the ends to which it should conduct us and the manner in which we should co-operate with it, and the results which we should seek to gain—that it exists appears to me as certain as that there is a law of attraction of gravitation.

Ever since history began, this Destiny has been believed in by mankind. Indeed, if there is no such superhuman factor in human life, a science of that life would be impossible. If humanity is simply an aggregation of individuals, whose conjoint action is determined by accident, or by the balance of forces in the human wills, the study of the progress of the human race would be as impossible as the study of the progress of the skippers upon the surface of a brook on a summer's afternoon; there would and could be no progress to be studied. As there could be no physical order in nature were there not one Infinite and Eternal Energy in all physical phenomena so there could be no moral order in the human race were there not one Moral Energy in all human phenomena. The very existence of the science of history, economics, psychology, and ethics presupposes a Moral Governor in human life.

The phenomena of genius lends incidental and additional confirmation to this belief. Neither heredity nor environment can account for a Paul or a Plato, the author of Job or the author of "Hamlet." Genius must either be relegated to the inexplicable phenomena of life, or it must be accounted for on the hypothesis that it is not the manifestation of an extraordinary power coming no one knows whence or how, but the extraordinary manifestation of that Power which is the secret of all intellectual and moral life.

And on any other hypothesis, the unfolding of the life of any child is just as great a mystery as the appearance of Paul or Plato, Shakespeare or the author of Job. This belief is further confirmed by the testimony of the great creative minds—poet, artist, musician, orator, author. The greatest compositions are not wrought out with much painstaking by the human producer of them; they are brought to him and he transcribes them; or the germ of them is communicated to him and he develops it. This consciousness of receiving from an unknown source is the most common experience of humanity, and would be even commoner were we not afraid to acknowledge it. In such a connection personal testimony is perhaps of slight value. Yet perhaps these philosophical reasons for believing in the universal and inspiring presence of God in human life would be of small practical effect with me were they not interpretative and confirmatory of my own experience. If that experience stood alone, I should fear to trust it. But when it simply reiterates the testimony of so many of the best, the noblest, the ablest men of all ages and all faiths, I dare not distrust it. I could as little doubt that I have at times in my own experience the help of a Power not myself that makes for righteousness, and makes as well for clear thinking as for right acting, as I could doubt the influence that comes into my life from a vital book, a great poem, an inspiring preacher, or a personal friend. L. A.

The International Congregational Council

By the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D.

In attempting to review the proceedings of the Second International Congregational Council, which closed its sessions in Boston last week, we are met at the beginning with the fact that there was no voting worth mentioning, and that there were no controversies of any kind, and, consequently, little of the so-called spice which often has such large space in the accounts of ecclesiastical gatherings. The meetings were serious, earnest, and from start to finish full of intense interest. The leaders among the churches were present in large numbers. England was represented by such men as Drs. Fairbairn, Mackennal, Forsyth, Bruce, John Brown, the Rev. Messrs. Alfred Rowland, R. Baldwin Brindley, C. Silvester Horne, and by such laymen as Messrs. Albert and Evan Spicer, A. J. Shepherd, and William Crossfield. Australia sent men like Dr. Bevan, Professor Gossman, and the Rev. Joseph Rolutson. Canada had at the head of her delegation Principal George. The United States was represented by Drs. R. S. Storrs, R. R. Meredith, F. A. Noble, Lyman Abbott, G. A. Gordon, S. E. Herrick, Presidents Tucker, Hyde, Harris, Slocum, and a host of others equally worthy of mention. No more truly representative body has ever convened. The meetings were held in Tremont Temple, which for the time was borrowed from the Baptists, and which was thronged at nearly every session. As compared with the Council held in London in 1891, the attendance in Boston was two or three times greater.

The subjects considered were arranged in a logical order, and the first day was given to Theology. That the common people as well as the ministers are more interested in theology than in most other subjects was made evident by the eager attention of the vast audience. An account of that day was contained in The Outlook of last week. Enough to say that on questions of criticism and eschatology the English speakers showed themselves to be extremely liberal, but on the doctrine of the Atonement more inclined than the Americans to literalistic theories. All the papers were excellent, but those of President Harris, of Amherst, and Dr. Forsyth, of England, made the profoundest impression on the audience.

Two speakers divided the time on Sociological Day. Mr. Albert Spicer, of London, is a member of Parliament, a large employer of labor, and one of the recognized leaders in Nonconformist England, both as a politician and as a Christian. The Rev. Graham Taylor, D.D., is a Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary, and the moving spirit in the Chicago Commons, a prominent social settlement. Mr. Spicer spoke as a man of wealth who stands ready, as an employer of labor, to adopt to the full the teachings of Christ. Other papers were, perhaps, more elaborate and eloquent, but none more deeply and truly prophetic than that of Mr. Spicer, in which he argued earnestly for justice and generosity on the part of employers when dealing with employees.

The question of war and peace drew a great throng. Dr. Abbott argued that in rude ages war may be necessary as a means of executing law; that the reign of law must precede that of grace, and stated his belief that the giving of righteous and humane laws, and consequently of good order, was what our Nation has done for Cuba and is seeking to do for the Philippines. Dr. Mackennal made a plea for arbitration instead of war, and showed how futile war had always been when used as a means of settling international differences. The discussions elicited the fact that the Englishmen in this Council largely, though not unanimously, are opposed to a war with the Boers. In this they are representative Liberals.

Educational Day began with a fine paper by Professor Massie, of Oxford, and included a paper of great comprehensiveness and hopefulness from President Tucker, of Dartmouth. Professor Massie and other English speakers spoke of the limitations of popular education in England caused by the existence of an Established Church, and the injustice to which Nonconformists are everywhere subjected. These difficulties were emphasized in a brilliant speech by the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell, of Rochdale, England. President Tucker, in a strain of lofty optimism, spoke of the opportunities before our American colleges, and the spirit of earnest search for truth and reverence for reality which prevails in most of them. He insisted that they are essentially religious in nature and spirit, and, in company with other speakers, paid his compliments to the growing power and influence of the State universities. Dr. Noble spoke of the common schools in the making of the Nation, and spoke wisely and strongly.

The evening of the same day was devoted to a series of papers by Presidents Hyde, Slocum, and Eliot, and the Rev. Harry Hopkins, D.D. President Eliot, with singular felicity, treated of the opportunities of Congregationalism; Dr. Hopkins spoke finely of the advantages of the smaller colleges, and Presidents Slocum and Hyde exhibited what they regarded as needed changes in the training of men for the ministry. President Hyde created great interest by his brilliant and almost savage attack on the theological seminaries. He denounced the giving of aid to indigent students, and ridiculed current modes of instruction. That he was brilliant all conceded; that he was entirely fair to the seminaries many doubted. The other side was presented by President Moore, of Andover, and Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford. All agreed that students should be helped to help themselves; that only university men, or those with the equivalent of college training, should be allowed to enter the theological seminaries; and that greater care should be exercised by councils in ordaining ministers. Admirable papers were read by the Rev. W. B. Selbie, of London, and Dr. Reuen Thomas, of Boston, on the pastoral function, and one by the Rev. Joseph Rolutson, of Australia, on spiritual life in the churches.

The women's meeting was memorable especially for a paper by Dr. Grace Kimball, the heroine of Van in the time of the Armenian massacres. Hers was one of the best pleas for a broad and intelligent missionary policy that has been heard in recent years. Other papers were read by Mrs. Armitage, of England, and Miss Margaret J. Evans, of Carleton College, the first woman to be chosen a corporate member of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

Young People's Work could not have been in better hands than those of Cornelius H. Patton, Charles E. Jefferson, and C. Silvester Horne. The subject was considered in its broader relations, and not merely in its relation to any society. Dr. Patton was graciously critical of certain mistaken methods; Dr. Jefferson urged that children of believers are already church members, and that as such they are entitled, not only to baptism, but also to the Lord's Supper—an assertion that started much thought; while the Rev. Silvester Horne, of London, in a speech of thrilling eloquence, urged the union of Young England and Young America in behalf of the loftiest ideals of righteousness.

Interdenominational fellowship was, significantly, the only form in which the subject of the unity of the Church was discussed, and that in a series of addresses at a banquet given by the Congregational Club of Boston. The one conspicuous idea in all the addresses was that the unity of the Church may best be promoted by each denomination loyally, but not dogmatically, emphasizing the phases of truth for which it stands.

Denominational subjects were not given special prominence. They were, however, made interesting as treated in fine papers by Dr. A. J. Lyman and Dr. John Brown. Dr. Lyman's most striking sentence was, "Whoever acknowledges Christ as Master is my brother, whether he be Unitarian or Romanist." Dr. Brown said that when the Bunyan Church was organized, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the only conditions of membership were "faith in Christ and holiness of life."

Both papers emphasized federation for work as the best form of Christian union practicable now.

The sessions of the Council reached their climax in the subject of missions. Dr. Wardlaw Thompson spoke of the work, and Dr. Cain of the inspiration to the service which he found in "the living Christ." Thrilling words from missionaries came from the Revs. Otis Carey and J. H. Pettee, of Japan, Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, of China, and Dr. Bixley, of South Africa.

Surveying the meetings as a whole, certain salient features are worthy of mention. The eloquence of the English speakers was a revelation to all who listened. Such oratory as that of Dr. Forsyth, the Rev. J. D. Jones, and the Rev. C. Silvester Horne is not often surpassed on any platform. The only serious criticism to be made on the management of the Council is that there was so little time for discussion; this was due to the fact that speakers were not held to their allotted time.

There was not even the suggestion of controversy, although there were wide differences of opinion. Not the faintest echo of the old conflict over Andover and that of the American Board was heard. Controversy was silent. In some respects the meetings would have been more valuable if the morning and afternoon sessions had been in a smaller auditorium, where the feelings of the galleries would have been less in evidence; but, on the other hand, the thronged and eager multitude in the galleries showed that the profoundest subjects of speculation possess for the people perennial fascination. Probably few of the Council knew how much all were indebted to Dr. Alexander Mackennal, whose watchful eye was fixed on every point which concerned the welfare of the body, and who better than any other man knew how to harmonize all divergent opinions.

If we try to state the more conspicuous truths which found expression at these meetings, the following may be cited: Jesus Christ was the Supreme Person of all time, and his Cross the most potent force in the development of the history of the world and the salvation of men. Theology is a progressive science, demanding absolute freedom of thought, the fullest liberty of investigation, and constantly changing forms of statement. The teachings of Christ are practicable, and ought to be followed in all the relations of man to man. War is a relic of barbarism, and as swiftly as possible should be laid forever aside. Education should be free from all ecclesiastical dictation, and conducted in constant and confident reliance upon the spirit of truth. The minister of the Gospel, who is also a teacher of religion, should have the very best training possible, and all "short cuts" to the pulpit should be closed. There is a difference between a lay worker and a religious teacher, and the same training should not be asked of both. The child of believers is a member of the same church as his parents, and entitled to the same sacraments. Christianity has relation to the municipality and the State, and no man can be true to Christ who is false to his political and social duties. The relation of the Church to sociological problems demands instant and thorough consideration. Federation of the churches is the shortest and best way to the unity of Christendom. The whole world needs Christ, not because all other religions are wholly false, but because they are inadequate.

The Council culminated in the address of Dr. Richard S. Storrs, who chose for his subject "The Permanent Motive in Missionary Work." The address was characterized by the force, the splendor of diction, the fervor of utterance and felicity of illustration which have given Dr. Storrs a unique place among American orators. Seldom has he risen to a loftier height when speaking on this theme so dear to his heart.

The universal judgment, so far as it reached the ears of your correspondent, was that, in intellectual ability, in lofty spirituality, in its honest and free spirit, in its positiveness and its tolerance, this Council was one of the most remarkable religious gatherings which ever assembled on this continent. It reverenced the past, but its face was always toward the present and the future. It remains only to add that suitable plans were adopted for the perpetuation of the Council, and that the hospitality of the Congregationalists of Boston was as near perfect as can be imagined.

THE STORY OF DEWEY'S WELCOME HOME

BY JAMES BARNES

Author of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," "Midshipman Farragut," etc.

Illustrated from Photographs by J. Horace McFarland

THE·GIFT
OF
THE
PEOPLE
OF·THE
UNITED
STATES
TO·THE
OFFICERS
AND·MEN
OF·THE
ASIATIC
SQUADRON
UNDER·THE
COMMAND
OF·COM
MODORE
GEORGE
DEWEY

FOR six weeks the city had been waiting to give its welcome, waiting eagerly for the coming of the man who had won for himself the highest and proudest position that a man can win or earn—that of having his name spoken with admiration and affection by the lips of a people. It was not altogether the reflection of what he had done—his deeds are simple history, his rank was the reward he had earned from his Government; but this widespread feeling came from the personality of the man himself. He had gained the tribute that transcends popularity; he was referred to in the possessive "our." The chronicle of the Admiral's home-coming had been cabled from every port at which he had touched. From Manila to Ceylon, from Ceylon to Gibraltar, we had been told of his triumphal progress. He had been photographed and interviewed and fêted and banqueted; his sayings and doings had been caught up, reported, and passed along to the people at home who were longing, almost hungrily, for a sight of him. And so the greatest city of his country had taken upon herself the honor of giving to him the biggest and heartiest welcome that ever mortal man had received before, or doubtless that any man will ever receive again. Yet how did the knowledge of all this affect him?—a simple, brave-hearted officer, devoted to his service and to his duties, kindly, considerate, and dignified, yet every inch the admiral! He wrote to a former shipmate of his from Malta: "God knows that I would rather go into battle to-morrow than face the ordeal that my fellow-citizens have, in the kindness of their hearts, prepared for me." He would have given two of his stars, almost, to have been allowed to land quietly, report himself, and be off to the rest and quiet of his home in the Vermont hills; but the country would not have it so. The City Fathers of the over-reaching metropolis had decided that the town they governed should spare no effort, and, in the limited time that they had allowed themselves, they started in to break all records of giving welcome. So they began in the way they thought best to make this welcome a monument to their efforts and an honor to the community; forthwith the citizens were given license to go mad and stay so for two days. And it is the story of what they did and how they appeared in their madness that I intend to write.

As tardiness was always distasteful to the Admiral, he had taken time by the forelock and arrived two days ahead of the schedule; the City Fathers had been caught napping, and, as might have been expected, the first man to greet him after his anchor touched American soil was an enterprising reporter who gained honor for himself and a "beat" for his paper by announcing to the city that "Dewey is here," and that his famed flagship was anchored in the lower bay. So he was visited by all the committees that could be hastily summoned, and he was given a foretaste of all that was to come, and bidden to prepare for it. He resigned himself gracefully to the position, and gave up all sense of personal possession without a murmur, though his heart must nigh have failed him. Owing to his rank, he found himself at the head of the rear-admirals who were with the little fleet of war vessels at the anchorage, and he settled the vexed question of seniority that had been squabbled over in the press. The ships were at his command, but the fact was impressed upon him that he belonged to the people. Now, our third Admiral had served under our first, and, owing to a happy incident, it was Farragut's four stars that mounted to the masthead of the Olympia, for the old flag had been preserved by loving hands, and had been given, in a touching little ceremony, to the victor of Manila on Thursday.

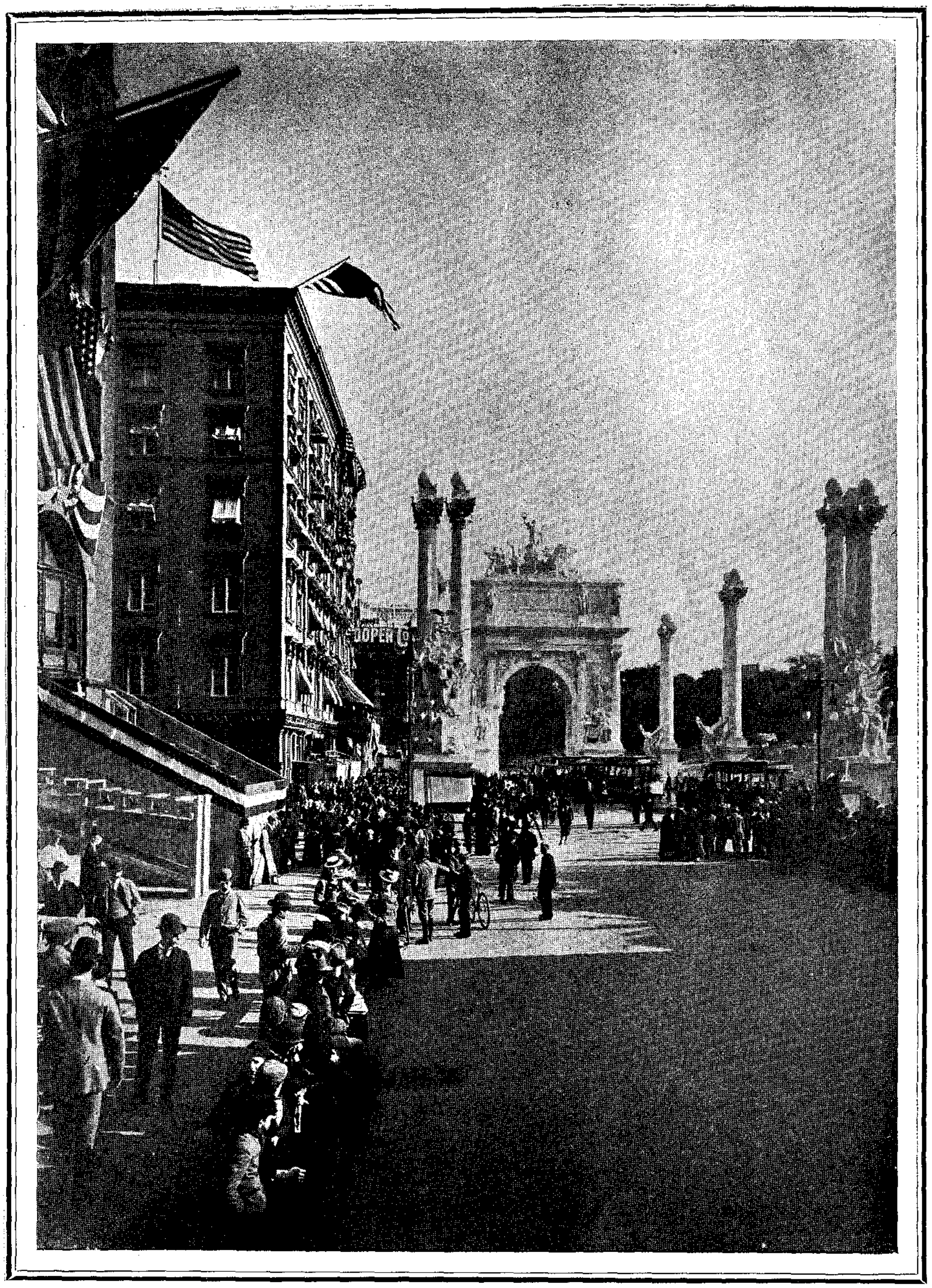
Friday was the day chosen for the naval pageant, and elaborate was the printed programme with its list of divisions and ships in the long line of the parade. It was, despite bad predictions, a brilliant day, with just enough white cloud in the sky to add to its beauty, and the wind blew crisp and fresh from the south. Early in the morning the city had begun to gather at the western water-front. As we crossed on the ferry to Jersey City, where we were to take the boat, the wharves and piers were alive with crowds. Brilliantly decked stands had been erected on dumping-docks, on coal-yards and landing-places. The great recreation piers were dark with the masses of the gathered throngs, and on the New Jersey shore it was the same. The moored barges and canal-boats were covered with hastily erected scaffolding, and seats everywhere and anywhere were at a premium. The big steamers lying in their slips, foreigners and home craft, were gay with lines of bunting. Everybody's humor was in tune with the weather that tempted all to laugh and sing and live.

The vessel for which I had a ticket was chartered by a camera club from a neighboring city. She was a free lance and could take what position she might choose, provided that her captain kept himself out of the hands of the police boats—that was his own affair; and let me state that he had his troubles ere the day was over. As we started down the stream to make a tour of the war-ships at their anchorage (it was three hours before the procession should be formed) there was a great struggle on our craft for positions and vantage-points. The top of the pilot-house was occupied by a huge biograph machine, and another moving-picture camera stood on its tall tripod on the forward deck. There were lenses of all sizes and descriptions mounted in vedette and in broadside forward and aft, and there was ammunition galore. When the snapping and shooting began, assistants and attendants were rushing to and fro, changing plates, range-finding, angle-taking, and altering positions. As we neared the Staten Island shore, there lay the fleet, surrounded by a flotilla of police patrol-boats, excursion steamers, yachts, and tugs, while a constant line of vessels was pouring out of the East River and down the Hudson, heading for the same objective point. There was a marine from the New York, who had somehow obtained liberty, on board with us, and he acted as lecturer to a little group gathered about him. He was a quiet, self-respecting fellow, who had been in the service nine years, and he knew it all.

"There's the Olympia," said he, pointing out the white vessel at the head of the line. "See, her smokestacks are different sizes. My, ain't she ugly!"

And then he pointed with pride to his own vessel which lay farther down the line. The excursion boats that surrounded the Admiral's ship all had heavy lists to port or starboard, as the crowds they carried thronged the rails. Occasionally shreds of music would reach the ear, torn by the winds from the brass bands playing on the decks. Every face wore an inquisitive, curious look, every captain in the pilot-house was implored and clamored at by his passengers to lay his vessel alongside, so they could get a glimpse of the Admiral.

I looked back up the river. A line of great white steamers with their funnels painted in the National colors—the mark of the United States transport service—lay off to the west of the channel (and the sight brought to my mind that our troops were still fighting in the far-off Philip-



THE GREAT WHITE ARCH

pines), and here and there were rusty tramps, battered and ill-featured but brave with bunting. A great cattle-steamer, her deck piled with bales of hay, had steam up, but was waiting, anchor down. All afloat were in gala dress; even a big Norwegian bark was flying her colors, and her yards had been squarely braced, "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," and the American flag was at the fore. The Goddess of Liberty, on her little island, stood above a line of rippling flags, and her attitude suggested that she was not only giving light unto the world, but bidding "salve" to the home-coming with a welcoming toast. But we were nearing the fleet, and the elbowing and jostling at the rail increased. The marine was kept busy answering questions. "Who were the admirals present, and whose were those flags he pointed out?" "Were those long black things torpedo-boats?" "Which is the Porter?" There was a fever of expectation. The people acted like small boys nearing a circus tent. It brought back forgotten sensations felt long ago.

With the starboard paddle-wheel turning idly in the air, we made in closer until we were abreast of the Olympia's gangway. The crew on deck gazed back at us listlessly; it was an old story by this time; a few replied to the waving of handkerchiefs and flags. Right ahead of us lay a crowded tug, her decks half awash; she was squealing away like a pig under a gate, and the attempt of a cornetist in a near-by rowboat to play "Hail to the Chief" went for almost naught. Nearer we went in, still nearer, until the end of the boat boom was but a few feet off our port quarter, and then some one shouted in ectasy:

"Hi! See Dewey! There's Dewey!"

There were two figures pacing the quarter deck; the shorter had broad gold stripes on his sleeves, shining epaulets, and a cocked hat. So close were we that as he turned about there could be no mistake. Every one knew that much-pictured face!

"That's him," said the marine.

Somebody proposed three cheers, and they were given with more vim than precision, the captain coming to the fore with three long pulls on the whistle-rope.

"Wot's the matter with Dewey?" shouted a deck-hand from below.

The Admiral had turned, leaving his companion—he lifted his hat, and with a smile he gladly and gracefully acknowledged the greeting. At that instant his picture was taken thirty times if once.

Then, as if the photographers were too much for him, he dismissed his audience by joining the other officer and calling attention with a gesture to something up aloft. But a few camera-shutters snapped like belated pieces in a firing-squad.

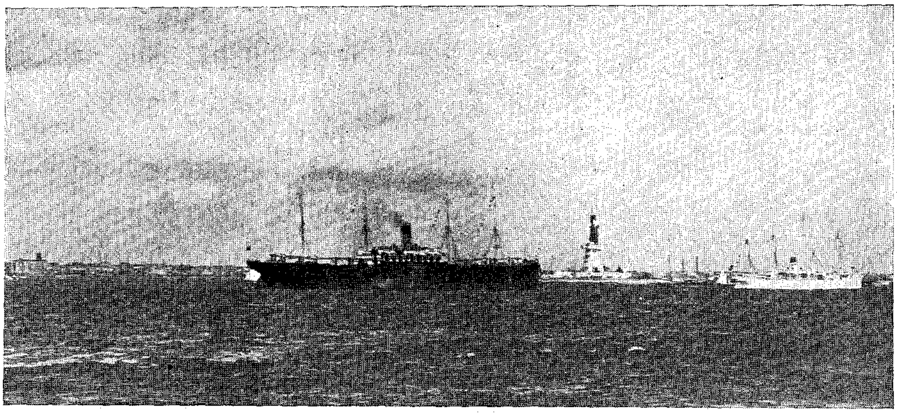
After drifting about for a few minutes, the nose of the Hazel Kirke was turned up stream to take up her chosen position at the end of the line where the patient crowds were waiting near the great white tomb on the riverside. Nearing the city again, it was a sight to remember long, and tell about; the flags against the sky and the tall office buildings looming up like castle towers, their harsh outlines softened by the shadows slanting down their lofty fronts, and the Stars and Stripes flickering everywhere. Coming in from the Narrows was the great German steamer Graf Waldersee; a line of flags bedecked her also from stem to stern. The steerage passengers she carried leaned over her rail, gazing in wonderment at the strange sights they saw. Perhaps they thought that all this was the usual way these Americans carried on. They did not understand that we had been given special license to go mad, and no doubt they imagined that in the brilliant, rejoicing city gold lay in the streets, and there any man might find a fortune for the reaching.

"I would like to know what those fellows think of all this," observed a man in a cloth yachting cap. "It looks like fairyland to me, and I'm only from Wilkes-barre."

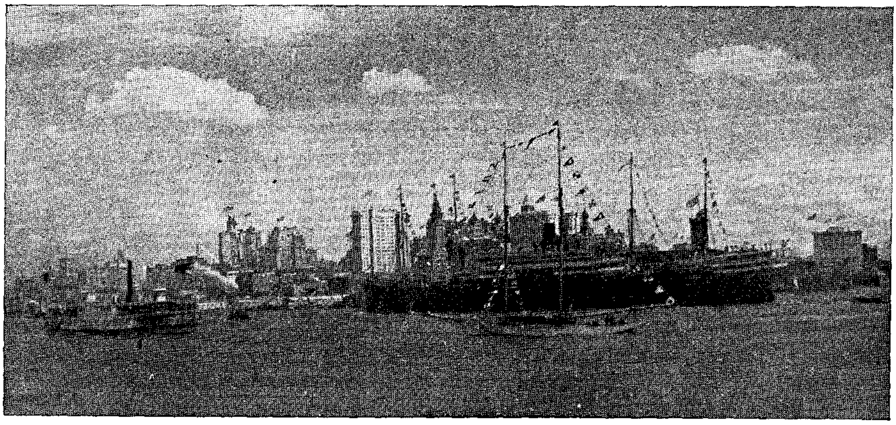
We seemed to be the only vessel heading north. Yachts, excursion boats, committee boats, and State craft were all bound south to the rendezvous. We held in close to the pier-heads, and the biograph man kept grinding his long tape of pictures and getting a panorama of the peopled water-front. In order to make the scene more realistic, probably, the crowds were induced to cheer and wave to us as we passed them, and it was done by the use of the watchword of the day.

"What's the matter with Dewey?" some one would call, and the crowds would fall

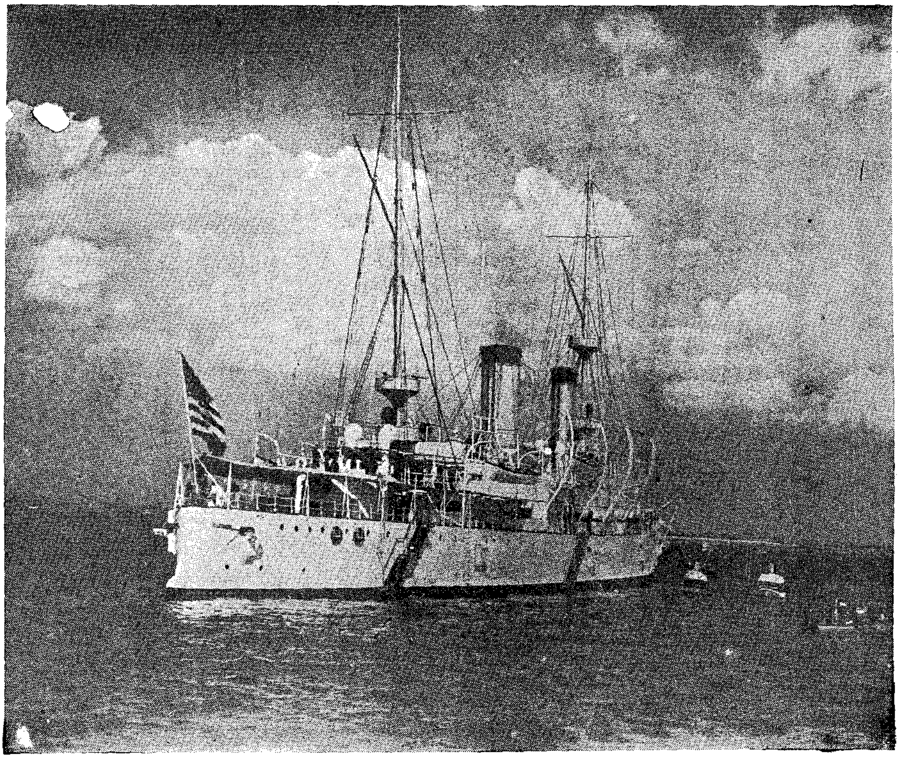
THE ADVANCE OF THE FLEET



LIBERTY'S WELCOME



THE FLAGS AGAINST THE SKY



"THE WHITE VESSEL AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE"

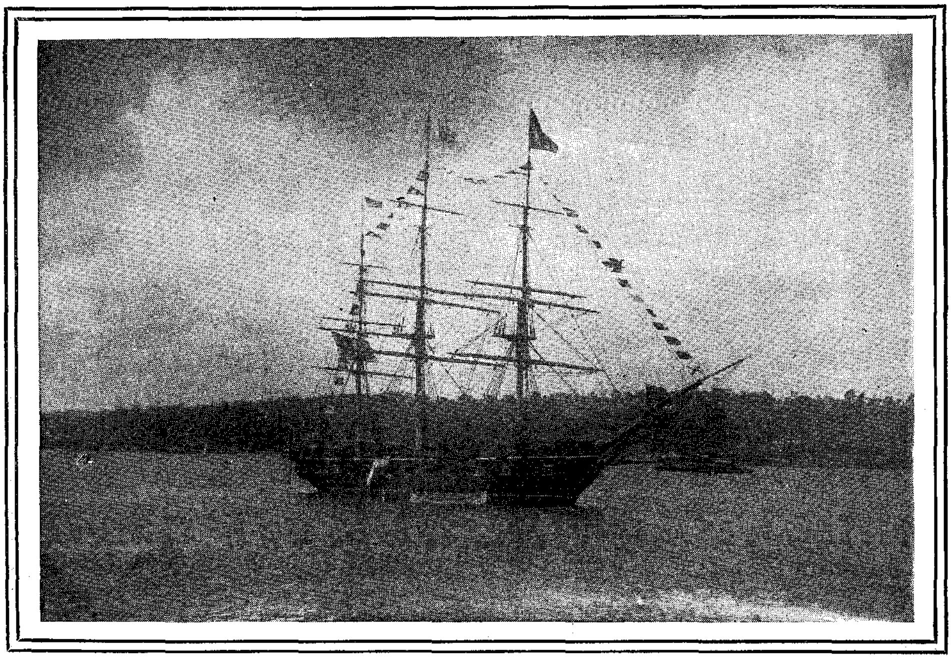
to cheering and waving flags and handkerchiefs.

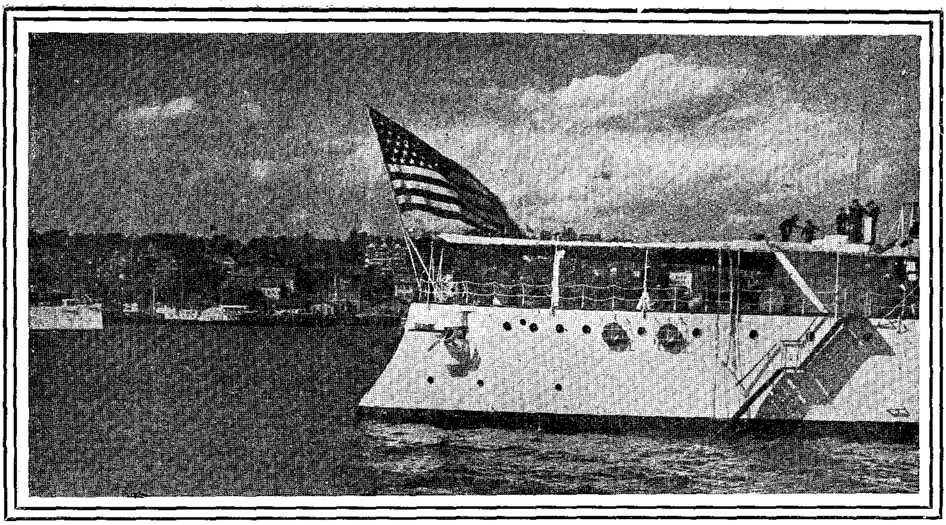
Out in midstream lay the training-ship Portsmouth, and we made close up to her, within hailing distance. She was crowded with guests of the officers, and the boys in the forecastle, who were soon to man the yards in the old fashion, were all in their "clean blues." With the assistance of the Portsmouth's launch, we sent aboard some guests from our own craft and proceeded up the river.

From the time we reached the wooded slopes of the Riverside Park we passed few vessels. Some yachts lay in towards shore dressed in their best, but in the shade of the trees and in the open, sunny spots that ran from the avenue to the water's edge were thousands upon thousands of holiday-makers. The population of a fair-sized city was gathered there. In some places the grass was covered with reclining figures, and the number increased as we neared the Claremont landing. But the camera people's attention had been attracted by two white objects that lay anchored out in the channel. They were the two floats, "Peace" and "Victory," and as we neared them the interest ran high. "Peace," a tall figure made of staff, surmounted a lighter, and, as she was draped in flowing garments, they rippled in the wind and gave a lifelike appearance to the lady with the wreath and palm. But greater attention was attracted by the other that lay farther on. Alas, poor Victory! Owing to the wind or to the rough handling of the tugs that had towed her to her resting-place, she had come to sad disaster. She was in ruin from her waist upwards, and a yawning, ragged hole showed upon what flimsy constructions some of these beautiful figures are erected. Four colossal maidens, blowing upon long trumpets, stood at the corners of her pedestal. The breeze had increased until it was blowing almost half a gale, and the long trumpets wavered to and fro like wands. A figure of Neptune driving his four water-horses to his shell-like car occupied the bows, and on the stern was a huge white eagle gloating over a great white globe. Four or five workmen stood about smoking amid their classical surroundings.

But it was not the ruined float that held the most attention. It was the mass of humanity and the sights to be seen on shore. Every now and then, if one listened, there came the sound of a great murmuring down upon the wind, the mingling voices of the multitude, a constant hum, punctuated here and there by the music of a horn, or mayhap a burst of laughter, or a cheer—for on such days as this was, people cheer at anything or nothing. We were first upon the ground, so to speak; except for a solitary police patrol and the training-ship St. Mary's, the stake-boat of the procession, the waters were deserted. A great float that usually carried freight-cars across the river had been turned for the nonce into a battleship, and her sides bristled with the guns of a battery of artillery that were to salute the Admiral as he passed. As we lay there, heaving to and fro in the current, there was one thing that impressed me. It was that all these people had given up their daily work, had left their homes, some of them many miles away, to turn out and give a welcome to a man who little above a year ago had been unknown to them. He had not saved the country from any overwhelming danger, but in a far-off land he had carried the flag to victory. It was not gratitude that animated them. It was a sentiment of pride and of affection; it was a spontaneous burst of applause for an action that had been well done. Few there were gathered there who seriously realized the National issues that had been brought up and were yet unsettled, and perhaps not many thought or remembered that we are a nation still at war; but they knew all about Manila, and they longed to see the man and the ships that had fought there.

Suddenly, from the south, that had grown misty with a shower that passed over the lower bay, there appeared a few trailing clouds of smoke and steam and then a moving mass of vessels; and as they neared, borne on the wind, came a great roaring, as if all the noonday whistles in the world had gathered and were giving tongue. Near and nearer it came, and the white smoke from a saluting battery on the eastern shore wafted into the air; then came the jarring reports of the guns. We steamed slowly south to meet the fleet. It seemed hardly an instant, and we were in the midst of them! First came the Olympia, moving slowly on; and following her were the other ships, between the long, well-kept line of


"OUT IN MIDSTREAM LAY THE TRAINING-SHIP PORTSMOUTH"



"THERE WERE TWO FIGURES PACING THE QUARTER-DECK"

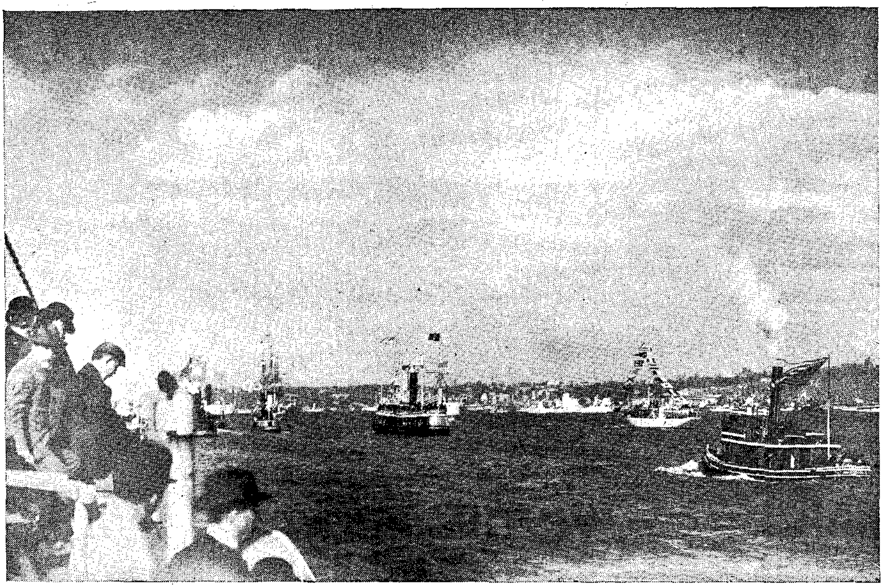
the police boats. The cannons began to thunder from the float; the vessels answered them. From everywhere and nowhere the crowded excursion boats swept in and gathered. The roaring of the whistles was almost deafening from every side. It was impossible to speak and to be heard on the upper deck of the Hazel Kirke, for a small boy had gained admission to the pilot-house, and he hung on to the whistle-rope with grim determination and a smile of joy. One could not help gaining a confused impression of what followed during the next ten minutes. There was so much to see and to take in. Crafts of all kinds loaded with sightseers crossed athwart each other's bows and huddled close together. It seemed a wonder if accident or collision could be averted, for whistled signals were discounted by the roar and turmoil. From one of the great Sound steamers, that held perhaps a thousand or more on her crowded decks, was flying a string of big box kites with the American ensign and a lettered flag high in the sky. The string broke, and away the kites went shoreward, and many stopped looking at the procession to watch what happened. Some small boys in a boat near the Jersey shore secured the runaways. The wind blew harder and in gusts. Hats flew off and floated on the water. In one case a tall silk tile went to destruction beneath our paddle-wheel. People cheered one another and shouted jokes and messages from boat to boat. And all the time the procession of war-ships was moving slowly up to the turning-point, and every one was cheered at and roared at and whistled to. The old Lancaster, a type of vessel that composed our navy but a few years ago and is now obsolete and out of date, was towed up by two puffing tugs prodding her tall wooden sides. She followed the great steel ships like an old fighter whose day was gone but who yet wished to be remembered. Many such veterans did we see on the morrow in the land parade, and somehow when I saw them I thought of the old ship—hale and hearty, but out of the fight forever.

We kept on towards the south, passing the parade as it came slowly on. The transports and the trim craft of the revenue service were next after the war-ships and made fine showing. Then came the steam yachts, and probably there were never before gathered together so many playthings of the wealthy. Sea-going vessels, able to make the circuit of the globe, were there in plenty, and the order that they all kept was most astonishing; no trained fleet could have been more orderly; not a vessel was out of line. On the starboard hand, just abaft the quarter of the flagship Corsair, was the Erin of our visitor, Sir Thomas Lipton, three yellow shamrocks on green fields flying in her rigging. Sir Thomas, whether he carries the Cup back with him or not, can never complain of the lack of cordiality in his reception; no vessel passed him without saluting, and the boy at the Hazel Kirke's whistle-pull held on so long that it was a question if we should have steam enough left to enable us to reach our pier. But still the vessels filed slowly past. The head of the procession had turned and was coming down, and yet the rear guard was but at Thirty-fourth Street—three miles and more below! Series of great steamers, flotillas of tugs, the merchant marine of the city and outlying cities, were here in force.

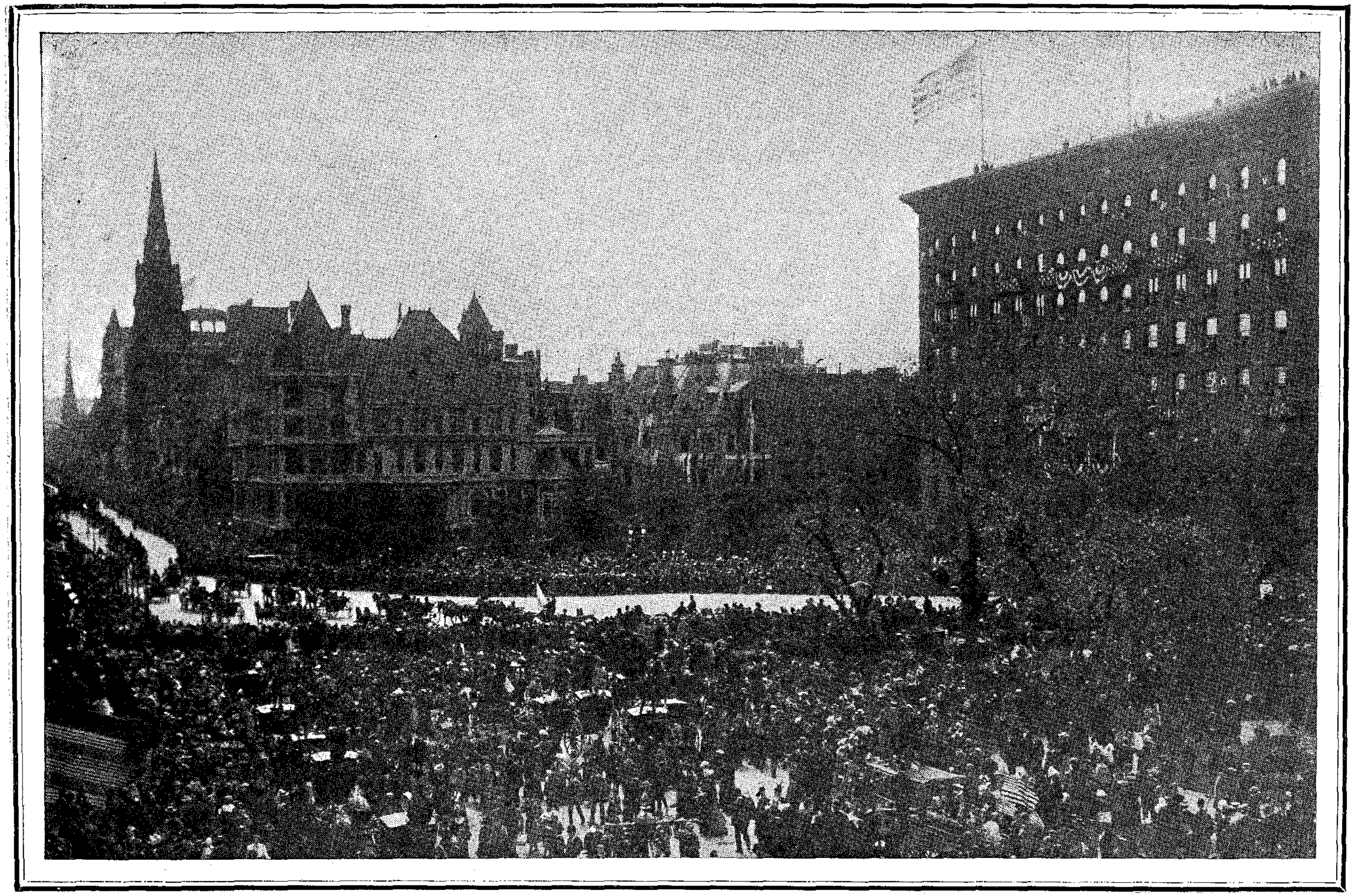
The Admiral, doubtless longing for it all to be done, thinking of the time when he could rest and think it over—did he realize that one hundred thousand fellow-citizens, aye more, were afloat that day to do him honor? Mayhap he did; mayhap his mind was filled with other thoughts. Countless thousands had watched him from the shores. People had waited hours to say, "There's the Olympia," to one another. And there was more to come, for the night sky was to be one glare of light in his honor. There was to be little rest on the river front until after midnight.

The morning of the next day dawned bright and clear, and, despite the fact that the holiday-makers had had a hard day of it, they were up betimes and out in the streets again. The early hours had been broken by the stirring of drum and fife and the tramp of marching regiments moving northwards to their positions at the starting-point on the Riverside Drive. A hard stretch of duty the soldiers had ahead of them. Troop A, which acted as escort to the Admiral at the City Hall, were under arms from four o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night, and rode twice the length of the city before their work was done. It struck me as I went over the line of parade that patience is to a great extent a growing virtue with us. There were bound to be delays; the head of the procession was not expected to move until eleven; but families by the hundreds were marooned like castaways on the curbstones of the Avenue.

I walked down the line from Riverside Drive. The great bleachers had begun to fill, and at Seventy-second Street and Eighth Avenue was erected the stand for the singing children, where they formed the living word "Dewey" in white letters upon a field of blue; and it was here that the Admiral stopped the procession and listened to the three thousand little voices that sang until they could contain themselves no longer, and burst into shrill cheers of welcome. By ten o'clock it was almost impossible to cross the Avenue from one side street to another without the aid of the police. The East and the West Sides were meeting, and forlorn-



"FIRST CAME THE OLYMPIA BETWEEN THE LONG LINES OF POLICE BOATS"



"WHERE THE LINE CROSSED THE PLAZA"

looking folk traveled aimlessly up and down Fourth and Sixth Avenues, hoping perhaps at the last minute to find a place from which they might see the tips of the marching flags, if nothing more. Half-way down the side streets the stoops of the houses and the railings were pre-empted. Where the old St. Luke's Hospital had stood, a great pile of scaffolding rose to the height of a three-story building. On this one stand twenty-eight hundred people could be seated. The front of the reservoir at Forty-second Street was half hid in the National colors that stood out well against the moving green of its vine-clad surface. At the center of the great Pylon towers a huge gilt eagle spread its wings. The police, by this time, had begun their labors. The crowds had commenced to swerve and sway and occasionally break through and fill the Avenue. The bell of the ambulance had already begun its whirring clangor. Occasionally the shrieks of a frightened woman would ring out, and children would be lifted above the crowd to keep them from the crush. Belated ticket-holders fought their way to the entrances of the stands. At many places it looked as if some calamity might take place, and the police, scenting danger, had flocked there to stand it off. They were working like rescuers along the lines of the human dikes to prevent the leaks that might presage the on-rush. But the crowd was good-natured. It took the pushing and proddings without display of anger. Occasionally a man would break out from the line and endeavor to force his way to some forbidden spot. A half-score might follow him, and then the fun began—if fun it might be called—for the burly policemen shuttlecocked them from one to another, hurled them back and pushed them into place. It was impossible to get down the Avenue to reach the place where I intended to view the parade, the big grand stand at the Arch—for by good fortune I had secured a position among the elect of the day, the tribe of Tammany. Crossing Thirty-fourth Street, where the "court of honor" began, into Madison Avenue, it took me a full ten minutes to get through the block, and there the sight was almost a sad one. People who had despaired of ever securing a position crowded the doorsteps, waiting disconsolately. A German with his family had opened his lunch-basket and made a table of a broad stone railing. Two little boys in cheap sailor suits, one labeled "Hobson" and the other bearing on his cap the Admiral's name, were weeping woefully as they tugged along on either side of a pale-faced woman who was evidently heading homeward. She was trying her best to persuade them that the parade had gone by! Poor little chaps! I would have given up my ticket to have helped them if I could. Almost every one I passed wore the National colors or badges with the Admiral's features; all were out to get a glimpse of the owner of them.

Crossing Madison Square, it was the same tale. The huge wooden erections shut out the view of the Avenue; the side streets adjoining them were jammed like the Black Hole of Calcutta. Reaching the entrance to the stand for which I had a reserved seat, I perceived that a hundred angry people were standing there arguing with the policemen who were on guard. The stand was closed! Early in the morning the Tammany "pull" had been worked to its utmost. The chosen seats had been filled with privileged interlopers.

"I worked on that Arch for three weeks," said a man, bitterly, "and here I am with my wife and two tickets, and they won't let me in."

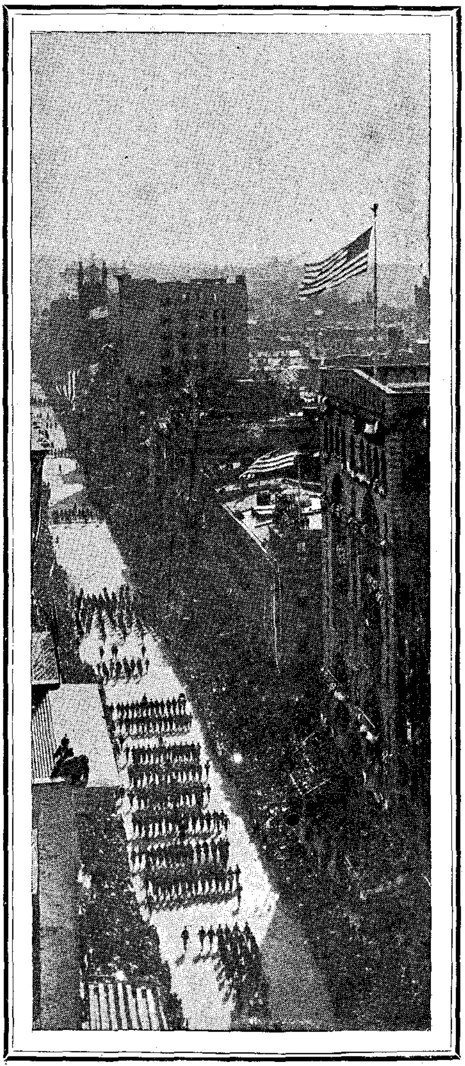
"It's a shame," cried the crowd. "We all here have tickets, and they won't let us through."

The barricade was high and strong, the policemen were numerous and large. I showed my ticket to an officer.

"I can't let youse in," said he; "the inspector has closed it up—them's orders! The seats is all took long ago."

I looked back at the unhappy people on the park benches, and the disconsolate tide that wandered across the downtrodden grass. I looked longingly up at the tree-tops filled with boys and men, and then I realized how bitter it is to be shut out; but, "nothing venture, nothing win," said I to myself, and, making a quick spring to the top of the high fence, I managed to tumble over it, while three big policemen made wild and futile grabs for my coat-tails. I almost fell on top of a fat sergeant on the other side. He looked at me with some astonishment, but said nothing, nor did he have time, for, seeing the success that I had made, the crowd charged the barrier, and the sergeant and his men on the inside were called to the aid of the bluecoats beyond. Not a man got over! All were beaten back, and I climbed the steps and reached the open space above.

Within a few feet rose the beautiful arch, with its well-modeled classical figures. The Avenue was swept and clean as a ball-room floor; the thousands that filled the stands were raising a great clatter of voices. Waiters were passing up and down the aisles, carrying trays of drink and food. Down at the corner of Twenty-third Street, and up at Twenty-fifth, the police were fighting the multitude. The swaying, moving mass of men and women, as I looked down upon them, looked like teeming animalcules beneath the microscope. They clung together around one lamp-post like a hive of swarming bees, Men were cursing there and women were shrieking, but the people on the stands were seated in comfort; and surely there would have been room, standing room at least, for all of those outside. But, as I said before, I was among the elect. Without the aid of an usher, I found my seat. It was occupied by a large man with a black mustache and a cigar. I spoke to a policeman standing in the aisle. He leaned down and whispered confidentially.



THE OLYMPIA'S CREW

"I can't move *him*," he said, politely and with some deprecation. "He's a friend of Alderman ——; that's him sitting next. But," he added, "I'll call an usher and get you another seat."

I thanked him and waited. The usher proved to be a decent fellow, and in a few minutes I was comfortable. When once seated, I looked about me.

Opposite was the stand from which the Admiral was to review the passing regiments. The front was decked with a bank of flowers. A hundred policemen stood on guard before it. When one looked away from the struggling mass at the street corners, the scene was one of order and discipline, and a beautiful sight. High in the sky floated long lines of kites; a homing pennant, two hundred feet in length, fluttered and whipped from the shining line of piano wire up in midair. The minutes sped by. There was so much to hear and to see that I could hardly realize that I had been seated an hour when the cry arose that the Admiral was coming! The people broke away from the policemen at the corner and filled in for a block the sidewalks that had been kept open. But at last they were in control again, for the reserves were ordered out to meet them. And now, headed by three files of mounted police, the guests in carriages hove in sight, coming down the Avenue. On the box of Admiral Dewey's open carriage, drawn by four horses, sat a trim jacky. It was the same lad who had accompanied him at Gibraltar; and as the carriage came to a halt, he jumped to the ground nimbly and

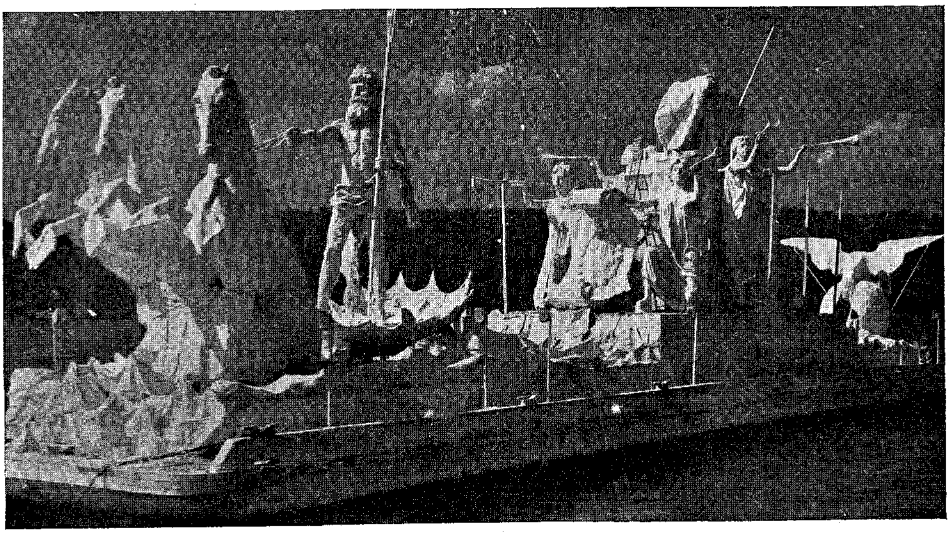
"THE POLICE BY THIS TIME HAD BEGUN THEIR LABORS"

opened the door. When it was seen that it was really the Admiral, the cheering rose, shrieks and shouts of welcome, and the handsome officer bowed his acknowledgments as he took his seat. More open vehicles of all kinds, barouches, landaus, and victorias, followed, bearing the city's guests; and as the officers were recognized they were cheered in turn. One of the admirals came in for a shower of flowers—Admiral Schley it was. Admiral Sampson, grave, quiet, and dignified, the man whose worth is known by the service and recognized more by the Government than by the news-reading public, descended and took his seat without much demonstration. Our visiting yachtsman rode with the grizzled Chief of the Wigwam. He looked pleased and affable. But at last the motley procession of moth-eaten equipages and seedy horses had gone by, and down the Avenue came the first marching music, Sousa's great band of one hundred and fifty pieces—a great, welling, thrilling march they played!

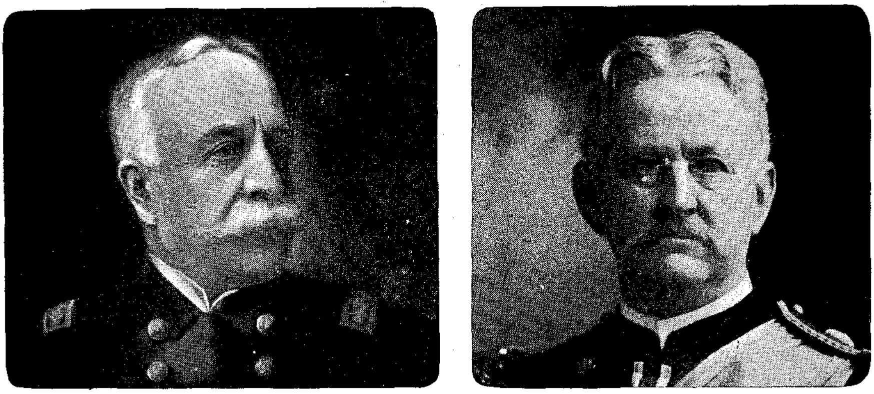
"Here come the Olympia's lads," was the shout, and, led by the marines, the crew came tramping on. And now a strange thing happened.

Perhaps the spectators were so curious to see them that they forgot, or perhaps all had their eyes upon the small, gray-mustached man across the Avenue; but there were no spontaneous shouts of applause; a few shouts here and there, some clapping of hands, but no loud cries of welcome, like the ones that had greeted the Admiral himself. Why was it? I couldn't tell. The officers had risen to their feet as the line appeared. Dewey stood there in silence. He was thoughtful as his men went past. These were the brave fellows to whom he owed the day; these were the men that he had seen fighting behind their guns. His face bore an expression as if he were bidding them farewell. For three hours and more the saluting soldiers marched beneath the Arch. The West Pointers were followed by the Regulars. Great siege-guns and light artilery trundled by. Visiting regiments from the Southern and Western States came in for hearty greetings, but perhaps the loudest was given to a body of bronzed, sturdy fellows in blue shirts and khaki breeches—the Tenth Pennsylvania, just back from the war in the Philippines. Somehow it made the blood course warmly to see them. The brave men who had enlisted for one war and stayed on to fight another! There were partisans' shouts as favored regiments went by; the Governor of our own State received an ovation as he led his own division. The bands came quicker, some played the old familiar marching tunes, while two at least swung along to the air of "Onward, Christian Soldiers;" the Southerners played "Dixie." The Governor's Footguard of Connecticut, in their old Continental uniform, looked as if they had stepped out of the pages of past history, with their black gaiters, knee-breeches, and their bearskin busbies. The Volunteers and the Grand Army of the Republic followed in their turn, led by the gray, one-armed General. Their ranks grow thinner every year, but there were many there able to fight again if need be. An old man was trundled along in a large perambulator. He waved his hat from where he lay beneath a covering blanket. Some one said that he had entered Mexico with General Scott! The young veterans of the war with Spain, in their stained and weather-beaten uniform, reminded us how lately we had been in conflict.

The wind had blown up chill and strong from the west, the shadows lengthened, and many seats in the stands were vacant, but the show was not yet over. When the Admiral and his escort had started for the big hotel that has been aptly termed "an American invention for supplying exclusiveness to the masses," there was a rush made by the crowd; the police were swept away; down the Avenue, up the Avenue, from the side streets the people poured, to meet about the Arch. The glorious sunset sky lifted in the west, a half-light descended on the teeming street, the searchlights from the tops of the buildings played their rays upon the Arch. The tired crowd began to dwindle; two hours more, and save for the bunting and the decorations, the symptoms of the madness of the city were dying out. Small boys everywhere were gathering up bundles of wood, the flotsam and jetsam left on the sidewalks. The rush was made for the ferries and railway stations, and as I walked homeward up the Avenue the street-cleaners were loading wagons with the débris the hordes had left.



THE CAR OF NEPTUNE



Meeting Dewey in Manila Bay

By Major-General Wesley Merritt, U.S.A.

First Military Governor of the Philippines

I AM asked to tell of my meeting with Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay; and while there is nothing dramatic to relate, the occasion was one of such comfort and pleasure that I have a vivid recollection of the incidents of that morning.

The transport Newport, carrying the Astor Battery, a battalion of the Third Artillery, and my staff, myself, and a million and a half of treasure, had sailed from San Francisco on the 29th of June. On that morning, just before leaving, we received news that Admiral Camara was entering the Suez Canal, bound presumably for Manila, and his movements were therefore a matter of intense interest. If he should reach Manila and successfully attack Admiral Dewey, or if, avoiding Manila, he should send a ship to intercept us, our situation would be critical in the extreme. Four other ships followed a few days behind mine, carrying General McArthur's brigade, and not one of them could have made any resistance to the smallest gunboat. As it was impossible for the navy to furnish us an armed ship as escort, it was arranged that Admiral Dewey should send one to meet us at a point six hundred miles due east of Cape Engaño, the northeast point of Luzon, and consequently our ship was steered for that spot. As we neared the looked-for place, there was much staring at the unbroken horizon and much speculation among the officers, which became more earnest as we continued along the due-west course without seeing any sign of a ship. Finally Luzon came in sight. The sea was like a mirror, the sky was cloudless, the air of peace was almost irritating; it gave us nothing on which to base a theory as to why we had not been met except the old, worn-out premises. I was not greatly worried, but, having had no news of any kind for nearly four weeks, and with so much at stake, it was only sensible to examine the possibilities; fortunately, this examination was always reassuring. I believed, in the first place, that we could beat Camara to Manila, supposing he had been able to coal; and even were he to get there first, I felt convinced that Admiral Dewey would give such an account of himself that Camara would have precious little fight left in him.

Thinking thus, we steamed down the coast toward the entrance to Manila Bay. We could see Corregidor Island standing up like a sharp green crag at the entrance; we turned to the left and faced the wide channel. Still no sign of a ship. At last we were past the island, and the shipping near Cavite could be plainly seen. Then men-of-war could be distinguished, and they seemed very numerous, but no indication of movement or life could be made out. Finally, as we proceeded up the broad bay, dark clouds of smoke began to pour from a funnel; a ship got under way, and then in a little while we could see the Stars and Stripes floating on her, and we knew beyond a peradventure that all was well. It was the Concord, which came to find out who we were. Receiving this information, she showed us the way to our berth, and reported to the flagship.

As soon as we had come to anchor, Admiral Dewey could be seen putting off from the Olympia and coming our way. The officers and men of the Newport crowded the rail to get a look at the famous Admiral, and in a few minutes he was in my cabin giving me a hearty and cheering welcome to the waters he ruled by right of conquest.

After greeting me and making the acquaintance of the officers of my staff (some of whom he had known before), the Admiral carried me away to his flagship for lunch. Of course we had much to talk of, and, strangely enough, it was he, who had been for many months in the East, and not I, so lately arrived, that had the news from home to relate. He told me of the magnificent victories of the army and navy at Santiago, which had occurred nearly a month before, of the gallant fighting our soldiers had done, and the sad losses they had sustained. It was hard to crowd all the events of that historic month of July into one brief talk, but he had not forgotten to save me the latest Hong-Kong newspapers. It was hardly necessary for the Admiral to explain why he had not sent a ship to meet us at the rendezvous agreed upon, for I quickly learned that Camara's fleet had never gotten beyond Suez, and our anxiety was quite forgotten in hearing so much good news. While the Admiral was in my cabin on the Newport, his flag-lieutenant, Brumby, was out on deck giving the news to my staff; and when one of these went forward to tell our men what had happened in Cuba, they cheered themselves hoarse.

From this time on I naturally saw Admiral Dewey frequently, either visiting his flagship or he coming to the Newport, where, as a matter of convenience, I retained my headquarters. He always impressed me as a self-contained, nervy man, not given to talk, and prompt in action. On more than one occasion I found it necessary to ask him for supplies of different kinds needed by parts of my command. He always seemed to have what was wanted, and was quick to respond to our assistance.

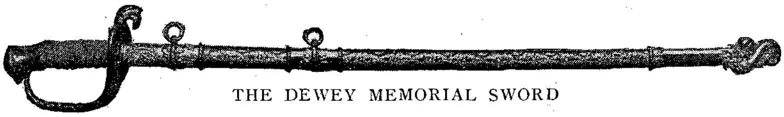
When the demand for the surrender of the city was formulated, we talked over the situation, and the draft of the letters which called on the Spanish Governor-General to take measures for the protection of the women, children, and non-combatants; and afterwards the summons to surrender and the notice of intended attack were all submitted to the Admiral and by him cheerfully acquiesced in. Nothing, indeed, could have been more pleasant than the cordial co-operation of the army and navy in all the work they were called upon to do throughout the campaign.

In making the arrangements for the assault of the city, it was Admiral Dewey's desire to open the attack in the afternoon, as he said the sun would then be at his back and in the enemy's face, the light would be better for shooting, and the sea probably smoother. I represented to him, however, the great advantage to the army of attacking in the morning, so as to give us plenty of daylight in which to complete the work, take possession of the city, and guard against the entrance of insurgents. An afternoon attack would leave all of this exacting duty to be done at night, and give every advantage to the beaten enemy, or be disastrous to us in case of failure. The Admiral at once yielded to me on this point, and it was agreed that he should open fire at 10 A.M.

Sailors never like to do the work in a campaign which they think should be done by the troops for themselves, and soldiers can't manage many things on the water which sailors do so handily. To land General McArthur's brigade in time for the assault of the city, which I felt should be undertaken with the least possible delay, to get food, and, above all, ammunition, to the troops through the tremendous surf, was a task for which sailors' skill and navy appliances were much needed, and Admiral Dewey placed both at our disposal.

During the trying week when our trenches were being dug in the face of the enemy, and when our men were subjected to a furious fight every night, although the Admiral was very anxious not to precipitate an attack, yet the Raleigh was stationed off our camp with orders to go in and open whenever we signaled that her assistance was necessary. In these as in all ways, he lent the heartiest co-operation in the trying work our soldiers had to do. We both desired that the city should not be assaulted until every condition was favorable for quick and decisive results; on the 13th of August this time had come, and Manila was taken with the loss of very few lives of American soldiers.

Admiral Dewey needs no eulogy from me, but any one who comes in contact with him officially will find, as I found, that he does all things in that same workmanlike way which characterized his performance of the first of May, 1898.



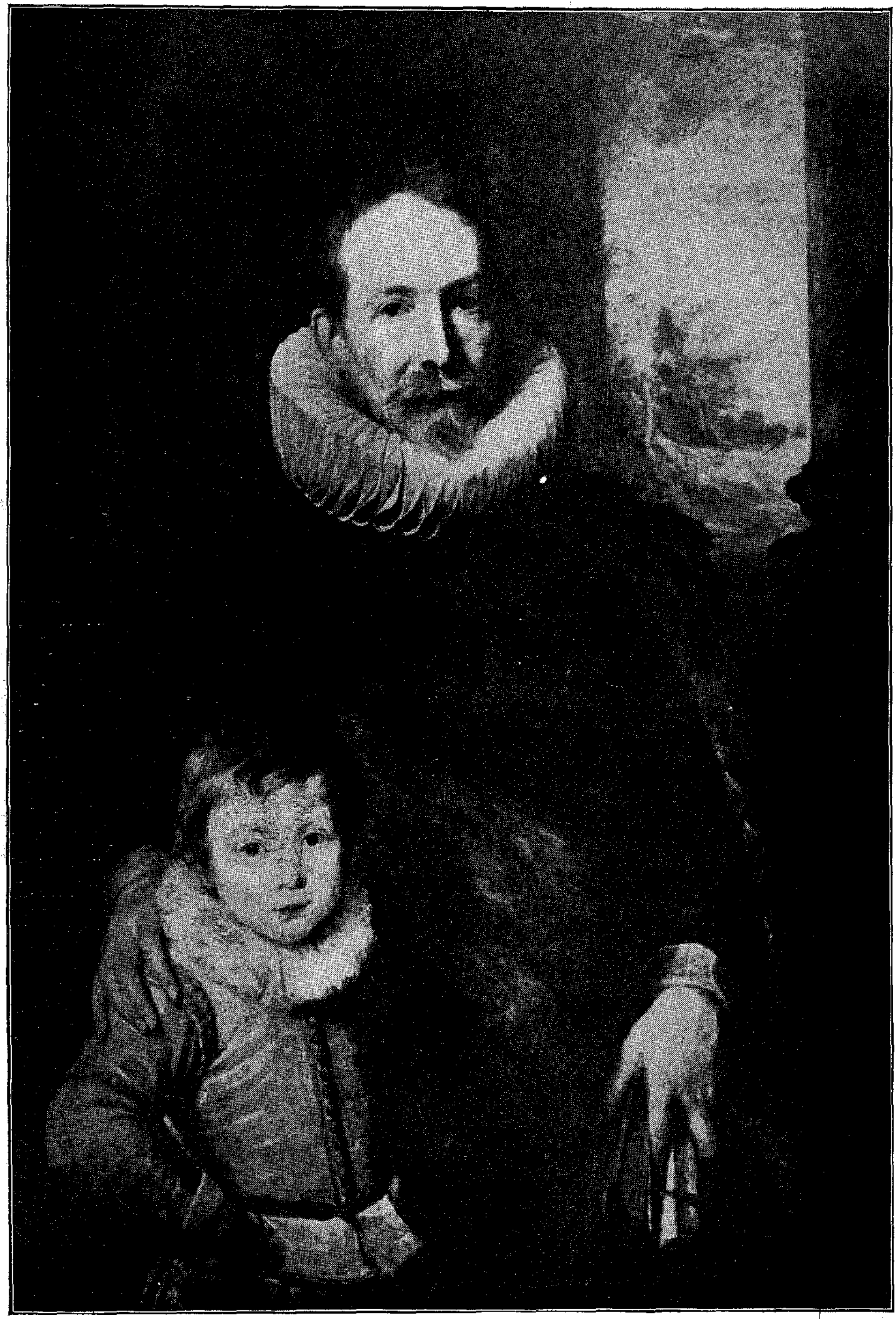
THE DEWEY MEMORIAL SWORD

Admiral Dewey's Firmness and Courage

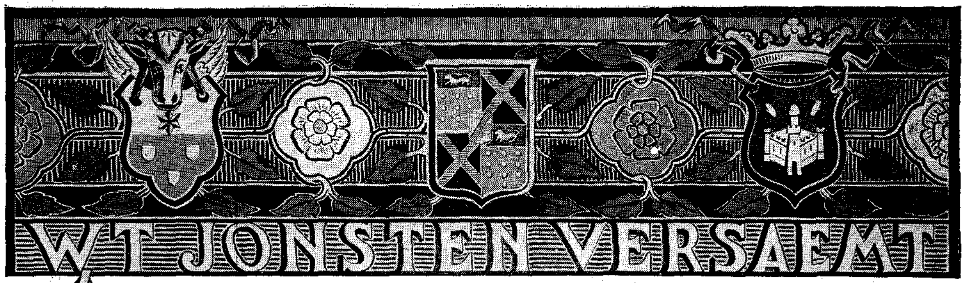
In a book about Admiral Dewey just published by Mr. John Barrett, lately United States Minister to Siam, the author quotes Captain Sir Edward Chichester, of the British ship Immortalité, as saying: "Your Admiral accomplished by tact, firmness, and good judgment in Manila Bay what many naval men would have thought possible only by war. Dewey is a natural fighter, but, true fighter as he is, he prefers to win a peaceful victory. He is a great man." As an instance proving this, Mr. Barrett tells of a minor incident which might have proved of the most serious import: A German steam launch attempted to approach the Olympia after dark. A German collier had come late into the harbor, and Admiral von Diederichs wished to get permission that night for it to join his squadron. As the boat neared the Olympia it was hailed, but without reply. The hail was repeated again without reply. By this time, says Mr. Barrett, the Admiral was looking out into the darkness, and after a moment's investigation he called to the officer of the deck: "Why don't you fire? It doesn't stop!" A shot was fired, and the boat came on unharmed. "Fire again, and fire to hit!" exclaimed the Admiral; and the second ball, aimed just as the searchlight revealed the German colors on the intruder, splashed within three feet of the boat. Then she stopped. A launch was sent, and escorted the German boat to the Olympia, where an excited staff officer of Admiral von Diederichs explained his indiscretion. According to one of the officers present, the American Admiral's comments were as follows:

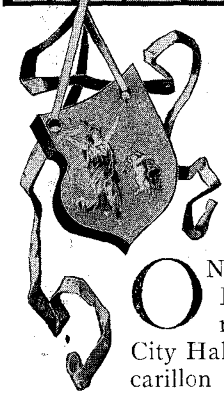
> Do you appreciate what you have done? Do you know that such a rash act on your part is against all the rules of war, and might even have been the cause of serious trouble between your country and mine? Suppose that shot had killed you and sunk your launch, the effect might have been to have brought on misunderstanding and a conflict. It would have been very easy for a Spanish boat meaning us harm to have put up a German flag and sunk the Olympia, if we did not stop it in time. There is no excuse for such carelessness. You should understand the rules of war in a matter of this kind. Please present my compliments to your Admiral, and ask him to direct his officers to be more careful in the future.

In this connection Mr. Barrett speaks very plainly as to the mooted question why Dewey asked to be reinforced by one or two battle ships, such as the Oregon and the Iowa. "Without violating any state secrets," says Mr. Barrett, "I can say that the Admiral wanted them for the plain and simple reason that he wished to be prepared in the event of Germany or any other European Power becoming complicated with America in the settlement of the Philippine question. The attitude of the Germans in Manila Bay had been a surprise, he argued, and there might be still greater surprises in store.'



RICHARDOT AND HIS SON. BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK
Louvre, Paris.





Sir Anthony van Dyck

The Antwerp Anniversary

By Elbert F. Baldwin

ON the fourteenth of August last, at Antwerp, guests from all the European academies of art, together with Belgian civil, military, and religious authorities, assembled in the Grande Place before the City Hall. They were there to hear a special performance on the famous carillon of bells in the tower of Notre-Dame, and to see a procession representing the progress of art through the ages. From the figures of the giant Antigonus and his wife, the traditional patrons of Antwerp, representations of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Gothic, and Renaissance art-creative times passed in processional form. Last of all came the crowning feature of the whole pageant, namely, the "Homage to Sir Anthony van Dyck;" for all this celebration was to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of the second of the two mighty painters whom Antwerp has given to the world. There he stood, that second one, in impersonation, preceded by a figure representing the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella, his protectors; by one representing Rubens, his master, and by those of many of the personages who, through his portraits, have become immortal in art, if not in history—Charles I., Marie Henriette, and their children, Marie de' Medicis, the Earls of Strafford and Arundel, Marie Louise of Tessis, the Marquises of Brignole and Spinola, Cardinal Bentivoglio, François de Moncada, and others. Sir Anthony rode surrounded by honor-guards, each representing a city where his best-known pictures are to be found—Antwerp, Brussels, London, Paris, Madrid, Genoa, Florence, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Kassel, The Hague. The great memorial of the anniversary, however, is an exhibition, still open, of the master's works. For this purpose several hundred canvases, many of them of enormous value, have been taken from museums, churches, and private galleries throughout Europe and gathered in the old Flemish capital, always the home both of commerce and of culture, where, three centuries ago, Anthony van Dyck first saw the light of day.

When he was fifteen years old, he entered Rubens's studio. He made such progress there that before he was twenty he was not only working on pictures which the master gave out as his own, but had done such noteworthy composition as to cause his enrollment as a master in the Guild of St. Luke. This Guild, already two centuries old, named after the artist-Evangelist, was the great instigator and benefactor of Flemish art. The young Van Dyck thus became himself a master while working under one. It was an unheard-of honor to one of such tender age. Rubens was too great a man, nevertheless, to have any jealousy of his pupil as a possible rival. On the contrary, he insisted on procuring a commission for him from the Jesuits, in connection with his own work, to paint forty pictures for them. In the year when the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from the Low Countries, the name of Anthony van Dyck began to be known in those countries as that of another Rubens. An Antwerp picture-dealer wrote to the Earl of Arundel in England that the new painter's works were gaining almost as much esteem as that enjoyed by those of the master himself. Nevertheless, it was that same kind master who presented his pupil to Lord Arundel, through whom access was later obtained to the English monarch, and to honors never before paid to any painter. At the end of his apprenticeship Rubens gave the finest horse in his stable to Van Dyck, who, in return, presented to his elder three canvases which had attracted the latter's special commendation. One of them, a "Christ Seized upon the Mount of Olives," henceforth occupied the place of honor in the chief room in Rubens's house. From association with such a master, his pupil thus gained, not only invaluable technical instruction, but also a generously given start in life. Furthermore, both derived a certain mental stimulus from the similitude of their education, tastes, and ideas, their unremitting labors and their material successes. In truth, the pupil's genius merited protection and patronage. If Shakespeare nodded occasionally, so did Rubens; but even in the younger Fleming's early pictures it is hard to find an awkward or unnatural attitude or an expressionless feature.

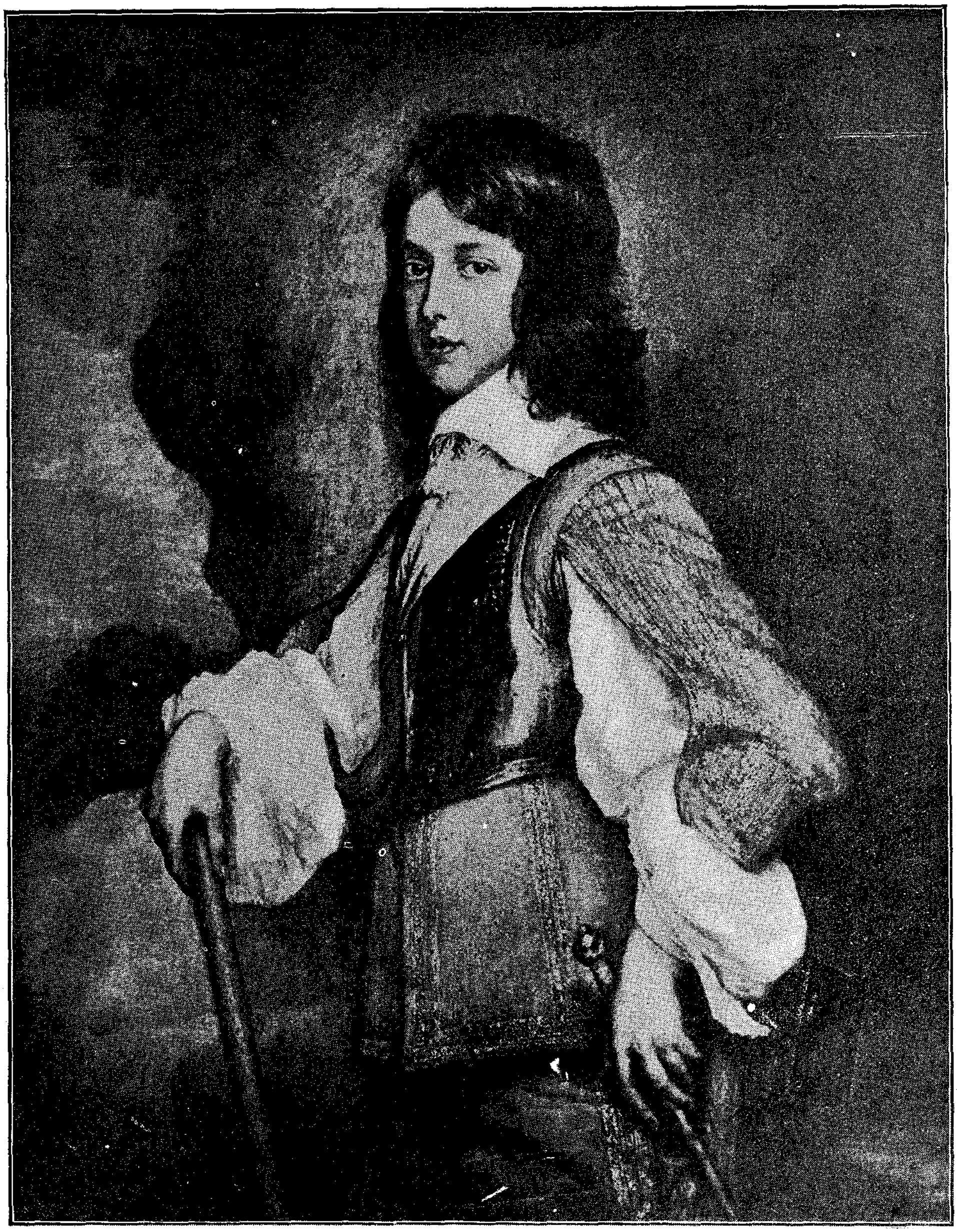
Acting on the master's sound advice, his pupil went to Italy to study and to work. The influence of the years spent there is noticeable in the modification of an over-great Rubens leaning. The pictures painted before and after that period have greater mellowness and depth of color. Though he lived in Venice, Florence, Rome, and Palermo, most of Van Dyck's work was done at Genoa, and is still there in the splendid old palaces of the Balbi, Brignole, Durazzo, Raggi, and Spinola families. Van Dyck's portraits of members of these houses combine a Flemish strength and energy with an Italian stateliness and elegance—Rubens and Titian in one.

After some years in Italy, Van Dyck returned to his home city, where, by Rubens's departure as Ambassador to England and Spain, the young artist found a clear field. His fame now extended over Europe. He worked not only at Antwerp, but at Brussels and at The Hague. Once, when residing in Holland, he went to Haarlem to call on Frans Hals, whom he had never met. Not finding the great Dutch artist at home, he sent word to him that a stranger wished to have his portrait painted. When Hals appeared, the Fleming said that he had but two hours to spare. He asked if Hals could make an attempt in that time. The Dutchman was, of course, equal to the task, and finished the picture. The apparently astonished stranger remarked that "Portrait-painting seems a simple thing. I will try it myself." Thereupon he began to sketch, taking Hals as his subject. He had not proceeded very far, however, in his masterly precision, before the Dutchman cried out: "You are Anthony van Dyck! No one else could do what you have done."

That judgment was not alone Hals's. It has been said that the head of Richardot (in the Louvre at Paris), painted at this time, is as strong as any in portraiture, unless it be that of Cornelius van der Gheest (in the National Gallery, London). It might also be added that, of its kind, the portrait of the youthful William II. of Nassau (in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg) has never been equaled, even by Gainsborough with his "Blue Boy."

Anthony van Dyck is not generally thought of as an etcher, but he showed noteworthy talent in this domain also. One finds astonishing workmanship in the series of *grisaille* portraits of his eminent contemporaries, especially of fellow-artists, which were published as engravings by Martin van den Enden. With wonderful expressiveness, Van Dyck etched the heads in some two dozen of the plates; and the prints in their early state, before any addition of gravers' line-work, are highly prized, both for their historical worth and also as an evidence of the characteristics of an artist's real heyday, when, for the most part, he was still unconscious, unhampered, unflattered, and hence unconventional. Some geniuses "arrive" early, and the sketches, etchings, and oil work of this period of a particular genius show him at the speedily reached summit of his powers.

Probably by reason of inducements offered to him in advance, our artist, now thirty-three years old, decided to settle in England; at all events, he was received



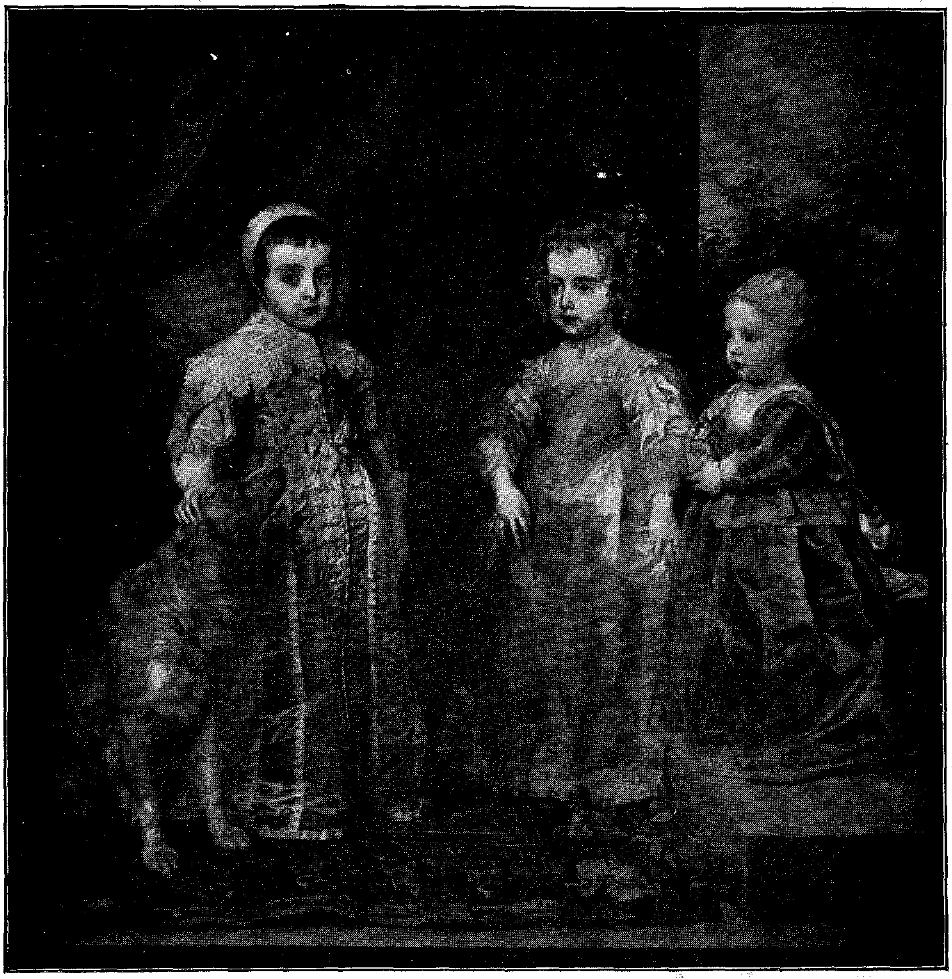
WILLIAM II. OF NASSAU. BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK

Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

with unprecedented distinctions. He was immediately made painter-in-ordinary to King Charles, who also bestowed upon him a pension and a knighthood, a town house at Blackfriars and a country lodge at Eltham. What was more, the King gave him a good deal of his personal society, often dropping down from Whitehall in his barge to spend an afternoon with one who charmed all by the elegance of his person and the refinement of his manners. Permanent evidence of royal favor is found in the painter's thirty-six (according to some authorities) portraits of the King and twenty-five of the Queen. In nearly every representation of Charles one is struck by a certain proud melancholy, a presage of coming doom. No matter how genuinely, if diplomatically, engaging in deportment the painter was, he was also, what every portrait-painter should be, a psychologist. He knew how to win all hearts, but he knew as well how to dip beneath the surface of things. Hence some of his portraits were not only realities but prophecies.

Among the best works of his English period are the most popular of all his pictures, namely, those of the King's children. Visitors to the Dresden, Berlin, London, and Turin galleries are familiar with these; that in the last-named city is an especially good example. It shows three of the children, Prince Charles (later Charles II.), Princess Mary (later wife of William II. of Orange), and the Duke of York (later James II.). Prince Charles, about five years old, stands at the left in a long, stiff scarlet frock embroidered with silver lace. His right hand rests on the head of a brown spaniel. Princess Mary comes next, in a white satin dress which, like the robe of her brother Charles, seems, to more modern notions of dress, out of keeping with a child's age. Lastly comes the charming little Duke of York, in another stiff silk frock—blue this time—and holding an apple in his hand.

During the remaining years of his life Sir Anthony van Dyck painted the portrait of nearly every prominent person connected with the English court. No artist was ever so sought after or received so many orders. A visit to his studio was a regular part of the programme of the fashionables of Charles's time. One reason for such signal popularity and success may be found in the chagrinful consciousness that in



THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK

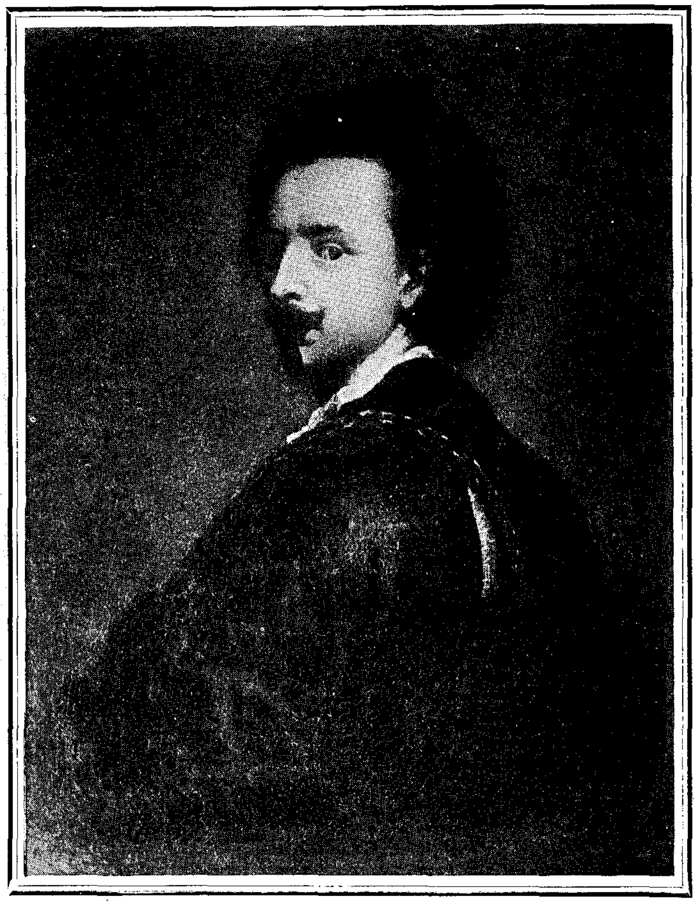
Pinacoteca, Turin.

England there were no native painters worthy the name. There was a demand for portraits from the King and the nobles; hence we find a Holbein serving Henry VIII.; an Antonio Moro, Queen Mary; a Cornelius Janssens, James I.; a Rubens and a Van Dyck, Charles I.; a Lely and a Kneller, Charles II.

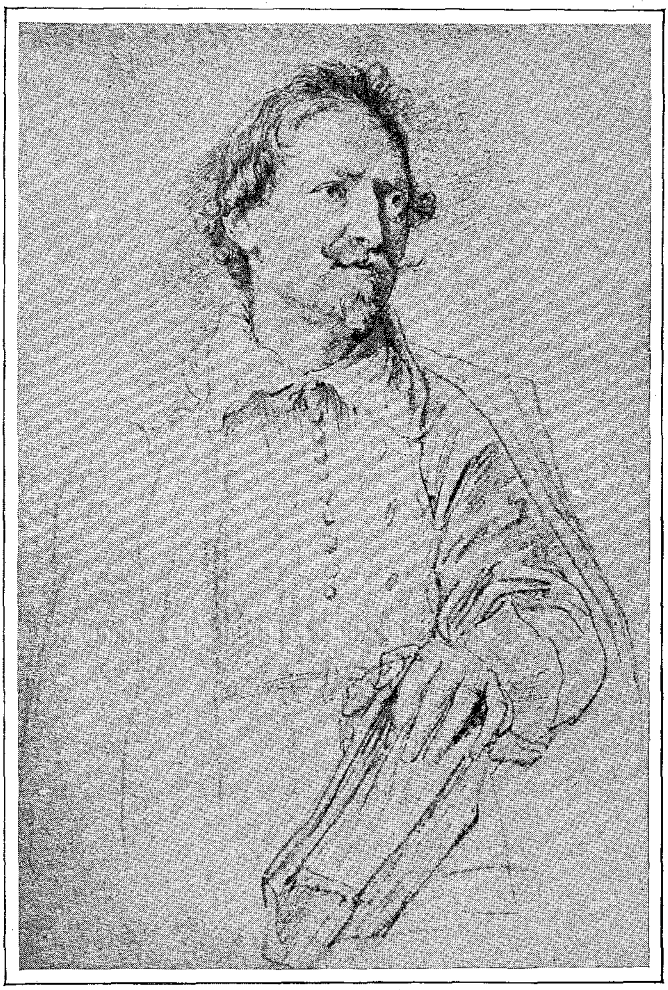
A year after Rubens passed away he was followed by his great pupil. Already shadows were beginning to fall thick and fast on that England where Charles and his narrow-minded nobles, unmindful of just mutterings from the people, had been living lives of too great dalliance. Early in 1641 the royal family were compelled to flee from London; later, one of Van Dyck's best friends and patrons, the Earl of Strafford, was led to the scaffold. His other royalist friends quickly scattered far and wide. The old, bigoted, kingly era was passing away, with the dogma of divine right. There was a kind of poetic justice that the delineator of so many defenders of aristocratic privilege should go too.

It was an early death; Van Dyck was only forty-two years old, but he had accomplished the labors of a century. He left nearly a thousand canvases, most of them of exalted merit.

Of these canvases, the earliest are largely religious in subject. What he was capable of doing in that field may be gathered from appreciations by high and low. On seeing the "Crucifixion" at Mechlin, Sir Joshua Reynolds declared it to be one of the first pictures in the world. When the farmers near the little village of Saventhem, Belgium, heard that the parish authorities had sold Van Dyck's "St. Martin Dividing his Cloak with a Beggar," they armed themselves with pitchforks and other weapons, surrounded the church, and would not allow it to be removed. Compared with the works of the early Flemings and Italians, however, our artist's religious pictures show a seeming lack both of spontaneity and of conviction. Sometimes we even carry away from his delineation of sacred scenes the impression of a clever and objective foreshortening rather than that of a subjective, deep-down, Hans Memling, Fra Angelico fervor. Contrasted with those painted in the ages of simpler, sincerer religious feeling, Van Dyck's altar-pieces suffer, but they hardly suffer as much as do most similar attempts during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Compared with the works of his actual contemporaries, our artist gives us fewer


ANTHONY VAN DYCK. BY HIMSELF
Uffizi, Florence.

merely theatrical figures, and this is emphasized by his technical power in dealing with the figures he does give, by the harmony of their grouping, the clearness of their outline, the correctness of their modeling, and the satisfactoriness of their color-blending. During the latter half of his creative life Van Dyck found little time to return to the field of his earlier labors. When we gaze upon his latest works, the splendid "Adoration of the Shepherds" in the church at Termonde, or (what is sometimes thought to be his religious masterpiece) the "Dead Christ Lying in the Lap of his Mother" (Museum, Antwerp), we regret that he had not more time. Indeed, we feel this even in viewing the earlier works. Some of the Van Dyck pictures thrill the soul, but all of them have what religious pictures often lack, a union of North and South, of robust dignity with refined grace. Take as examples "The Marriage of Saint Catherine" (Buckingham Palace, London), "The Madonna of the Donors" (Louvre, Paris), "The Repose in Egypt" (Pinakothek, Munich), "The Tribute Money" (Brignole Palace, Genoa), and "The Betrayal" (Prado, Madrid).



SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT. BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK

Albertina, Vienna.

Van Dyck's greatest work was in portraiture. The criticism urged against him in this domain is the same criticism often brought against the fashionable portrait-painters of our own day, namely, that they flatter their subjects. While both Rubens and Van Dyck are sometimes open to this charge, no one will deny that rarely, if ever, have portrait-painters possessed more marked ability exactly to reproduce their subjects. If they did not disdain to increase their exchequers by means of occasional flattery, it only shows how widespread is this trick of the portrait-making trade, whether the artist be a painter or a photographer, whether he stand in the lowest or highest rank. There are artists in every rank, nevertheless, who are faithful to absolute truth and sincere simplicity.

The heads and hands painted by Sir Anthony van Dyck belong in general to that first rank. If traces of flattery and of conventional mannerisms may be detected in some, in most the impression is one of minute and painstaking conscientiousness and perseverance as well as of genius. Indeed, the painter generally insisted on detaining his sitters to partake of lunch or dinner, so that he might, at his ease, study face and hand characteristics when his subjects were less conscious of being watched.

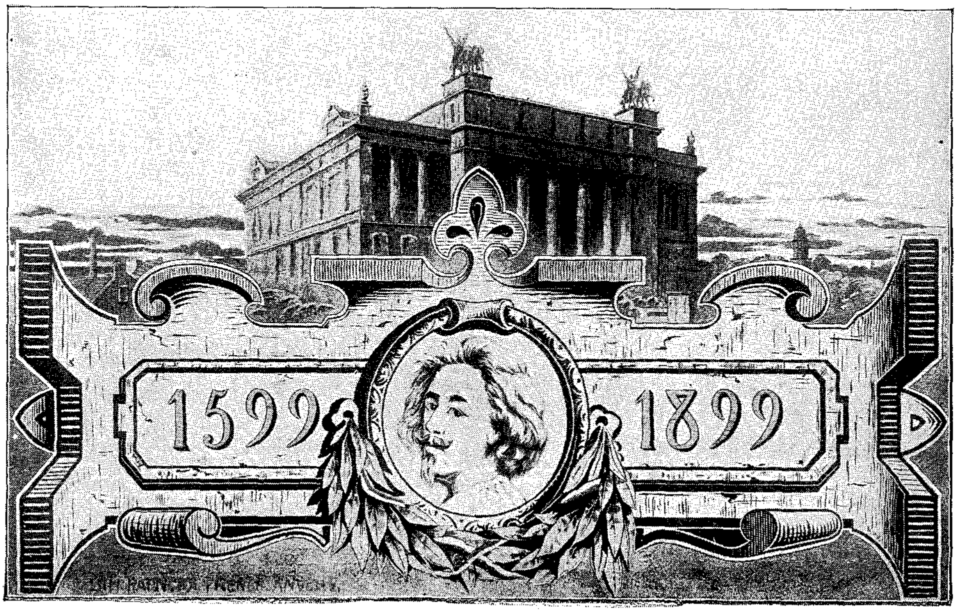
If, as creative forces and all-round artists, Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Titian excel Van Dyck, at least in his particular domain, portraiture, the name of the Fleming is, with theirs, immortal. His name is naturally and must ever be associated with another's, his master's, and both constitute the proudest glory of Antwerp.

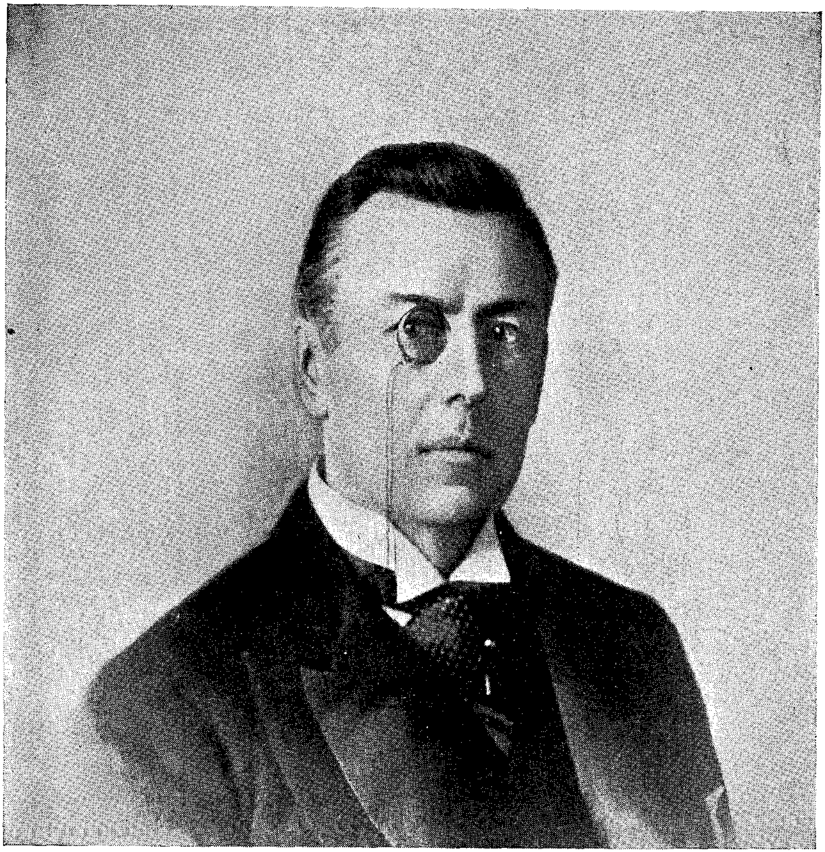
In actual imaginative power, in brute force and fire, in virile energy, in brilliant color, in vigorous handling, and in versatility, Rubens was never equaled by his pupil. The latter, however, more quiescent and reserved by nature, outdistanced the former in harmony of composition, in skill in subordinating accessories, in correctness and clearness of outline, in unobtrusive handling, in delicacy of modeling and color, in sensitiveness of psychologic description, in an almost feminine touch in the power to charm; above all, in the ability to emphasize what was refined or elevated in his subject—that is to say, in distinction. The painter is often not so much in evidence as with Rubens; the artist more so.

We know well how Van Dyck looked, for he painted no less than thirteen portraits of himself. The best of these hangs in the Uffizi at Florence. The artist glances at us over his shoulder. His features are clear-cut, his eyes bright and intelligent, his expression grave yet winning. He wears his hair long, he has a lace collar about his neck, and a gold chain over his black doublet.

His extravagant and luxurious living was almost justified by his unbounded hospitality, liberality, courtliness, kindness. Even in his Italian days he was called "Il pittore cavalieresco." While his studio was crowded with the most aristocratic society of the day, every strolling player and musician knew that a mere painter was the most liberal lord in London. His was a handsome and fit figure for that courtly time, and his were noble portraits too. But little of his personality has come down to us, and he left his name to no particular school of art, save as he may have more or less affected a certain number of the English painters who came after him.

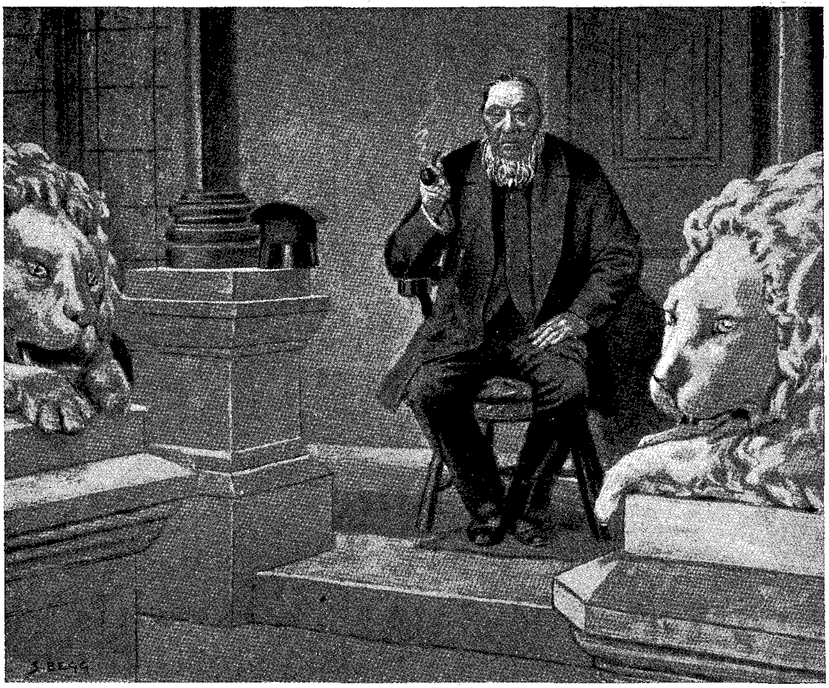
What a pity that he left no school, and what a pity that he could not have lived to a Titian-like age! He died before his own character and career had been entirely developed and rounded and made what both might have become. However, we may not despair at the early death of geniuses if they leave behind such works as those of Keats and Shelley and Chopin and Schubert and Giorgione and Van Dyck, above all of Raphael.





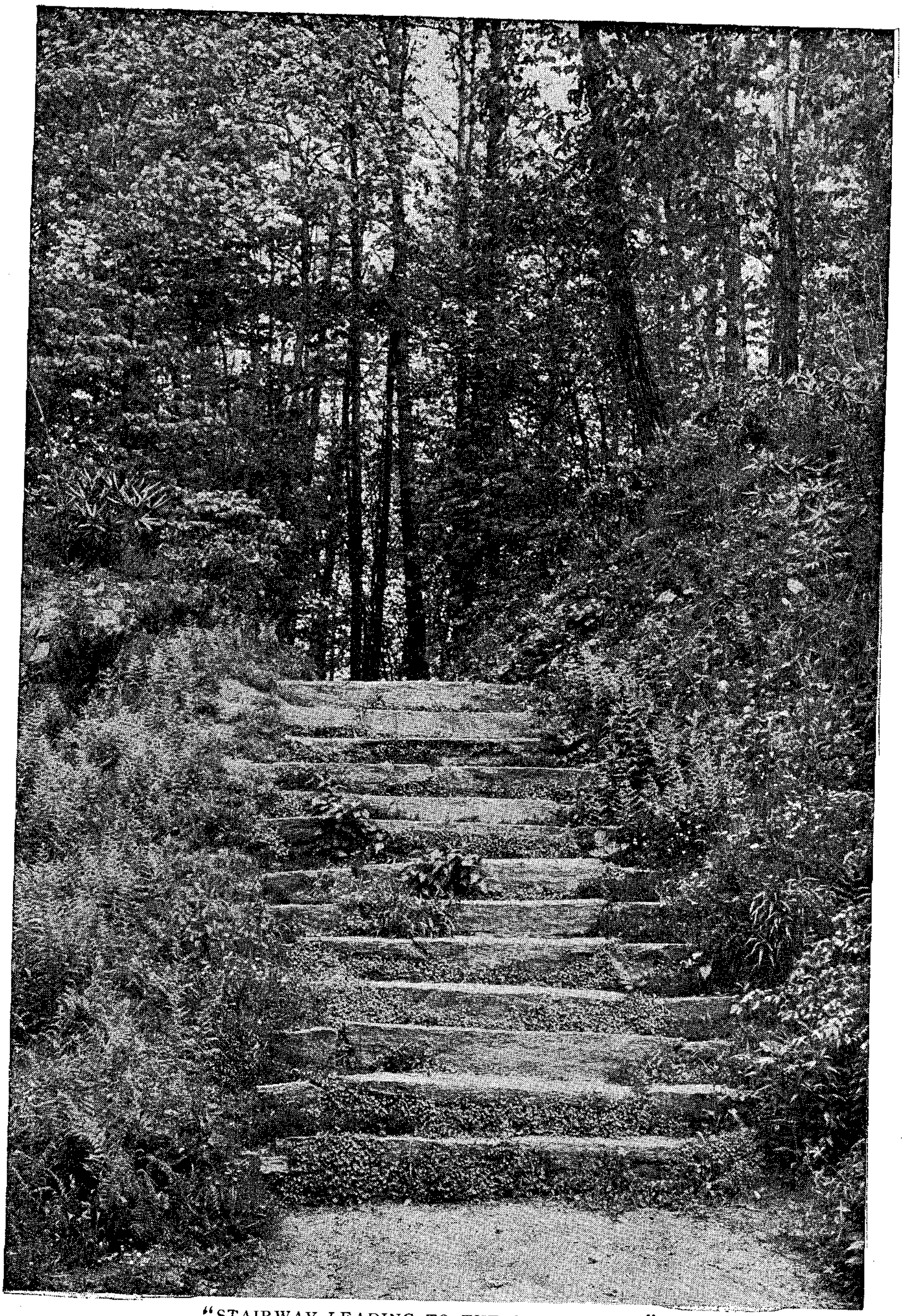
Joseph Chamberlain

This portrait shows the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain as he generally appears, namely, with his monocle, but without the accustomed accompaniment of an orchid buttonhole bouquet. Mr. Chamberlain is now sixty-three years old, but he looks at least ten years younger. His early career was that of a merchant and a manufacturer. His entry on politics was coincident with the revolt of political dissenters against official Liberalism. He was thrice Mayor of Birmingham, and thrice married. The present Mrs. Chamberlain is an American, the daughter of ex-Secretary Endicott. Twenty years ago Mr. Chamberlain was an ardent supporter of Gladstone's domestic and foreign policy. While Mr. Chamberlain was even then no Little Englander, he was not the Imperialist he is to-day. When he entered Parliament, and when he became a Cabinet member, he espoused the cause of the Boers, and later the justice of the Anglo-Boer Conventions which his chief had signed. It must be admitted, however, that, though he defended the Conventions, Mr. Chamberlain also defended Bechuanaland, and thus prevented the Boers from doubling their territory. When Gladstone became a Home Ruler, Mr. Chamberlain wavered for a moment, and then became a Unionist. In those troublous times, as now, when, as Colonial Secretary, he is a member of a Unionist Coalition Cabinet, his coolness and cutting sarcasm in debate made him perhaps the man most feared in the House of Commons.



Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger

President Kruger says of his early days: "I never had a chance to read books; I was always campaigning or fighting lions." When asked, in the light of present events, which he preferred, African or British lions, he replied: "No choice. They are both bad." He himself, however, has justly been called a slumbering lion. In physical appearance he stands six feet high, and has long legs, which must needs be long indeed if he once outran a fast horse for several hundred yards, as they say. He has also been a mighty horseman. His friends aver that, in hunting, if his saddle-girth ever snapped, he threw the saddle off while in motion, and continued the chase bareback. They add that he used to stand on his head in the saddle while his horse galloped, he holding on to the stirrup-straps. "Oom Paul," as the Boers love to call him, is very religious. Curiously enough, he was confirmed by an American missionary. The Bible is quite likely the only book he has read thoroughly. That he knows from beginning to end, and has a text for every circumstance in life. At the head of his grazing, pasturing fold, he seems like an Old Testament patriarch. At first sight he is not a particularly impressive person in his clumsy stovepipe hat and his misshapen coat and trousers, out of which come hands and feet of huge size, the whole an environment for ears, mouth, and chin also of huge size. After this preparation, however, the smallness of his head is as disappointing as is the shortsightedness of his unprogressive political policy; and the Outlanders say that the stolidity of his manner is only equaled in exasperation by the bigotry of that policy. The stolid manner may be emphasized by the fact that the President smokes constantly. As a boy, Mr. Kruger left Cape Town with the Great Trek of 1836. All his life has been a struggle for independence, and it has been a brave life.



"STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE OLD QUARRY"

AN AMERICAN GARDEN

By J. Horace McFarland

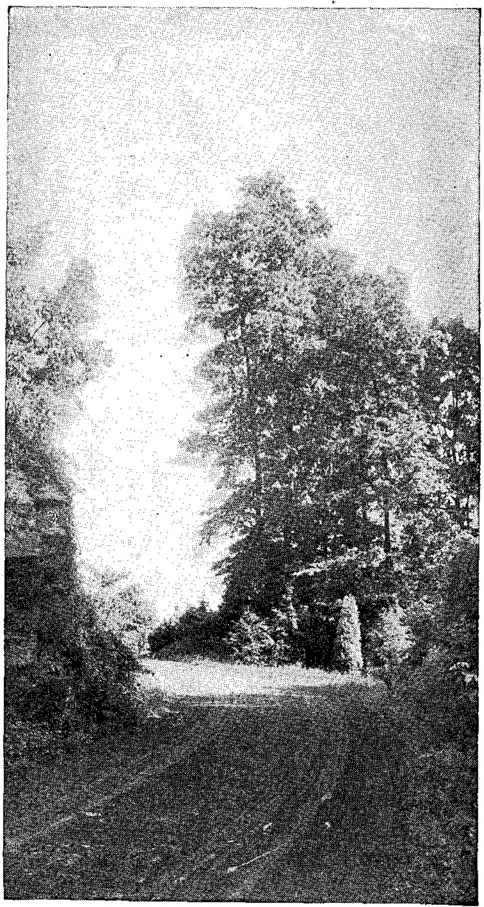
Illustrated from Photographs by the Author

WHAT else is a garden in America? Yet there are in our broad land not many real American gardens. Few realize that the trend of rural decoration and lawn adornment in our country has been, for the most part, distinctly imitative of European forms. It was natural that our forefathers, when they began, as Bacon puts it, to "garden wisely," should look for models to their old homes across the Atlantic. In England and on the Continent the adornment of public and private grounds summed up generally as gardening is the growth of centuries of living beyond the struggle for mere existence. It has its distinctive and ripened character, and its materials are quite naturally those of the Eastern hemisphere. True, American plants were introduced in Europe long before the Revolutionary War, and such gentle souls as John Bartram sent to the home lands many members of the distinctively American flora in the last century; but the home gardening sought mainly to introduce the plant life of the older countries. Thus there were brought in and cultivated many familiar plants which are hardly now recognized as foreigners—the geraniums, heliotropes, tulips, fuchsias, of the flower garden, the Norway maples, lindens, and European ashes of the parks.

This growing gardening art became more and more formal, and some quaint old examples of that extreme cultivated barbarism called "Italian gardening," with its clipped and sheared yews and box-trees, yet survive among us. The free, open, hearty plant life of America was practically unknown to us a century ago, in a decorative sense. The pioneers saw little beauty in the wild tangle of the woodlands they had to cut off for home sites, and the rich flora of the meadows and marshes must be subdued to make pastures. The pets of the housewife in her dooryard, when she came to have time for flowers, were exotic strangers, tenderly nourished, and she exchanged with her neighbors "slips" of the rarer foreign treasures.

But our European cousins have helped to show us the glory of our own woods and hills, and discovered for us the gems of our meadows and roadsides. Many an estate in England exhibits as its chief glory a planting of American laurel and rhododendron; and the ubiquitous American tourist learns with astonishment that the common bushes and weeds of his generous home land are esteemed as rarely beautiful abroad.

Our greater landscape artists have begun to realize the possibilities of America's wealth of distinctive plant life. The



"THE GATEWAY OF THE CHESTNUTS"

Wooded Island at the World's Fair, and the great Vanderbilt estate in North Carolina, have furnished notable object-lessons. It is a smaller but most interesting example that I ask the reader to visit with me, a camera fixing for us a few impressions.

Dolobran, near Philadelphia, is the country home of Mr. Clement A. Griscom. Differing little, as approached by the Haverford road, from other well-kept suburban residences, its broad lawns and fine effects in massed foliage show merely the correct taste of the landscape architect. It is not until one passes the gateway of the chestnuts that the distinctively American garden is entered, and the free beauty of native woodland, marsh, and copse presents itself.

What a change! Here is no tailor-made lawn! No geranium-beds or coleus borders of monotonously continuous coloring meet the eye; no "carpet gardening" of mosaic plants offends the taste. Just the natural beauty of American plants, located cunningly where they love to grow, unrestrained, untrimmed. True, the plants are cared for—fed, if need be, watered on occasion—but no attempt is made to guide them into preconceived forms.

It was said of Thoreau—he who loved and lived with American flora and fauna far ahead of his generation—that he could hardly keep away from him the usually shy denizens of the forest about Walden pond. In a measure, this seems to be the feeling of the plants in this American garden which Mr. Griscom's liberality has created—the plants fairly outdo themselves in repayment of the love lavished upon them. See the richness of this great white boneset—it is actually the same herb of bitter memory to the youth of a passing generation, and it is a despised roadside weed elsewhere. Here its majestic spread of bloom in September excites our wonder and admiration. A sister eupatorium, the "joe-pye-weed," throws up its purple richness in company.

In this garden the changes are quick. We visit it on a spring morning, and greet, freshly bloomed, a dozen friends of last year. We come back in the afternoon, and the curtain has risen on a new scene. One of the charms of the native plants is their evanescence. You look for their first appearance, you watch the growth of the tender shoots, you greet the shy blos-

"THE BLOOMING OF THE YELLOW PITCHER-PLANTS"

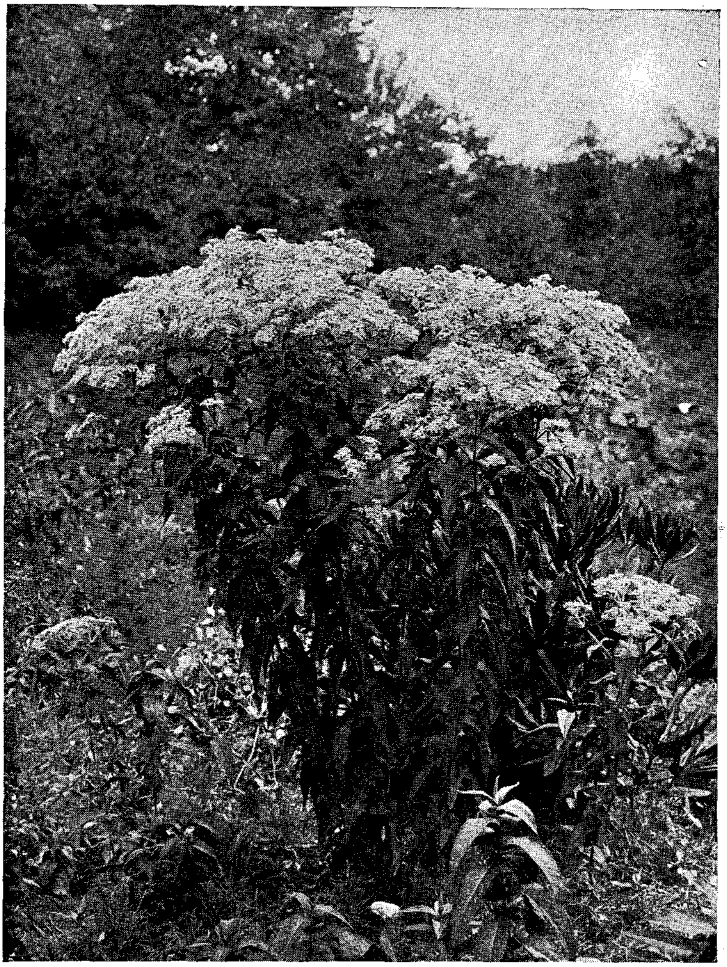
"THE HOME OF THE TIARELLA"

soms on a notable day. The processes of Nature go on; the seed-making follows, the plant may pass into its seasonal retirement. The garden is never two days alike, never tiresome—who wants strawberries every day in the year? Would these white trilliums be esteemed if with us continually?

The time of the moss-pink is eagerly awaited at Dolobran. Great beds of it border a rocky walk in the "quarry"—its carmine-pink blaze seems to absorb and store away the sunshine in which it luxuriates. While it is at its height, in a rocky, shady corner we find the lovely columbines lifting jeweled blossoms of red and yellow, white and purple, to sway in every passing breath.

But we must not overlook the springing of the ferns. See these white "croziers" of the energetic cinnamon fern; how they push up from the black mold, and fairly revel in the early warmth! Look at them later, when the splendid foliage has developed, and the odd fruiting fronds are dressed in cinnamon brown—can any exotic pet present more of interest and life?

In kindly nooks a great fern-cluster nestles away from the sunshine, close by



"THE RICHNESS OF THE WHITE BONESET"

a noble American rhododendron. This latter aristocrat of our hills and mountains has not yet attained the majestic size of its nature at Dolobran, but its vigor proves its satisfaction with the environment. A colony of laurel is established in happy conditions in a chestnut grove, and is already a wealth of white and delicate pink in the blooming season.

The dogwoods cannot be overlooked, for the native trees in the Dolobran groves have responded to the impulse of kindly care, and their snow-drifts of blossoms enrich the tender greens of the spring foliage along the roadsides, while their soft whiteness showing across the quarry takes the eye even from the glow of moss-pinks. These splendid trees have even invaded the formal lawn, to its great distinction.

East of the quarry a wood-road has been named the "Pansy Path." Just as the dogwood blossoms are falling to carpet the ground, we may see here, gleaming out from the tangle of green things, a tree whose branches are thickly hung with the silver bells which give it name—and, for once, a sensible "common" name!

When Mr. Warren H. Manning, the landscape artist whose love for and acquaintance with American plants has accomplished this notable result, began the work at Dolobran, he found a succession of excavations from which building-stone had been taken. These quarries, right in the woodland of chestnut, oak, maple, and dogwood which is the happy possession of the estate, were selected as caskets for the floral jewelry to be naturalized. No filling up was attempted, save as rich soil had to be introduced in the borders and fern-pockets. Between the two principal quarries rough stone steps were placed at several points, and appropriate plant life encouraged around and over these steps. The various paths of the garden are named, and unobtrusive but permanent labels give both common and botanical names to the inquiring visitor. There is a constant increase in the number of species, the test being only American origin and adaptability—the rich orange carpet of California poppies is hard by the bright scarlet of the Virginian silene, while on a lovely path in the woods, passing by a group of the delicate and exquisite maidenhair ferns native to the neighborhood, we find a flourishing colony of the rare shortia from North Carolina—not yet common enough to have a common name! If we search carefully among the leaves and undergrowth, we may look upon the rare flowers of the ginger-plant, produced almost underground. All about are shade-loving plants, fern-clusters, trilliums, and the like.

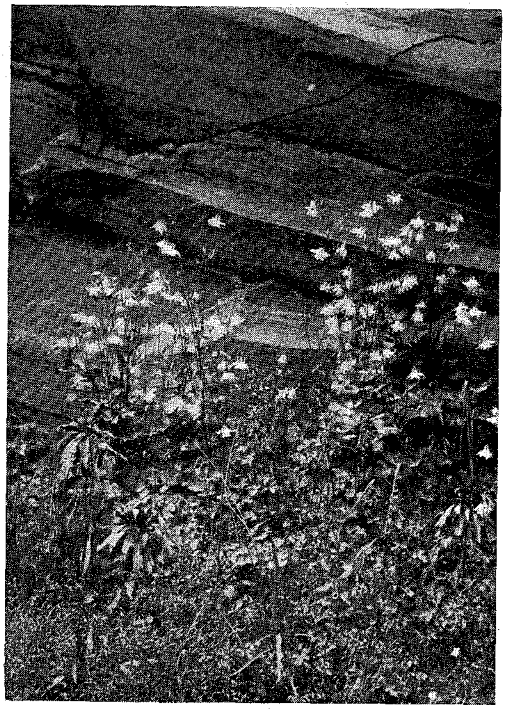
One of these stairways leading directly to the "old quarry" is itself a thing of beauty, covered with a delicate ivy, bordered by masses of ferns and rhododendrons, and giving upon tall forest trees. Down another rocky stairway, past nodding ferns and a pert plant of the Solomon's-seal, just about the time of the early rhododendrons, one looks across to a notable cluster of the American columbine to the left, while the steep slope to the right is a sheet of exquisite green fern-fronds. Clear into the shady depths of this "old quarry" is the home of the tiarella, or foam-flower, with its delicate white spikes. A little later these grayish-green plants close by give us a burst of forget-me-nots. Almost under our feet are colonies of the primrose-eyed quaker-ladies, dressed in lavender. Deeper yet, where the sun never lights, we step reluctantly upon a wonderful moss carpet, softer to the tread than any handiwork of man, until in a bit of a cavern the peculiarly delicate fern-fronds of the phegopteris are before our admiring eyes.

Step where we will, new beauties are seen. This old quarry is a treasure-house of shade-loving plants, and its cool breath is always refreshing. Here the plants which last week were delighting us in the larger or main quarry are just peeping out now—the shade and the "coolth" have provided a second edition of bloom for us.

Let us return again to the main quarry, along the rich border of the west quarry path, with its changing hues from day to day. Clamber down into the lower walks at evening, amused by the hoarse croak of the frog who has made himself at home in the "gold pond," and we come upon a rare sight—the blooming of the yellow pitcher-plants. Their oddly formed flowers, to be followed later by the curious pitchers, gleam among the rushes and cat-tails as little lamps with amber globes. To the left, a little later, the light purple spikes of pontederia will be open. A step aside, and against the rock face shows a rank of the now fading flower-

"A GREAT FERN-CLUSTER, A NOBLE RHODODENDRON" spikes of the pink helonias, close to a beautiful natural bouquet, made up of the wild geranium, the giant chickweed, and the feathery seed-heads of the dandelion.

The plant-world is not lavish in blue flowers — perhaps Nature has balanced the azure skies against the masses of white and pink, red and yellow, which are most familiar. Hence the additional interest felt in the blue flowers we have. At Dolobran, in a shady roadside nook, one is fairly startled at the springtime loveliness which the drooping blossoms of the bluet, or mertensia, afford. The shy flowers almost hide beneath the whitish-green foliage, until closer looking discloses their shading from pale pink to richest sky-blue. Back of the blue, the clustered umbrellas of the May-apple are seen, the waxy white and almost concealed flowers just ready to open; and beyond, the wood vista of bursting leaf and bud is a fitting background.


"THE LOVELY COLUMBINE"

Along the shady "Engagement Glen" Mr. Manning has encouraged the well-known spring-beauty to locate, and its delicate, starry white blossoms fairly carpet the slopes. No one will deny the appropriateness of the common name who sees this claytonia here. The violets at Dolobran are a revelation. White as well as blue, the delicate yellow, the bird's-foot with its two-colored form—all are here, and happy they are!

While springtime seems to hurry and crowd its profusion of flowers to make up for the bleak days of winter, the American garden has its glories of early summer as well as its rich autumn blossoms. In late June comes the wild-rose time—and what a time of beauty! The fragrant sweetbrier clambers over the north quarry bank in perfect abandon. I saw it first near the sunset of a warm June day, and the great sheet of delicate pink, with the upspringing buds and twigs, gave a new cause to thank God for eyes. The encouragement of food and care has brought this rose into a wonderful richness here, and not even the masses of the prairie-rose, the white loveliness of the multiflora, still less the rich hues and primp bushes of the French-grown June roses in the formal "rose garden," cause one to waver in his admiration for this wild beauty.

Just about rose time comes into bloom a handsome shrub, the oak-leaved hydrangea. Its flat white heads border the quarry path, and on a rocky little promontory near by one sees an interesting result of Mr. Manning's desire to have growing things everywhere—the gray sedum has fairly covered the rock-face, dotted only here and there with associate plants. It is charming to see here, on another bold rock full in the sun, fine little colonies of the quaker-lady, which does also so well in the shade and coolness of the old quarry.

In the bright August days we find a succession of warm yellow blooms. The soft sunflower presents its handsome flowers in a picturesque confusion, giving a sharp contrast to the accepted idea that all sunflowers are large and stiff and coarse. Not far away the delicate blossoms of the gaura hang along graceful branches, and a simply gorgeous cluster of rudbeckia, our common "black-eyed Susan," stops you with its bold beauty. Contrasting sharply, we catch the scarlet-hued bloom-heads of the bergamot. To add grace and delicacy to the picture, here are six-foot plants of the ragged-sailor (a most unaccountable "common name"), with lightly hung spikes of bright carmine. You have probably kicked aside the same "weed" on many a road-path!

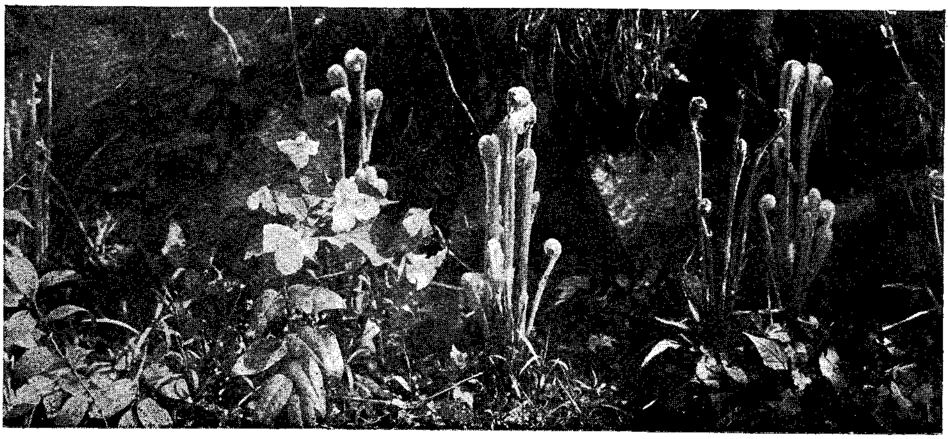
Dolobran is a repository for our lovely native asters and goldenrods, which in late summer give so much beauty. The great New England aster, and starry smaller ones, flank successive bits of the various goldenrods all through the September days, when the rich and mature greens of the tree foliage give place to occasional flashes of scarlet as a maple throws out its brilliant signal of the summer's end.

There is much enjoyment in watching the gamut of greens struck by Dame Nature in any varied woodside, if only the scales have fallen from one's eyes. With the very hint of warmth in the March air, the willows show silvery green, and for three months the color harmony is changing and forming, until mid-July finds the established hues of maturity, with less of delicacy than strength and depth. If my reader has never seen the magic spring procession of greens, let him make a sharp note of it for the early months of next year, and count lost the opportunities he has missed! Here in this American garden I have intensely enjoyed Nature's growth of the leaves which breathe for the tree fraternity, and seen the whole range from delicate pinks, greens, and brighter red-purples of earliest spring to the robust and solid hues of August, giving place to the browns, yellows, and reds of autumn. In the main quarry a rare American poplar has sometimes shaken its spring foliage of silver and sea-green right in front of the moss-pink garland, until one's eyes were almost surfeited with the color joy of it all!

Do I give the impression that Dolobran's American garden is a great park in extent? I do not want to, for its richest setting covers a few acres only, and the variety and beauty are the result of Mr. Manning's careful planning, artistic conception, and sheer love for the work. The miles of Biltmore are but yards here, and well so, for in a happy spring morning one may grasp nearly the whole range of America's rich flora, less than an hour's trip from the shadow of William Penn's statue in Philadelphia.

If the slight hint here given of the delights of this purely wild garden—for there have been mentioned but a chance few of the twelve hundred odd species growing at Dolobran—shall give an impetus to some one who needs to see the beauty and glory of our home plants, I shall be happy. The more friends one has in the appreciation of Nature, the greater the enjoyment.

Dolobran is becoming an epitome of America's plant wealth; but Dolobran can have no monopoly of our native flower jewels. A shady city back yard will give kindly place to ferns and trilliums from the woods, and a suburban place of limited extent may become a thing of unique beauty if we dress it in the inexpensive, easily procured plants of America. These plants need not the coddling of the hot-bed, nor do they require renewal (from gorgeous catalogues) every year; they lived here before you were born, and they are suited to the climate!



"THE WHITE CROZIERS OF THE CINNAMON FERN"

Christian Liberty

By the Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D.

Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.—Galatians v., 1.

INDIVIDUAL responsibility, directly to God, is an essential of Christianity. It is one of the features that distinguishes the latter from all other religions, even as the condition on which it rests, which alone makes it possible at the same time that it makes it necessary, is peculiar to Christianity, viz., filial love as the bond of relationship between man and God.

Among primitive peoples God was known almost solely as a mysterious, terrible Power. His voice was heard only in the thunder, and the roar of the storm, and the blasting lightning flashed from his eye. Men feared him; and their worship was to appease him by flattery, threats, or bribery. Soon some shrewder ones among them professed special intimacy with and influence over this Being, and became the mediators between the gods and men, prophets and priests. Rapidly religion and worship grew into a system then, more and more elaborate—a slavish system of priestly tyranny over the minds and bodies of the masses. This promptly and effectually choked off every increase of knowledge, every approach to the truth, and all spiritual life and development. While knowledge and enlightenment grew in all other directions, the knowledge of God and his will and ways toward men could not grow. The organized priesthood monopolized it, distorted and misrepresented it, jealously guarded it, and surrounded it with a dense fog of myth, legend, tradition, and laws, and hid it under a mass of ritual observances, until there was scarce a grain of truth discernible, and not an act or impulse of real religion possible.

Now, with unimportant variations and some modifications, this has been the course of all religious history, in accordance with what seems to be a universal human tendency. Even Judaism yielded to it, and was bound, body, soul, and spirit, with the shackles of formalism, rabbinical tradition, and a network of legal regulations, until Christ came and declared, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"—the revelation of God in his true relation to man, and of man in his relation to God. "And the truth shall make you free"—free from the bondage of error as well as sin; free from the tyranny of priestcraft; free from every man-imposed authority; dependent on no human mediator or master, for "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." And they who received this truth, rejoicing in the liberty of this gospel, no longer trembled as the craven subjects of a heartless despot, but rejoiced as the children of a loving Father, his Spirit ever bearing witness with their spirits, and teaching them to cry, Abba, Father; fear was turned into love, and hardest duties became precious privileges.

On this foundation rock-truth, then, did Christ found his Church—the recognition of each man's personal relation to the Father through Christ the Son of God and to his fellow-men through Christ the Son of man, and the consequent love to God his Father and men his brethren. It was simply a loving family. There were no laws or rules enacted; for love regulated the life of each and all. It was a body with one Head and many members, and as many minds and opinions and varieties of belief and custom and taste and disposition as there were members, yet none dreaming of interfering with the other. Even in their love there were differences of manifestation and diversities of operation, but always one Spirit working all, and in all. Read but carefully the history of the Apostolic Church in proof of this. What glorious liberty there was among them! What radical differences of sentiment and opinion! How they withstood one another to the face! But how through it all they remained brethren beloved, in closest and most sincere fellowship! And just as soon as this ceased, as one or the other usurped authority over the rest, as councils and majorities began to infringe on individual liberty of belief, thought, and speech, so soon the family of Christ was perverted into a hierarchy, Schisms appeared; curses and hatred, persecution and foulest corruption, well-nigh destroyed the Church utterly. For revolting against this slavery, and denouncing the dominant despotism, Huss had to die, and the blood of thousands was shed in the wars that followed—though not in vain, for Luther took up the work, declared the independence of believers, and restored at least some of the liberty of Christianity to Europe.

Yet ever and anon since then the tendency has manifested itself, and does to this day, even in Protestantism, to deny the right, the duty, of Christian liberty to individuals, to substitute some other authority than that of Christ alone, some system of theology, some theory, some opinion of a man or a body of men, and to constrain or coerce all to bow before it. And where one or the other refuses, lo! he is forced out of the ecclesiastical organization, and becomes too often the cause of a schism in what should be the undivided body of Christ, until we have a bewilderingly motley multitude of sects and denominations, and a consequent deplorable waste of Christian energy and strength.

It is one of the chief sources of the weakness of the Church of Christ to-day that, instead of sameness of spirit, love, being recognized as the one all-sufficient bond of union between believers, sameness of opinion on this, that, or the other theological question is insisted on as necessary. "Believe what we believe," cries the majority, "think as we think, or leave the Church; you are none of us." What right has any majority to impose its speculations on me, or to make me accept its interpretation of God's word and will? Nowhere yet in God's kingdom has any majority been given such authority, or indeed been given any authority, any right or recognition whatever, in spiritual affairs. God has made me individually responsible to him, and to him alone. Christ has made my spirit forever and absolutely free by making me a member of his family, where all who love him are brethren. And so long as I love him truly, no majority on earth or in heaven, no synod or council, conference or House of Bishops, nor any other creature, can put me out of his family or deny me fellowship with my brethren.

No Church has the right to do this. For the Church is a divine institution in the same sense in which the family is a divine institution. It is not a mere human organization, like a political, mercantile, or beneficial association. If it were, it might make its own conditions for membership. It might say, You must think and teach as the rest do, or you cannot associate with us. But it is not, any more than the family is. The sole condition of my being a member of my family is the fact of my being the child of my father. No human power or authority can disannul this relationship. And so long as through faith in Christ I am a child of my heavenly Father, neither can this relationship, and my consequent membership in his family, the Church, be disannulled. To be born again by faith and live in the fellowship of love are sole conditions, made by him who alone is the Head, who alone has the right. And to add or to take from them so much as an iota is presumptuous folly and sin, a denial and usurpation of his authority.

Nor is there any truth in the specious plea heard often of late from those who, too cowardly to expel a member, try thus to throw the onus of blame on him, that if a man, especially a minister, finds that he cannot agree with the theories and opinions insisted on by his Church, *i.e.*, by the majority, it becomes his duty to withdraw from it, or at least not to preach and teach what it does not approve. Did Christ withdraw from the Temple, or Paul, or any of the early witnesses to the truth which was not approved of by Judaism? John Huss neither withdrew from the ecclesiastical body whose errors and evils he denounced, nor did he keep silence. Neither did Luther, nor Wesley, nor any of the great reformers, until they were forced to do so. They knew that from the outside they could do little to improve the Church's condition; they felt it their duty to remain and work in it to purify and reform it from the inside. The truth had made them free from the bondage in which the majority of their brethren still were bound. And they not only had the right, it was their solemn duty, not to hold their peace, but to labor for the emancipation and uplifting of the rest. They were not bound to stand by the majority against their own conviction. No one is.

No one, indeed, would deny the majority the right to decide on the form of organization of the Church, or any part of it. This is a merely human creation, necessary, perhaps, for mutual assistance, convenience, and greater efficiency in Christian work; but still only a means, and never to be made an end in itself. Those who accept this organization must abide by the laws and ordinances agreed to by the majority in all matters pertaining to the government and outer regulation of the body; or, refusing, let them withdraw from it, or let the body itself exclude them. But in all matters of the spirit, of belief, conviction, opinion, or conscience, the organization has no authority whatever, but every individual member has a right to be absolutely free and independent. The organization exists for its members, not the members for it. And in no wise is it ever to be mistaken for the Church itself—any more than the scaffolding of a building is to be taken for the edifice itself.

Nor is it a menace to the Church if its members hold different opinions. The Apostles themselves did this. Even on so vital a question as the resurrection of Christ they were not agreed at first. The two going to Emmaus, *e. g.*, though they had been told that Christ was risen from the dead, doubted it, and ascribed the report to mere woman's credulity and talk. Thomas openly declared his unbelief on the subject, and said: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." And yet no harm was done the Church—perhaps because he was not expelled from among their number, nor abused by the rest, but was still their brother in Christ and fellow-Apostle. Let, then, the members differ as widely as need be, so long as one and the selfsame spirit worketh in all, it will not hurt the Church. On the contrary, it would be death to it if there were no differences—death from stagnation. Surely no one would maintain that it already possesses all truth, and that there are no deeper, larger views ever to be obtained. There must be. But how is it to be done unless we are not only free to confess that

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they,

but also free to examine and criticise, and by all means try to get fuller knowledge and ever clearer light?

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

Too long has it been the reproach of the Church that all the progress it has made towards larger, fuller truth and deeper knowledge has been in spite of its councils, synods, and clergy. Improvement had to be sought for and found by those outside the organization. Those within were bound hand and foot by tradition and decrees and precedents; they were denied the liberty that was theirs by divine right; or, if they insisted on it, they were crowded out or excluded by force. Then, long afterwards, when all the world had accepted the results of their thoughts and labors, the Church "authorities" had to stultify themselves by reluctantly doing the same.

And the multitude made virtue of the faith
they had denied.

Has not this done the Church infinitely more harm than the extremest liberty of thought and criticism among its members, the widest differences of belief and opinion, could have done?

As a matter of fact, always in the past the life of the Church has been fullest, most earnest and active, during the periods when there was most liberty of thought and research among its members, most criticism, most difference of opinion; for then the Scriptures were most widely and diligently studied, and there was the most intense interest taken in their teachings. And, contrariwise, where this liberty was most restricted, where individual research was most hampered by ecclesiastical authority, and differences of opinion were forbidden till a dull uniformity resulted, there we find that there was most spiritual indifference and deadness. And it is so to-day. It must be so; for it is a virtual denial of Christ's sole headship, and a substitution of pope, council, synod, or popular opinion in his place, if not absolutely as head, yet as mediator between the soul and God. No Church can do this without vital injury to itself; and no man has a right to submit to it. He violates his manhood, and sins against his Saviour, if, for any cause whatever, he consents to have his individual liberty taken from him. It is the gift of Christ; to Christ he must answer for it.

I have said that the Christian life of the Church and of each individual depends upon their maintaining the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. History amply proves the truth of this so far as the Church is concerned. A little consideration will as clearly show it to be true in the case of the individual.

It is well known that personal experience of any fact makes that fact immensely more interesting, more real and important to us than it could be if received merely at second hand. I read one of Stephen Crane's realistic descriptions of battle, and it is horrible indeed. Yet how tame and pale it appears after I have myself been in the ranks that charged the enemy, have with my own eyes seen the blood flow, and with my own ears heard the curses and prayers and groans of the dying. This I can never forget while life endures. Or, I follow another as he works out some mathematical problem, and give my assent to the result. But am I interested, am I convinced, in anything like the degree that I would be if I worked out the problem myself, and reached the result independently? Now, the great trouble with a vast majority of our latter-day Christians is just this, that they know the truths of the Gospel only at second hand. The whole system of Christian theology is worked out for them and the results are communicated to them. The precious truths of our religion are all carefully wrapped up by experts, labeled, and handed to us We gratefully accept them, but scarcely ever go to the trouble of opening the parcels and examining the contents. It is so easy simply to take the preacher's word for it, or the creed's and catechism's! And then we are sure of having it much more elaborately worked out, and probably much more correctly, than if we had to find it all out by searching the Scriptures and by hard thinking! Yes, much easier, my friends; but how deep does it all go? To what extent does it really impress us, enter our soul, and affect our life? No doubt our theology would be less logical, less symmetrical, a system far less complete, if we had actually to gather it ourselves from the Bible and from our own heart's experience and our own mind's thinking. But though we gained only a few fundamental truths thus independently and originally, they would be infinitely more to us, of more importance and value, of more power, and more vitally influential, than all the tomes of theology ever written by others, all the creeds ever composed, and all the sermons ever preached.

When I look at some old cathedral, I admire it for its grandeur, its symmetrical beauty, its rich symbolism, its magnificent proportions; it is a wonderful structure. But, with all its elaborateness and completeness, I would not take it in exchange for a little log cabin I know, rude and unsymmetrical and small, which is my home. This I love. I know every stone in its foundation, every log in its walls, for I myself have built it; my own hands have fashioned each log and stone. It is my very own. It fits me as a garment. It is to me what no cathedral built by others could ever be. Such is the difference between the elaborate theological systems others constructed, and that which I myself have gathered from the Scriptures and really made my own conviction and experience. The cathedral's gloom and chill could never be my home. But in the cabin's warmth and light I can live in peace and do my life's work with joy.

Why, then, should others insist on building a cathedral for me? Or why should I pretend to inhabit one? Is not perchance this the very reason why there is so much coldness and indifference in the Church to-day, because so many of us pretend to believe a great deal more than we really do? We pretend to believe every article of every Protestant creed, and every proposition of every orthodox work on theology. We are not willfully nor even consciously hypocrites in doing this. We ourselves believe that we believe them all, simply because we imagine that not to disbelieve is the same as to believe.

After all, is not this all that the complacent orthodoxy of the multitude amounts to? They do not disbelieve! But neither do they believe with anything like a positive faith, a real personal conviction, even some of the simplest and most vital truths of the religion they profess. If they did, they could not be the self-satisfied creatures they are, the cold and disinterested men and women we find in our churches by thousands. No wonder their professions have so little relation to their lives, and their Christianity to their characters. What we do not disbelieve does not affect us. But what we believe does. I had rather have them disbelieve a great deal they profess, if only they would also honestly believe a very little.

No wonder, too, that they get so little enjoyment out of their religion. Its most precious gems of truth they never really perceive. This storehouse of truth and beauty, the Bible, is full of such gems; but these poor people see and know nothing but the words and phrases which stand for them. These words are like the bags in which precious stones are sometimes carried and stored in the vaults of our banks. On the bags are written "Pearls," "Opals," "Diamonds." For months and years, perhaps, no one opens the bags actually to see and examine the stones. So far as that is concerned, they might as well be mere sand and pebbles. So they who accept the authority of tradition, or the preacher, or the commentary, in definition of such blessed words as Grace, Repentance, Faith, Eternal Life, the Blood of Christ, and never think of using their liberty to open up the words and see for themselves the inexpressible beauty and fullness of truth contained in them. Words so soon become stereotyped, mere empty sounds! We use them instead of ideas. We sound them, but never think them. And, worst of all, we talk of believing them, when to us they convey nothing that can be believed. Tradition has hidden the reality securely away, authority placed its stamp on the outside, and the world contentedly passes the whole from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth, without ever a glimpse at the inside! "We believe in the blood of Christ." Stop a moment to think. What do you mean by "believe"? What do you understand by "the blood of Christ"? Ask some such questions and see how few will be able to answer them. Then think what an empty, hollow mockery their faith and their religion must be to such as these who have allowed themselves to become "entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

Surely the man or woman who has opened up, thought out for himself and made his own the rich, throbbing, living truth contained in any one such foundation-word, though he doubt half the rest of the creed, is richer in spirit and fuller of the truth than he who merely quotes a dozen creeds and only knows the words of the whole Bible by heart! And surely he is also the more genuine Christian and truer church member of the two. What pastor would not far rather have a congregation of real Christian searchers of the Scriptures, thoughtful, honest, and earnest, even though no two of them interpreted alike their teachings on Providence, Prayer, Inspiration, Sanctification, to say nothing of minor subjects, than one whose members were a unit in not disbelieving whatever he told them, and ready passively to accept any interpretation at second hand? For

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

O for more thinking Christians, however independent, in our churches! Why will men be satisfied with the dried fruit of the tree of knowledge, or fruit selected, canned, and preserved for them by others, when the tree itself stands free for all to come and pluck it fresh for themselves? They know not what they miss, what satisfaction, what peace, what joy!

Don't be content to have others tell you about the things of the soul, about truth, and about the beauty of holiness. Try them yourselves. He who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, himself invites us to "Come and see!" "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

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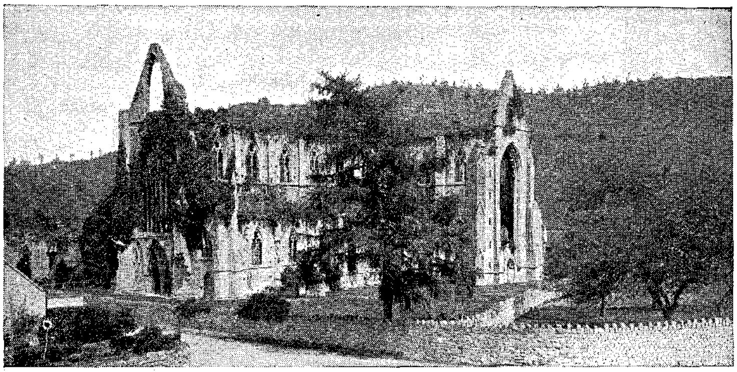
Country Holidays for Working-Girls



By the Hon. Maude Stanley

Founder of the First Working-Girls' Club

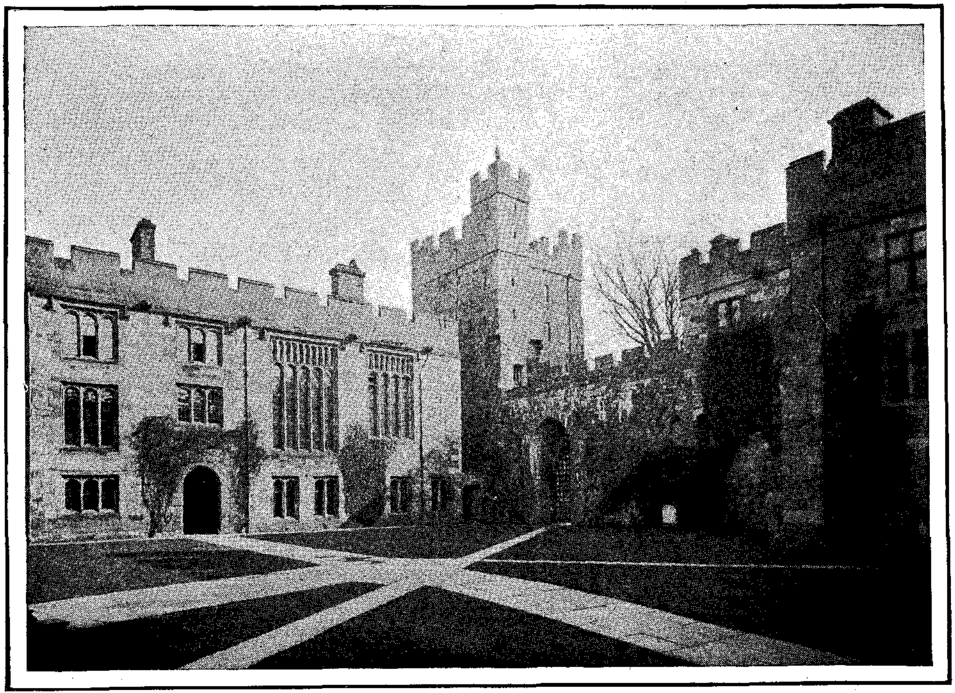
IN an article that I wrote for The Outlook in September, 1897, I alluded to country holidays for girls' clubs and of the great advantage they were to the members. I am glad of the opportunity given to me of writing more about these pleasures, now become so general in England. I know that in the States attractive homes are provided for girls during their one, two, or three weeks' holiday, where they spend a very happy time together, and come back refreshed and rested by the lovely country and quiet, and by the enjoyments which are provided for them; but I still think that the plan adopted by us in England is better, and not only furnishes the girls with more varied pleasures, but also brings them in contact with a greater number of people, who seem most anxious to help them in every way to have a delightful holiday. Thus many share personally in this excellent work, not only by supplying funds, but also by taking part themselves as hostesses in looking after their guests during the holidays.

The first girl I ever sent out from London was a poor lace-cleaner, who was overdone, not only with one year of toil, but with many years, as until on the occasion of this visit she had never been into the country or slept a night out of Soho. This was in 1870, the first time, I imagine, that such an idea had been carried out. It was to Lady Amberley's home, a beautiful spot overlooking the Wye and the ruins of Tintern Abbey, that this girl went. She was free to roam about wherever she liked, over commons and in woods, or she could sit in the garden with her book, or play with the children. She came back to London a different being; not only had she experienced for the first time the delights of country life, but she had been cheered by the warm and cordial hospitality of her hostess, who had for all who came near her the brightest and happiest welcome.

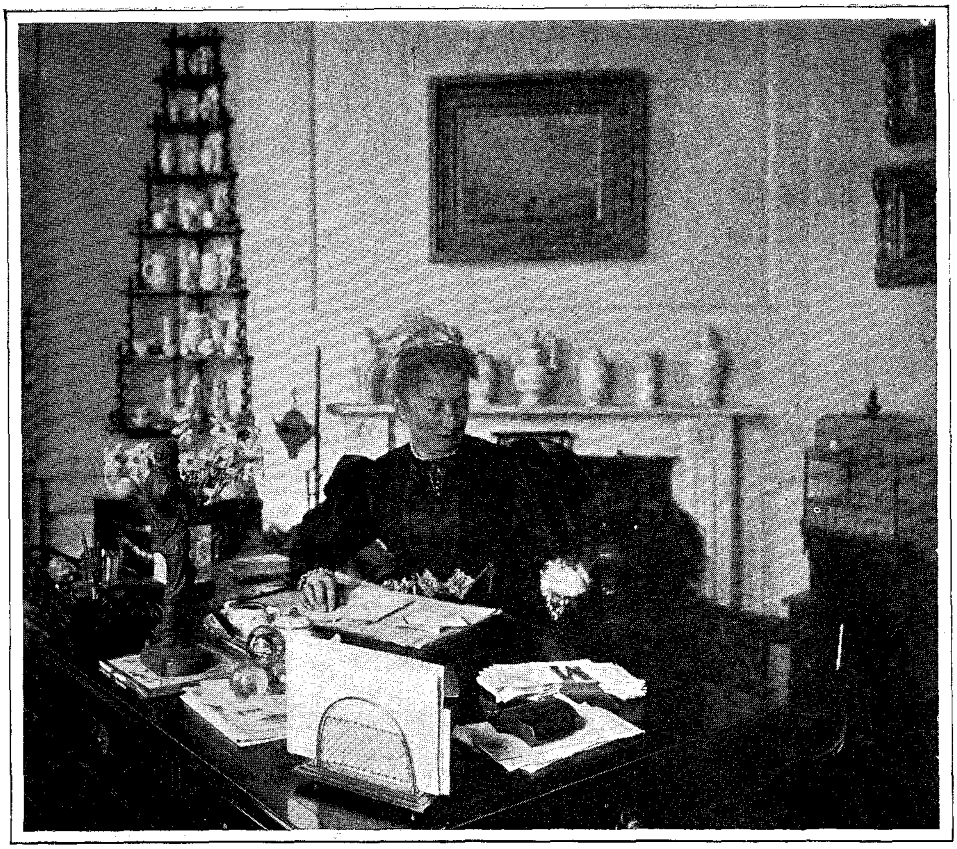
Other ladies, hearing of this visit, occasionally gave me the same privilege of sending down to them a visitor. In 1882 a party of girls went down to stay in Cumberland, at Naworth Castle, that romantic home of Lord and Lady Carlisle. Here they saw for the first time a real old border castle, a large baronial hall with its wide fireplace round which many could sit, tapestry on the wall, men in armor round the hall, and pictures of Belted Will and his wife Bess of the broad apron, the Lord and Lady William Howard spoken of in Scott's "Marmion." They could visit Lord William's library and oratory, seeing the secret passage by which in troubled times the priest was able to escape, and the mysterious dungeons, and they could walk on the roof, seeing far away across the border to the Scottish hills. To Castle Howard, by the kindness of Lady Carlisle, our girls have also been, lodged in the Guest House that is so beautifully arranged for the sick and ailing of the manufacturing towns in Yorkshire, who find there renewed health and strength which enable them to return to their various employments, whether at the mill or the factory. The park, which is full of deer, was open to them, and they could go where they liked. The garden and the wood they could walk about in, and they were taken through the beautiful rooms of the Castle, where hang pictures of world-wide renown.

In 1885 Mr. Sartoris arranged three rooms in his house for poor people, and many have been the parties of girls whom I have been allowed to send. They have two bedrooms and a sitting-room provided for them. The first evening they arrive, after being fetched from the station, they find a delicious tea prepared for them. After that an allowance of money is given to each to buy their food, whilst they receive from the house milk, butter, and vegetables. Between them they do their own cooking and housework, but this leaves them time to make long and distant excursions, and sometimes they have visited Blenheim Palace, about eight miles distant.

Another constant friend, Lady de Clifford, used yearly to invite two or three girls to spend three weeks with her. They slept in the gardener's house, having all



NAWORTH CASTLE COURTYARD

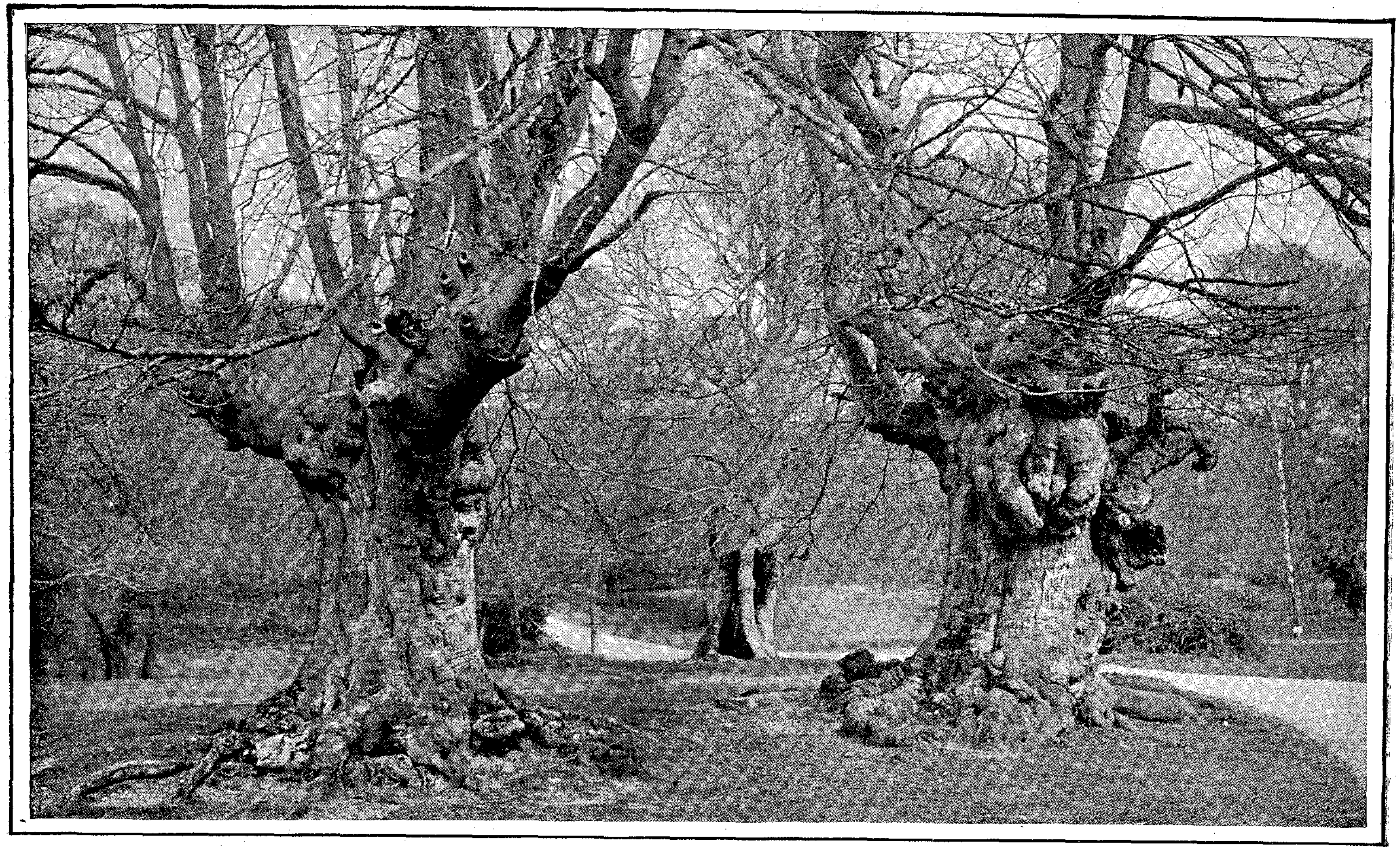


MISS STANLEY IN HER STUDY

their meals with the servants in her house. Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon) has also been a very good friend to us, and has had many girls down to the New Forest, where she lives in the summer; and she now helps many poorer members who cannot afford all the expenses of the holidays.

Once we took a cottage near Virginia Water; six girls went down together and boarded with the mistress of the cottage. This was a most beautiful neighborhood to stay in, and so well could they walk that they thought nothing of visiting St. Anne's Hill, and Windsor Castle, which was ten miles off. Sometimes we found lodgings for our girls in farm-houses and cottages in the country.

The first visit we paid together in a large party was to an iron house that Mr. Weigall had put up at Ramsgate for the holiday use of working people. Eighteen girls slept together in one large dormitory. I had a sort of closet adjoining with the window opening on to their room, and by eleven at night I was obliged to enforce silence, so excited were the party that the talk and the laughter never seemed to cease. But sleep was not for long, for as the first rays of the summer sun burst in upon them they woke to joyous laughter and incessant talk. We had to make our holiday, as usual, at the time of the Bank Holiday, when the working-girls can have three and four days away from business. Some food we had brought with us; the rest had to be cooked as best it could. The sea air and happiness gave us good appetites, which made us not over-critical. We had two more visits on this coast. Our most kind friend, Mrs. Williams, at the Westcliffe Hotel, Westgate-on-Sea, lent us, in 1884, several rooms in a hotel, which she put at the disposal of myself and eighteen girls. Here we had a splendid time, bathing most days, walking to Margate and Birchington, and making expeditions to Canterbury and other places. We were prepared for our visit to Canterbury by having read in the



BURNHAM BEECHES. THE CROSS-ROADS

evenings the "Memorials of Canterbury," by Dean Stanley, so that when we were shown through the Cathedral, and the scene of the murder of Thomas à Becket was pointed out to us, one of the girls exclaimed, "Why, that is just what was in the book!" They thus gained their first idea of history. Not a moment was spared from the enjoyment of the fresh air; sometimes the girls would rub their cheeks with the salt water and then lie down in the sun unprotected from the rays, in hopes they would thus get red faces, which to their minds was the greatest beauty they could possess, as it was a sign of health. It was a happiness to see their joy, and any trouble or fatigue was amply compensated by the sense of the perfectly pure, simple, wholesome happiness which was given to this holiday party.

Another time a house was lent to us at Herne Bay for a few days. This again we enjoyed very much.

One of the ladies of our Soho Club Council, Mrs. Stueley, has for many years invited two girls in August to stay in her own house at Hartland Abbey. Can you fancy the happiness of these visitors, who come from the toiling, noisy, heated atmosphere of London, to revel in these natural beauties, which take hold of them in a way that people can hardly imagine? When they walked down to the sea, they could on one side look on the steep rocks of Hartland Point, and on the other side were the wild spurs of the Cornish coast. Then at other times they could wander about the delicious garden, through all the luxuriant growth of Devonshire flowers. The three weeks' visit is never concluded before they have been taken to see that unique and most enchanting spot in England, Clovelly, with its steep, precipitous road down to the sea, which no cart or carriage can traverse, as it is by many steps that you descend the long street.

A GROUP OF CLUB GIRLS AT HOLYHEAD

Let me speak of one of the three visits we paid to the Marquis and Marchioness of Sligo at Loseley Hall, a beautiful Elizabethan house belonging to Mr. Molyneux, whose ancestors had received here the great Queen Elizabeth on a visit. We were all lodged during our four days' visit in June of the Whitsun holidays in the daintily furnished guest-rooms.

I do not think any fairy tale could have devised a more lovely transformation scene than that of our eighteen Soho Club girls, released from their toil, freed from the noise and bustle of the great city, transported from their overcrowded streets and homes to this lovely abode, warmly welcomed by their hostess, shown the gardens, the park, the woods, the fields, which they were bidden to visit when they pleased; no restrictions, perfect liberty, a liberty which I may say is never abused. And what delicious country food, the bread, the butter, the milk, the eggs—were they not all of superlative excellence!

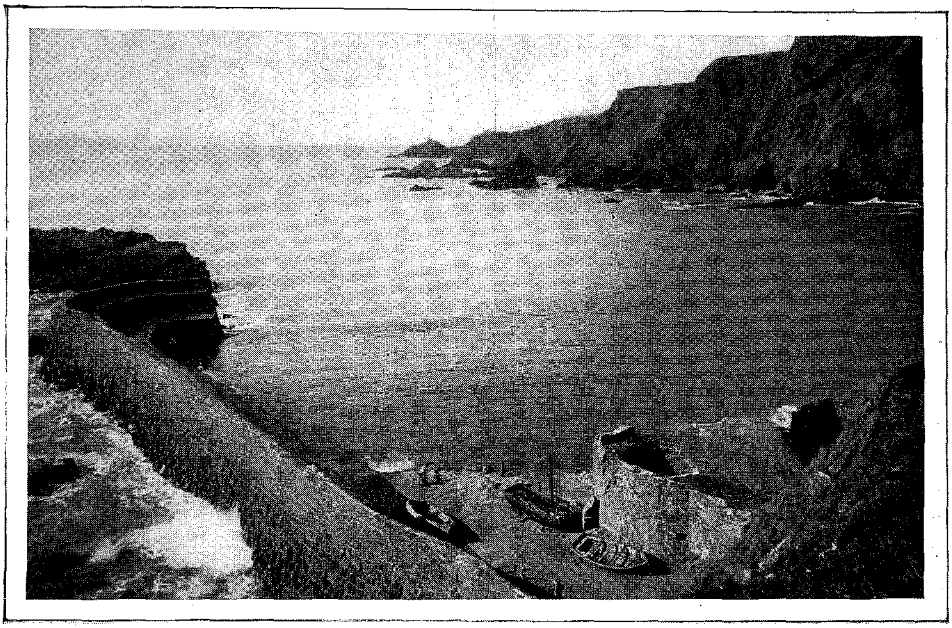
And if to us who have so much pleasure a country visit is delightful, what must it be to our hard-worked girls? The natural shyness of finding themselves in such new surroundings soon wears off, when all are prepared to make them happy; the kind servants, with whom they had their meals on this visit, did not consider the large inroad as a trouble; they also made the girls most welcome.

We arrived on a Saturday afternoon, and on the Sunday we walked through the park to the pretty village and to the parish church. Mademoiselle de Peyronet, the sister of our hostess, brought us back another way, and what laughter and amusement were caused, as we walked through the deep lane, at our shoes filling and refilling with the light sand! Then, in the afternoon, what a walk we had to the Hog's Back, looking over the wooded pastures of Surrey, the view stretching far away till we thought we could see the sea!

On Monday, after visiting the ruined Castle of Guildford, we were actually driven out to the great public school of Charter House, and were present at a concert. Each day some of the girls went out very early, anxious to see the dew on the grass and the early rising sun. I must say we had a most perfect time of happiness; I will not say the best, for has not each visit been delightful?

In the last few years the girls have had most happy weeks in Cumberland; they have lived in cottages close to Muncaster Castle, under Scawfell, which they ascended with Lady Morpeth, whose guests they were; the pleasure of the ascent being somewhat enhanced by the peril of being caught in a mist as they came down.

Two or three weeks they spent there; every day an excursion was planned for them to the moors, to the river, to the sea, or up the mountain; and the first sight of mountains is as great and thrilling a sensation as the first sight of the sea, and is one never to be forgotten. More than twenty of our members have been to Cumberland. Some of them paid a visit to me in a charming cottage in the heart of the mountains, that had been lent to me by Lady Muncaster. Here we had a very pleasant time, endless walks over the mountains and the moors, bringing home wild flowers and blackberries, which we made into jam. The cottage

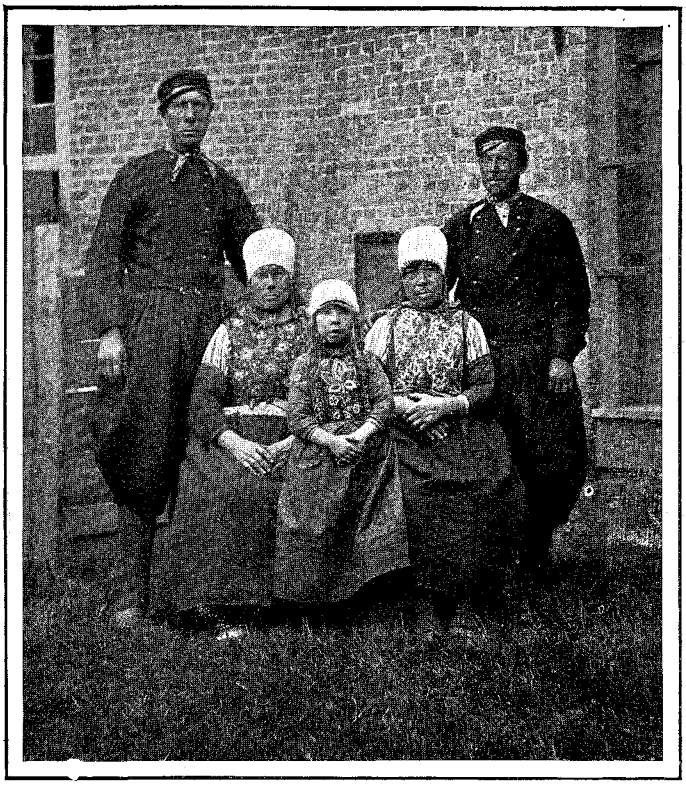


HARTLAND QUAY

A WELSH TEA-PARTY

was close to a beautiful mountain river and a very fine waterfall; every day one of the girls, who had learned to swim at the London baths, plunged into the river and swam round and round the deep pool. This same girl, who had been a member of our Club for fifteen years, had read and loved and pondered over some of Ruskin's books, and she had the great pleasure of paying a visit with me to Coniston and of being introduced to Mr. Ruskin, who very kindly spoke to her, and she told him what a help his written words had been to her in her own life, particularly those in "A Joy Forever," where he tells us that "wisdom is the reward of kindness, of modesty, of industry," three simple qualities we felt that the humblest might try to possess. Her introduction to these books had been made when on a visit at Haslemere to Mrs. Macmillan, who had read some passages from "Modern Painters" to her, which had revealed to this London toiler the higher aspects of life and the beauties of nature.

Once more let me tell of the visit to Wales, those most happy days, never to be forgotten by any one of our party. We stayed first at Portmadoc for a week, but on the journey from London the eight girls had stopped at Chester to be shown by Mrs. Tom Hughes that ancient town with its interesting walls and quaint streets. While at Portmadoc we had the ascent of Snowdon, the visit to Mr. Oakley's beautiful place, Tan y Broleh, where a most excellent dinner was served for us in the dining-room, which overlooked the valley and mountains; then a drive through the woods and the journey on the Toy railway. Another day we went all over the slate quarry, and were shown everything by the manager; another morning we made an early start in a tug to visit the Harbor Bar, recalling as we went the beautiful poem of "The Crossing of the Bar." After a perfect week spent at Portmadoc we went on to Holyhead, seeing Carnarvon Castle on the way. Another week was only too quickly passed as guests of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, a week ever to be prized and probably never to be equaled, with expeditions up the mountains, visits to the South Stack, the sight there of the sea-gulls busy in their noisy preparation for departure on the 12th of August. There were the daily bathing and swimming in the sea, moonlight walks, visits to the almshouses, and to the Welshwomen with their tall hats, and to the Breakwater. Here was the first introduction of our girls to a real hero, a fisherman, one who had saved three men from a wreck with his small fishing-boat, and to whom since had been



PEASANTS AT MIDDLEBURG

given the command of a splendid lifeboat close to the scene of the wreck.

I have by no means enumerated all our country visits; space does not allow of it; but not one day's pleasure, not one act of kindness, can be forgotten by those who have experienced it.

Days out in the country to Mentmore, to Coldham Hall, to Maidenhead, to Rockhampton, to Burnham Beeches, to Windsor, to Hatfield, to Richmond, etc., have been numerous; of one only will I speak, for that was given us by an American, who came to us and gave us this day what he said was to surpass all others, and, having given it, he departed; but we live in hopes that, true to his promise, he may yet return.

Mr. Clarence King arranged every detail of the day; a hundred girls started early from Waterloo Station, and on arriving at Windsor carriages were ready to take fifty round the Park, and the other fifty went up the river in a launch; they all met for dinner in the Town Hall, and there, in a splendid room hung round with pictures of kings and queens, they sat down to a dinner of many courses, with a menu for each girl to keep as a record of the festivity. In the afternoon the parties for brakes and launch were reversed, and a right splendid day was passed.

There remains yet one more holiday party to record—our first foreign trip, which took place in August, 1898. We had often talked of going abroad, and at last we started, a party of twenty—sixteen of our club members and three of my friends, one of them an actress from America, who had never before been on the Continent. The journey was made from London to Ostend by boat, and then an hour's ride brought the party to Bruges, where we lodged in a most comfortable house on a canal, 12 Quai des Trinturiers. We breakfasted all together, sometimes at six if we made an early start, otherwise at eight o'clock; dinner and supper again were movable feasts. Our ten days were planned out so as to see all we could of the beautiful towns of Belgium. A long day enabled us to get to Brussels and Ghent. We walked and drove about Brussels and saw the picture gallery, the churches, and the "Place" with its splendid buildings. At Ghent we were able to see the beautiful Van Eyck, "The Adoration of the Lamb." We came into the town by one station and were to leave it by another.

Another day we went to Antwerp; we visited the picture gallery and churches; in the Cathedral we saw a life-size figure of the Virgin covered with costly jewels that was to be carried through the town on the Feast of the Assumption. On that feast-day we were at Bruges, and were greatly interested in seeing two processions. In the morning the citizens were dressed as the Flemish nobles and the great people of olden times. They were carried through the streets, and angels were represented by children with wings, and statues of St. Filomena and the Virgin were carried by women all in white. In the afternoon the procession was more a religious display, guilds and orphanages taking part, the priest carrying the Relic through the streets. Crowds had assembled on each side of the procession kneeling as the priest passed by.

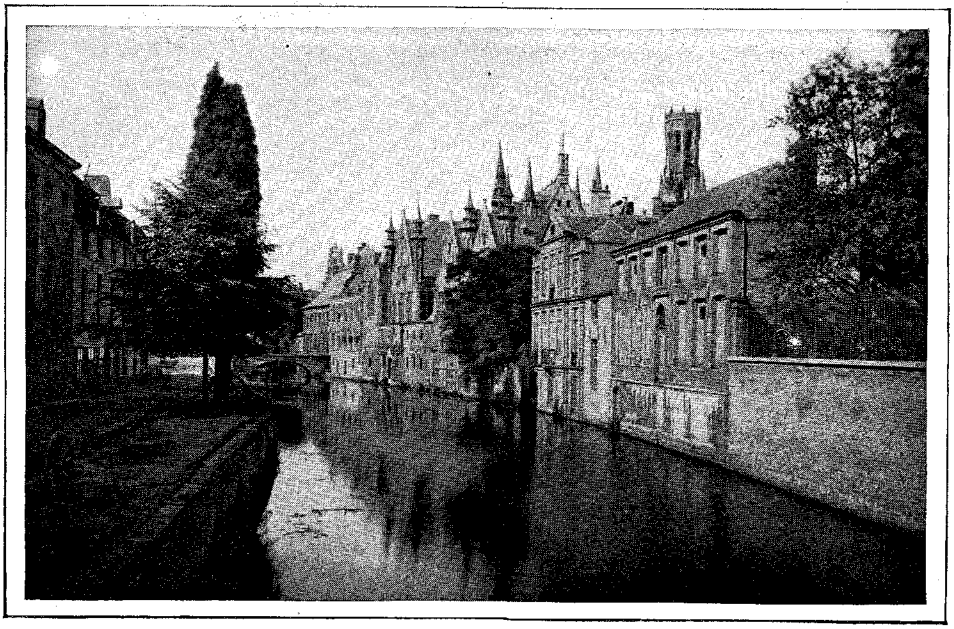
We went three times to Ostend and Blankenburg for sea bathing. We thought we should like to go and see another country, so we started very early one morning and went for two hours by the boat on a long, straight canal, bordered with trees such as we see in Dutch pictures, then by train, and across an arm of the sea to Flushing and over to Middleburg, where we saw the peasant women going to the Fair in their national costumes.

Besides all these excursions, we had some delightful days in Bruges. We visited the Cathedral, where we were shown much that was interesting, among other things the leaden plate found in the stone coffin under the skull of Grenhild, the sister of our King Harold, who, after the death of her brother at the battle of Hastings, in 1066, had come to Bruges vowing herself to a virgin life, and died there in 1087. She had endeared herself to the Flemish people by her goodness and charity. On this tablet it was written that she was of a cheerful disposition, kind to her servants, and affable to strangers.

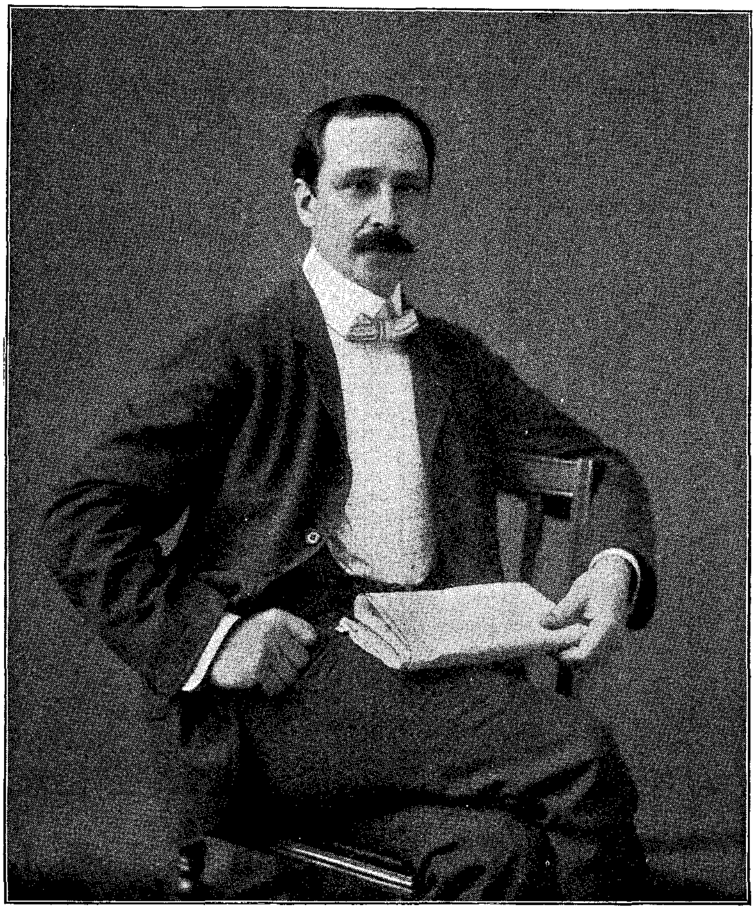
We saw the beautiful pictures of Mенching, and our last visit was to the famous belfry of Bruges, from which we could see all the country round and look at the wonderful arrangement of bells whose beautiful chimes we had listened to with such delight.

Our holiday was spent without a drawback; all had been happy and harmonious, enjoying every moment of the day. By being a party of twenty I had got from the Burgomaster reduced fares, feed, and trips, and, wonderful to say, the cost of board and lodging and traveling had been under £3 for each girl for ten days spent in Belgium.

Nineteen years of the life of our Club have brought us many friends and much happiness both to the members and to the workers. Some disappointments there must have been; but they are forgotten in the many good results of our work. We can think of the good lives of so many of our girls, whether they are still in the Club or are happily married, who are aiming at making their homes come up to the high standard of their Soho Club.



AT BRUGES



The Outlook and the Philippines

As this portrait shows, Mr. H. Phelps Whitmarsh is young, but his experience of life in unusual phases has been remarkable. Readers of his vigorous book, "The World's Rough Hand," know that his adventures have taken him three times around the globe, and that he was five years at sea before he became of age. Then he explored the interior of Australia, engaged in pearl-diving in Borneo, and met with many exciting incidents throughout the East. That he can write picturesquely, forcibly, and attractively "The World's Rough Hand" proves. Last August Mr. Whitmarsh sailed from San Francisco for Manila as the special representative of The Outlook in the Philippines. He will furnish our readers, in a series of twenty or more special articles, with a clear, impartial, and first-hand account of the people and conditions of the islands as he finds them, and will thus do for the Philippines what Mr. George Kennan has done for Cuba by his two series of letters in The Outlook. The editors of this journal are sure that Mr. Whitmarsh's energy, thoroughness, and skill as a writer will make his articles an exceedingly valuable contribution to American knowledge on a subject of continuous and increasing importance.

AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR

VIII.

The Trades-Union Movement in Chicago

English unions better led

Fortunately, the first trade-union leader I talked with in Chicago had been a union man in England, and was able to compare the English unions with the American. The contrast made was singularly sharp. "The trades-union leaders in England," he said, "are, as a rule, superior to those in America, but the rank and file of union men in this country are superior to those in England." It was Douglas Wilson, of the International Machinists, who said this; and when he explained the situation, the sharp contrast, that seemed a paradox, was seen to be the inevitable summary.

"Generally," said Mr. Wilson, "they have trained men at the head of the English unions. Many of them are Scotchmen, whose families have partly educated them for the ministry or the law, but who have been forced to go to work because funds have given out, or something of that sort." These men, he went on, can never hope to become professional men. The only field for their ambitions is in their union. They can rarely even go into business for themselves. "Business in England is all run in old grooves, and it is hard for a new firm to start." Political openings are also relatively rare. Therefore the brightest men remain in the ranks of labor, become leaders, and are "kept in office by their unions year after year."

The contrast between these conditions and those in America hardly needs to be stated. The trades-unions in America are constantly losing at the top. Not only are the ablest members constantly going into business—as employing printers, cigarmakers, carpenters, and the like—but the officials are constantly receiving political appointments or entering the professions. Only a day or two after my talk with Mr. Wilson I had the pleasure of meeting a brilliant young editor of the Chicago "Record," Mr. Sikes, who a few years ago graduated from the University of Minnesota, President of his class, and President of the Minneapolis printers' union. When Mr. Wilson spoke of the trades-union officials entering different professions in this country, I naturally recalled that two of my own acquaintance in New York had studied law while at the head of their unions. "There are others," he remarked significantly, showing me a law book in his desk.

The American unions better manned

Nothing further was needed to explain the often boasted superiority of the English trades-union leaders, and a few more words made equally clear the general superiority of American trades-union members—among whom hope and ambition are common possessions. "The trouble with American trades-unions," said Mr. Wilson, "is that nearly everybody thinks he is able to run a union, and therefore criticises and forms combinations against the men who are in." Pretty soon the present officials are ousted, and new ones are installed, who in turn give place to others. In this way the management of American trades-unions suffers from the constant changes of officials, just as the management of American district schools suffers from the constant changes of teachers; but the general intelligence of American unions gains by the rotation, just as the general intelligence of American school districts is increased by the fact that a third of the families may contain some member who has taught school. But the changes in the management of American unions is the smallest part of the ferment here that is lacking in the old country. "In England," said Mr. Wilson, "there are men who carry the same union card and number that their grandfathers carried." Here nobody belongs to the same union as his father, and few expect their sons to have even the same trade with themselves. "In England the union is a religion. Women will go to the groggeries on pay-day to get from their husbands money to keep up the dues to the union." This chance remark led up to another contrast made between English and American unionists. "Here," he said, "nearly every man shows up the morning after pay-day, but there lots of the men used to have a 'blue' Tuesday as well as Monday. They say it is better now, but when I was there, the workman who didn't drink beer was laughed at. I remember that when one young fellow was converted, and stopped drinking, an old Yorkshireman said of him, 'He used to be a good workman, but he is naw workman now.' . . . There is enough drinking here, but it is hardly to be mentioned with the drinking there, where women as well as men go to the 'public' and booze." Before he had finished on this theme he had made graphic the official statistics showing that English working people drink more than twice as much as American. When summed up, the whole contrast between English and American unions followed closely the lines of the contrast between English and American society. If the organization that is best administered is best, the scorn of our English critics may be justified; but if the organization that has the best manhood is best, American unionists may smile at Sidney Webb.

Trades-union selfishness

What Mr. Wilson said about English and American unions was only a small part of our conversation. With a frankness that a weaker man or weaker trades-unionist would not have ventured, he went over with me nearly the whole field of trades-union policy. When I criticised the union rules regarding apprentices, he shrewdly replied that "lawyers and doctors will not allow men to practice who haven't served an apprenticeship," and urged that unions had the same right to protect their trades against "incompetent men." He did not, however, attempt to deny that the selfish motive was at the bottom of the regulations. When I questioned him about the trades-union hostility toward machinery, he admitted not only the truth of President Schwab's charge that English unions sometimes struck against new machinery, but also admitted that he had known American unions to do the same. The coopers, he said, had a long strike against machines for making barrels, and it was finally compromised by allowing machines to be used in making certain barrels and not in making others. The cigar-makers had had similar strikes. These strikes he did not attempt to defend. He believed that opposition to machinery was shortsighted. "The more intelligent unions," he said, "especially in trades where a great deal of machinery is used, accept it as inevitable." He fully recognized, however, the fact that trades-unions were as likely as other organizations to put the employment of their own members above the public good. Their hostility to machinery was on all fours with the manufacturers' hostility to foreign commerce with manufacturing countries.

The Socialist attack

Mr. Wilson, in his advocacy of trades-unions, would only admit that they shared in the general selfishness of class organizations; but there were not wanting labor leaders who denounced unions as criminal. These labor allies of extreme capitalism were uniformly advocates of extreme Socialism. It was my fate while in Chicago to meet almost as many Socialists as trades-unionists, and the enmity shown between them would have been little short of a revelation to those who condemn in the same breath unionism and Socialism. Two days after my talk with Mr. Wilson I had a long talk with one of the Socialist leaders, who went over with me the feud between his party and the "pure and simple" unionists who exclude partisan political action from the trades-union's programme. Formerly he had been a trades-union leader. During the seventies, he said, he and his sympathizers obtained the control of the Chicago Trade and Labor Assembly, and by their influence in the unions organized a workingmen's party with a Socialist programme. In 1876 they polled 4,000 votes, and by 1879 had gradually increased their voting strength to 12,000. "Then," he said, "the Knights of Labor were admitted to the Assembly with fifteen delegates, solidly Democratic. In a year we had to quit, but before quitting carried a motion using up all the funds in the treasury to help a local strike." The German unions seceded with them, and they organized the Central Labor Union. This body, he explained, remained the champion of Socialism until the Anarchists got control, when "we Socialists were driven out." During all these years there had been intense hatred between the Socialist and the conservative unions. "Members of German unions have come to me with their heads broken," said this Socialist (who is now a lawyer), "and asked me to prosecute their assailants, the 'entertainment committee' of the Building Trades Council. I have offered to stand the racket if they would, but they have always backed down for fear of further violence. . . . The 'entertainment committee' has a lot of thugs, and their favorite method of getting rid of non-unionists is by slugging. . . . The courts are quite right when they say that violence is a necessary part of a strike. Unless it is supported by violence a strike is of no use."

Extremes meet

An evening or two later I attended a Socialist meeting, and met several of the leaders of the Debs faction. Their attitude toward trades-unionism was more moderate, and one of them spoke patronizingly of trades-unions as "kindergartens" in Socialism. But they were all contemptuous of trades-union aims and methods. None of them saw in trades-unions the beginning of the democratic control of industry, and all regarded strikes as a futile weapon. In their speeches more attention was given to belittling the reforms advocated by conservative unionists than to attacking the aggressions of capitalism. Nothing but ridicule, for example, was accorded to the belief that falling prices were at the bottom of the business stagnation and the growth of "the army of the unemployed." It was "over-production," said the principal speaker, and he quoted at length the statistics of capitalistic writers exaggerating the recent economies due to machinery. Only when he came to his remedy did this extreme Socialist break with the extreme conservatives. He believed, with logical consistency, that unemployment must continue to increase until public ownership increased consumption to keep pace with the increase in production. It was not easy to see how any one who believed that over-production caused hard times could have answered him. On the question of trusts, also, these Socialists were in remarkable accord with the extreme conservatives. The trust manipulators themselves could hardly paint in brighter colors the economies of consolidation, or express greater scorn of attempts to stay the natural course of business. Only on the remote question of the ultimate remedy did the Socialists break with the capitalists, by declaring that the control of industry by the public was the only possible outcome of control by monopoly. As I listened to the speeches I realized as never before that on all the immediate economic issues—trades-unionism, bimetallism, monopoly—the extremes of Socialism and capitalism supported one another.

Methods with non-unionists

When I went to the headquarters of the building trades unions—one of the few places in Chicago where it was easy for me to meet working people—I naturally talked over the criticisms of the old leader in the Socialist unions. It was no surprise to find that the hatred expressed by the Socialists was returned by the unionists. "The Socialist unions," I was told, "aren't unions at all. They are just a lot of scabs that belong to the Socialist party. . . . All that they try to do is to break down real trades-unions." "But," I inquired, "how about the charge that your 'entertainment committee' breaks open the heads of non-union workmen who attempt to take your jobs?" "Perfect nonsense," "All a lie," were the first answers, but when the conversation continued about the work of the "entertainment committee" it was admitted that when the committee waited on non-unionists it might sometimes "threaten to fix them, . . . just for a bluff," and in case of a quarrel "somebody might get his head punched." By this time it was easy enough to see that the Socialist charges had not been made out of whole cloth, and that while the unions formally opposed terrorism because it made them unpopular with all classes, there were plenty of unionists who had more faith in violence than in kindliness. I afterwards learned from a former unionist, who was still in sympathy with unionism, that cases of "slugging" were frequent in the building trades a few years ago—the guilty unionists being uniformly pardoned by the Mayor. That such methods were formerly used was virtually admitted by the men at the building trades headquarters before the end of the first conversation. "All that we have to do now to get rid of scabs," said one of the officials, "is to call off all the trades at work on the building." All the building trades unions now stood together as one man in favor of the exclusive employment of union labor, and the contractor who tried to fight one union found himself at war with them all. The official went on to tell me of one contractor who had seemed to win his fight on this issue, but it cost him so much that he soon made terms with the union and has since been a "model employer." At first I was inclined to discount their boasts of power, but when I read the "Articles of Agreement" between the "Carpenters' Executive Council" and the contracting carpenters, and examined the list of over five hundred contractors who had signed them, I realized that the allied Chicago unions ruled the building trades with an iron hand.

The main provisions of this contract were as follows:

What the unions have secured

"ARTICLE I. Eight hours shall constitute a day's work between the hours of 8 A.M. and 5 P.M., except Saturday, when work shall cease at 12 o'clock noon from June 1st to September 1st.

"ARTICLE II. The minimum rate of wages for journeymen carpenters shall be 37½ cents an hour from April 1, 1898, to March 31, 1899.

"ARTICLE III. Double time shall be allowed on all overtime, Sunday work, New Year's Day, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas Days, or the days celebrated for the foregoing. No work shall be allowed under any pretense on Labor Day.

"ARTICLES IX. and X. The party of the first part agrees to hire none but union carpenters. . . . A sympathetic strike, when ordered to promote the principles here laid down, shall not be a violation of this agreement."

The short hours

The great gain from unionism has been the shortening of hours. Only in Anglo-Saxon countries where trades-unions are strong have the hours of labor been materially shortened; and in Anglo-Saxon countries the trades-unions have not only led the way in establishing almost ideal hours for skilled workmen, but they have been the chief support of the legislation that has put an end to inhuman hours for the unskilled. To the trades-unions, therefore, Anglo-Saxon countries owe an inestimable debt, for the short-hour movement has been the greatest economic factor in securing the greater physical and intellectual vigor and the better home life that distinguish the working people in Anglo-Saxon countries. It must not be thought, however, that this shortening of hours has brought with it a proportionate lessening of work. When I was in Germany, Professor Roscher, of Leipsic, told me of German workmen who, after living in America, returned to Germany, preferring the longer hours at lower wages there rather than stand the strain at which they were required to work in America. When in Chicago, I found that some American workmen sympathized with this view. At the carpenters' union headquarters, when I spoke warmly of the union victory in securing the eight hours' day, I was surprised to have one of the carpenters remark, "Yes; but if we won seven hours, half of us would be dead." When I asked what he meant, he replied that every time the hours were shortened the bosses made them work just that much harder. He was older than the rest of the group, and it was evident that he found it difficult to keep the pace now demanded. When the trades-unions increased their demands of the contractors, the contractors increased theirs of the men, and there was no power to make any contractor keep any man who did not turn out a remunerative quantity of work. Were it not that the shorter hours enabled most of the men to work with greater intensity and without greater exhaustion during them, the increase of leisure must have been paid for in a cut of wages.

The high wages

As it was, there had been no cut in wages except that which was inevitable during the hard times. Even here the loss was slight. Between '92 and '97 carpenters' wages in Chicago fell only from 40 cents an hour to 35 cents. In '98 they were raised to 37½ cents, and this year they are again 40 cents. Even in '97 these union carpenters in Chicago were getting

$2.80 for eight hours, while many of the non-union Southern carpenters were getting but $1.25 for ten hours. The cut in Chicago due to the hard times was only 12½ per cent., while in Atlanta it had been nearly 40 per cent. Only in one way did the building trades unions in Chicago suffer keenly from the depression, and this was through the want of employment. This evil bore hardest, of course, on the less efficient workmen, many of whom could get so little work at union rates as carpenters that they fell back to be machine-tenders in factories. In this way, it was admitted, a good many of the old union carpenters had suffered a heavy cut in wages. At the bench they used to get nearly $3 a day. In the factories where building materials were made by machinery, they were now getting $2 or $2.25. Every year, in good times as well as bad, the proportion of carpenters' work done in the factories was increasing, and thus carpenters' wages are really suffering reductions that do not appear in the union scale.

Hostility to machinery

The way in which machinery was affecting their own wages may have accounted for the intensity of the feeling against it which these carpenters displayed. Not long before my visit they had sustained the stone-cutters in a barbarous strike against the use of a machine for sawing stone. When I tried, in a bungling way, to show that such strikes lessened the use of stone as a building material, and weakened the unions by arraying the interests of the community against them, I made little impression. The stone-cutters, they said, were skilled workmen who got high wages. The machine-tenders needed no skill at all, and were paid wretched wages. "We believe," said one of them, "that public sentiment sustains us in trying to keep work for well-paid labor."

When I asked them whether they themselves were not glad to buy machine-made goods—like the chairs and desk in their office—they answered rather doggedly that they were not. The hand-made things, they said—after the fashion of aristocratic disciples of Ruskin and Morris—lasted so much longer that they were cheaper in the end. When I instanced machine-made cloth, they were not so ready with an answer, and even expressed the belief that some machinery was all right. Nevertheless, the belief seemed ineradicable that machinery threw workmen out of employment, as well as concentrated wealth. These men, with possibly two exceptions, were all silver Democrats, yet not one of them seemed to know that the twenty-five years preceding 1873 witnessed at the same time the greatest extension in the use of machinery and the fullest employment of labor that the century had known. All of them, without exception, believed with the Socialists that the increase of the unemployed since 1893 had been due chiefly to machinery. As I listened to them, President Schwab's arraignment of English trades-unions for their hostility to machinery recurred to me, and I felt that the omnipotence of trades-unions would mean industrial stagnation, as surely as the omnipotence of trusts. It is only because competition forces the workmen and capitalists in different trades to accept improvements that industrial progress goes on.

"A new combination in restraint of trade"

Of minor importance now, but not less threatening for the future, was the willingness of the Chicago trades-unions to combine against the use of out-of-town materials. When the Chicago materials were made by union workmen with wholesome hours and wages, and the out-of-town materials were made by overworked and underpaid hands, there was moral justification for the discrimination. But this was not the controlling consideration. The Chicago unionists were ready to use the boycott in favor of Chicago union labor to the detriment of out-of-town union labor. It was protectionism pure and simple, involving not only the restriction of trade but the forcing of industries out of favorable into unfavorable localities. Every interest except that of the Chicago producers was adversely affected, yet in this peculiarly anti-social struggle the Chicago unions have the support instead of the hostility of their employers. This is a feature of trades-unionism that in the future must be reckoned with.

Overtime and Sunday work

The discussions of the union rules about overtime and Sunday work went much more agreeably. Here again the position of the unions seemed to me that which the public welfare demanded. The sentiment against overtime and Sunday work was in part philanthropic, the men believing that the union requirement divided the work to be done among more men. In part also it was shrewdly practical. When the employers had to run nights and Sundays, their own earnings were high. Their capital, as one printer pointed out to me, is employed more hours. Their rents and interest are not increased, and there is but little more superintendence needed when work is heavy than when it is light. Therefore they can afford to pay more at such times. The main consideration, however, was the exhaustion caused by overwork. "After night work and Sunday work," said this workman, "we get to feeling like wooden men." His union charged time and a half after six o'clock, and double time after twelve o'clock and on Sundays. One result of such regulations was that they forced employers to reduce overtime and Sunday work to the minimum, and to give the men consecutive work at union hours, instead of alternating—and alike injurious—overwork and no work. The religious motive for the prohibition of Sunday work was disappointingly absent, so far as my limited conversations on the subject went, but—as I had previously observed in New York—the least religious of trades-unionists were insistent upon a free Sunday, and not merely upon one free day in seven. It seems somewhat singular, but at the very time that opposition to Sunday labor is relaxing among well-to-do Christians it is gaining strength among organized workingmen.

The Cigar-makers Union and President

It is in the building trades that the union movement centers, but it was not here that I found the best exponent of trades-unionism. Early in my work, with a card from one of the residents at Hull House, I called on President George W. Perkins, of the Cigar-makers' International Union, and the two hours' talk with him was so profitable that I took the liberty of returning to him again before I left the city. Here was a man whom any professor of political economy in the country might with advantage call to his chair to give his students a week's course upon trades-unionism. There was no rhetoric, no exaggeration, no claim that trades-unionists represented all that was reasonable or employers all that was the reverse. His talk was a calm, clear statement of the organization, methods, aims, defeats, and successes of the Cigar-makers' Union. From my observation in New York I had supposed that this trade was largely in the hands of immigrants, but I found that President Perkins was not only of American birth, but of American ancestry since 1640. Four-fifths of the organized cigar-makers in the country, he said, were of American birth. When I asked how the proportion stood among the non-union cigar-makers, he said that the difference would be slight, taking the country as a whole, because the 20,000 cigar-makers in Pennsylvania were almost all American-born and unorganized. Outside of Pennsylvania, however, unionism was stronger among native-born than among immigrant workmen. The sharp line of cleavage, however, was the sectional one. As I had previously learned about the iron trades, so here in the cigar trade the West was well organized, the East badly. Of the 20,000 cigar-makers in New York City only 7,000 were members of the union; of the 20,000 in Pennsylvania practically none were members; but of the 30,000 cigar-makers in the rest of the country over 20,000 were in the unions. The small towns—and this, too, is fairly typical—were better organized than the large, and "more attentive to the union label." This President Perkins accounted for on the ground that the "neighborly feeling" is stronger in the smaller towns, and therefore organization is easier.

The "union label"

The question of the union label focused the whole philosophy of trades-unionism. What the union label stands for is precisely what the building trades alliance stands for when it orders sympathetic strikes to secure the exclusive employment of union men. The sympathetic strike is the real weapon of the building trades unions to secure their demands, and the union label may in the near future give a similar weapon to all trades-unions. In the labor world the "union label" expresses the same sentiment that "consumers' leagues" express among the well-to-do. It is the moral sense that the old duty to treat our own employees well involves the new duty to patronize others who treat their employees well. This feeling is keen among organized workmen; and their test as to whether firms treat their hands well is whether they grant the conditions demanded by the unions. They believe in the exclusive employment of union labor, said President Perkins, not merely because the non-unionists pay no dues, and therefore are not entitled to the benefits of union action, but also because non-unionists seem to them the tools of the enemies of the labor movement. They believe that the unions are fighting the battle for the entire working class, and their consciences as well as their interests support their discriminations against non-union men. Through the union label all unionists were able to help each other. The "blue label" of the Cigar-makers' Union, he said, was now so uniformly demanded by trades-unionists in the West that many manufacturers could not afford to be without it. When I referred to the current gibes of New York unionists as to the quality of "blue-label" cigars, he said that the time was long since past in Chicago when a "blue-label smoke" was a poor smoke. Union labor, he said, was employed in making the best cigars, and "blue-label" cigars were now to be had at the swellest cigar-shops in Chicago. He was ready to admit that where the union label was new and only a few firms had it, these firms might sometimes take advantage of those determined to have the label; but where the use of the label was well established he thought that patrons obtained the best quality of work at reasonable prices. President Perkins was in no sense a visionary man, and what he said about the growth of popular sentiment in favor of union-label goods convinced me that this, too, was one of the economic forces soon to be reckoned with. To be sure, it is purely moral in its character, since self-interest and indifference will always prompt the unionist to buy the cheapest and most convenient things, regardless of how they have been made. But if the conscience of all unionists, as well as that of philanthropists, once accepts the commandment, "Thou shalt not buy goods which any one has been wronged in making," it will prove a powerful factor in diverting trade to firms whose employees believe themselves to be well treated.

Trades-union insurance

That which possessed the greatest immediate interest, however, in President Perkins's talk with me was the report upon the insurance work of his organization. The dues of the Cigar-makers' Union are thirty cents a week, and the dues and assessments together are about seventeen dollars a year. The yearly expenditures for strikes during the past decade have averaged barely one dollar a member. The yearly expenditures for officers' salaries, hall rents, postage, etc., amount to barely four dollars a member. Thirty dollars a week is the maximum salary, and this is paid only to the President, who is at the head of a business aggregating half a million dollars a year. One dollar a member is paid yearly for the union label agitation. The remaining eleven dollars are returned to the members in various insurance benefits. No insurance company, not co-operative, returns to the insured so large a percentage of their payments.

The "death benefits" paid by the Cigar-makers' Union amount to $200 for those who have been members for five consecutive years, and to $550 for those who have been members fifteen consecutive years. These payments aggregate about $70,000 a year, or about $2.50 a member. The "sick benefits" paid by the union furnish a form of insurance that no capitalistic organization could offer without ensuring a vast amount of unnecessary sickness. Union cigar-makers, after one week of sickness, not due to "intemperance or immoral conduct," are entitled to five dollars a week for a maximum of thirteen weeks in one year. The *esprit de corps* of the union, and the unwillingness of any but the meanest workmen to be suspected of sponging on their fellows, is the chief protection of the order against imposition, but the regulations regarding the visiting of the sick are a rare combination of philanthropy and business caution. The "sick benefits" are more important than those paid in cases of death, and aggregate about $110,000 a year, or nearly four dollars a member. Most important of all, however, during the hard times, have been the "out-of-work benefits." To begin with, the Cigar-makers' Union lends about $30,000 a year to members out of work who wish to travel in search of it. These loans are nearly all repaid by the members in ten per cent. weekly assessments after work is found, so that this tramping in good faith for work is hardly more burdensome to the union than to society. Besides these loans, however, the union pays to all members in good standing when out of work three dollars a week for as high as eighteen weeks a year. The only restrictions are that no benefits shall be paid during the first week after the member is laid off, none during the midsummer months, when living expenses are light and other work easily obtained, and that members who have received the benefit for six weeks must then go without it for seven weeks. In this way the union ensures that its members shall not lightly leave old jobs or be careless about finding new ones. This form of insurance was begun by the Cigar-makers' Union in 1890, and, until the hard times set in, cost less than one dollar a year per member. With the depression of 1893, however, the out-of-work payments suddenly became the heaviest of all. From $17,000 in 1892 they rose to $174,000 in 1894, fell slightly with the slight business revival in 1895, rose again to $175,000 with the deepened depression of 1896, and fell to $117,000 in 1897, when the present revival began. During all these trying years the Cigar-makers' Union was not compelled to lower the scale of wages to correspond to the fall in prices, like the less organized trades, nor to lose members from its organization because of want of employment, like many of the best organized trades. The out-of-work insurance held all the members together, and while they suffered severely from lack of work, none were pauperized, and their organization came out of the depression stronger than at the beginning. Its reserve fund, indeed, was slightly lowered, but at the close there were $177,000 in the union treasury.

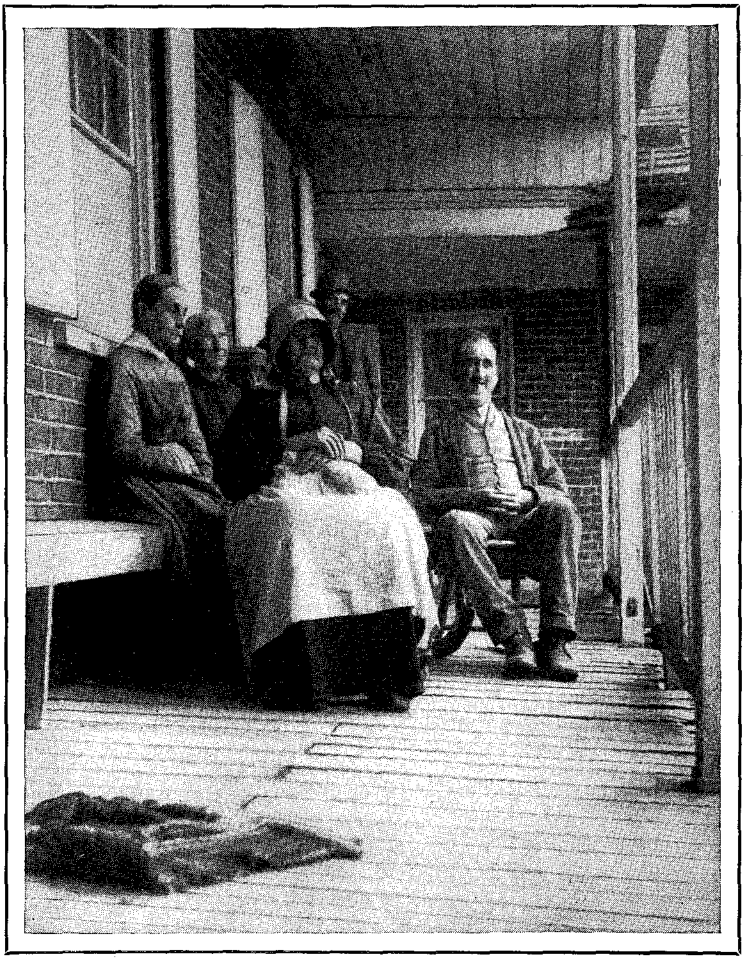
Organized labor vs. organized capital

Only one thing seemed to President Perkins to threaten the increased prosperity of his union, and that was the possible entrance of the trust into the cigar-making business. Among the Socialists, as I have said, the trusts were rather welcomed than otherwise; but among the trades-unionists the trusts are as cordially hated as among farmers. The trusts can crush unions. Competing firms, on the contrary, can be compelled to make terms with their workmen or risk the loss of men and business to their rivals. President Perkins told me of cigar firms that had won in the strikes against them, but had found their business gone when they attempted to resume it. At present the cigar-making business is chiefly in the hands of small firms—some of them employing but one or two men. It is, therefore, almost as easy sometimes for the men to find other employers as for employers to find other men. But if the trust which already controls the cigarette business to the utter suppression of unions should enter the cigar-making field, there is trouble for the workmen ahead. This sentiment among the cigar-makers had its counterpart in that which prevailed among the carpenters about the contractors' association—though the outlook there was more hopeful. "At first," said one of the carpenters' officials, "we wanted the employers to organize, as we preferred to have one agreement to a lot of little strikes with single employers. Afterwards they tried to take advantage of their union to force us down, and we broke up their association." "But," I asked, "couldn't they go longer without their profits than you without your wages?" "No," was the reply, "because they knew that if they all stopped, the union itself would take contracts." Here, then, is a possible outcome for the future. The unions are accumulating reserve funds, and, in spite of immigration, are increasing rapidly in discipline and intelligence. The time is coming when the unions may be able to manage business co-operatively. They are, it is true, in need of moral restraints from within, and the restraints of public opinion and even public law from without; but the road to industrial democracy surely lies in the strengthening of the one democratic factor in the control of industry, and not in its threatened overthrow by industrial absolutism. The time is yet coming when historians will look back upon the present-day struggles of trades-unionists as historians to-day look back upon the parish and town meetings of the despised Puritan "levelers" of the seventeenth century. The men may seem commonplace and the measures petty, but it is through just such instrumentalities that the great designs for human advancement are always worked out.

An Abandoned Cloister

By W. H. Richardson

NESTLING at the foot of South Mountain, thirteen miles below Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, is a collection of time-worn and weather-beaten buildings, so entirely unlike any other in the beautiful valley which commences to unfold there that the attention of the traveler with even a grain of curiosity is at once arrested. A great brick house, of even more ample dimensions than the homes which have given the Cumberland Valley its reputation for hospitality and opulence, is the nucleus of the community; around it are grouped other structures in picturesque arrangement, century-old trees and masses of color and shrubbery heightening the exquisite effects which Nature can produce when man lets her have the most to do with them.

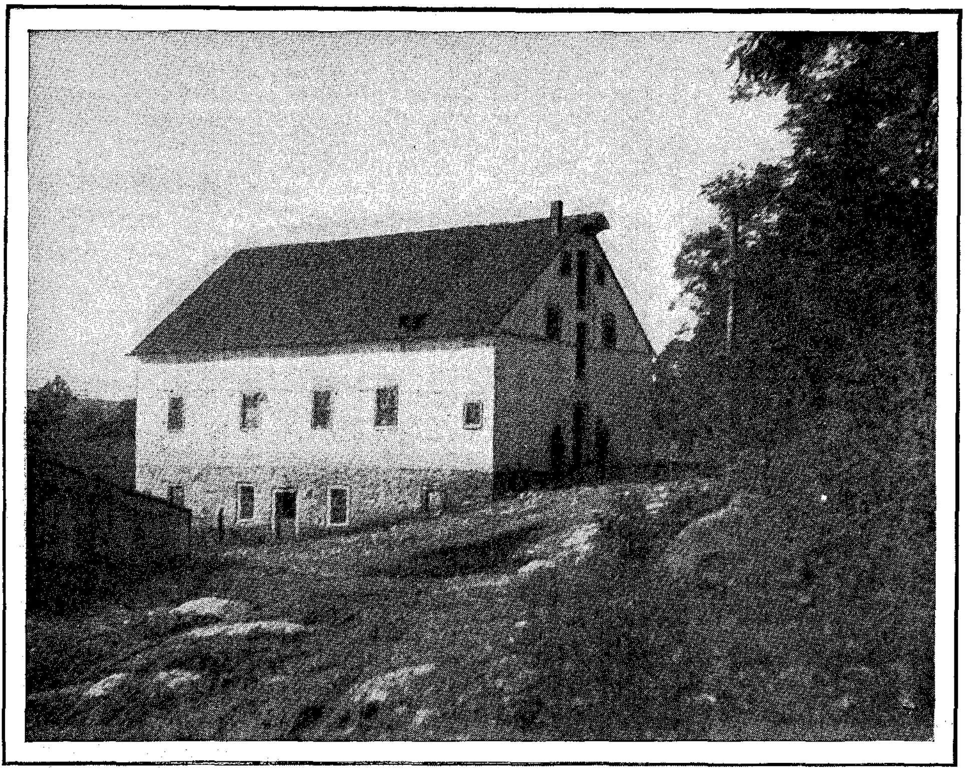


PRESENT TENANTS OF THE OLD CLOISTER

The last of the "single sisters" in the foreground.

An inquiry addressed to a native elicits the information that the main building is "the nunnery;" then the visitor looks sharply at its open doors or into the dark shadows beyond the windows in expectation of getting a glimpse of sober-clad women, with their pale faces framed in some religious habit; he listens for the hum of voices softly saying the daily prayers for strength in a holy life. But he looks and listens in vain for these things. Instead of them the breeze wafts across the flower-spotted garden the laughter and chatter of a couple of buxom young Pennsylvania-German girls; an older woman is devoting herself to some domestic industry, and a stolid farmer just come in from the fields for the noonday meal adds still further to one's perplexity over the name.

It is only a few steps from the Waynesboro' road up the hollyhock-bordered path to "the nunnery," and then one begins to learn something about this particular relic of one of Pennsylvania's peculiar peoples—the German Seventh-Day Baptists, a sect



A FLOUR-MILL BUILT IN 1807 FOR THE SOCIETY

which here gave expression to a most unusual social and religious condition.

Away back in 1708 a German named Alexander Mack and seven others who had searched the Scriptures with him conceived the idea that the only way to arrive at the true spiritual life was to abandon all existing traditions and observances and proceed upon original lines, or, rather, to adopt the primitive plan as they interpreted it. Their new route for the pilgrim's progress was eventually the one by which the later society of Dunkers walked, apart from other religionists. In a few years persecution had driven these Dunkers into various parts of western Europe; in 1719, swept by the great wave of German and Dutch emigration, many of them came to America and dispersed to the different sections which their kindred of other denominations were then populating.

One of these bands of Dunkers settled in the Conestoga country (now in Lancaster County); their leader was Conrad Beissel. In a little while this Conrad Beissel fell under the influence of the Sabbatarians, of whom there were many in the province, and became converted to Sabbatarianism; then he believed that his Dunker brethren erred in observing the first day of the week as the Sabbath; that the Scriptures especially commanded the observance of the seventh day as the day of rest. In his fervor for the cause he had espoused he prepared a pamphlet for circulation among his people, after which he found it expedient to withdraw to a lonely cell on the banks of the Cocalico Creek, where he lived the life of a hermit. Finally some of his old flock followed him into his retreat, accepted his beliefs, and embraced, as well, certain mystical ideas with which he had been imbued in Germany years before, and the organization or community they then established became known as "Ein Orden der Einsammen"—the order of the solitary. The solitary life, however, gave place to a conventual one in the year 1733, when buildings were finished for the accommodation of the rapidly growing institution.

So complete an account of the Ephrata Community, as Conrad Beissel's band of

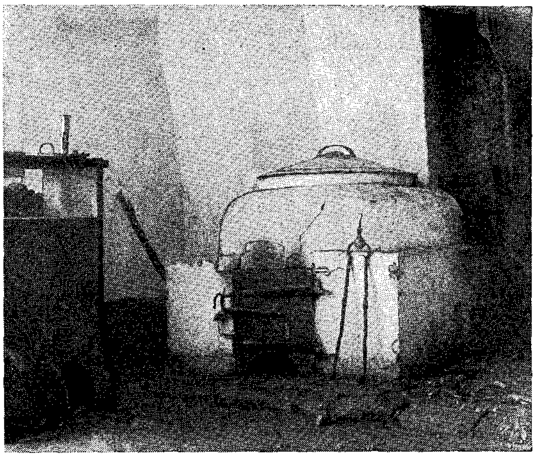
THE MEETING-HOUSE

mystical Dunkers is perhaps more commonly known, has been compiled by Mr. Julius F. Sachse, a most patient and careful investigator of the history of that religious experiment, that the interested reader can easily follow the rise and fall of that unique attempt to blend the temporal and the spiritual life. Ephrata's great men, her monumental contributions to American bibliography, her marvelous manuscripts, her picturesque social affairs, are of most profound interest to the student of our National life, and especially to the student who may visit Ephrata or its successor, the Seventh-Day Baptist Society of Snow Hill, as the community on the banks of the Antietam Creek at the foot of South Mountain is termed.

The war of the Revolution and the so-called Sunday laws of 1794 were the undoing of the parent organization, and before the end of the last century the white robed and hooded brethren and sisters, with their mystical rites and ceremonies and their almost supernatural music, with all the paraphernalia of their peculiar belief, were as a tale that is told. About the year 1795 land was purchased at Snow Hill, and a few years later arrangements were made for the founding of a society of the same character as that at Ephrata had been. In that remote spot it was expected that outside influences would not operate to its hurt; and that such expectation was realized to a large extent is very evident when we are told that the present building, erected for the accommodation of those who chose to adopt the celibate life, was commenced in 1814 and added to until 1843. The capacious structure is eloquent enough of the fact that something more than mere enthusiasm was required to rear it.

It is always a difficult thing to analyze the causes which are responsible for the decline or decay of an undertaking, and the difficulty is emphasized especially in the case of a religious movement. The convent at Snow Hill apparently failed to attract new people; the young men and the young women who were there had taken no irrevocable vows; they had not renounced the world; they fell in love and were married, and lighted fires on their own hearthstones. Accessions became rarer and rarer, until now the only suggestion of the ancient order of things is one elderly woman who is spending the last of her days as a charge of the Society. The large farm which once gave employment to some of those who had lived in the house is now "shared" by a couple of farmers, and they and their families occupy the rooms which are so redolent of one of the most peculiar phases of moral earnestness that has ever found expression in this country.

But what a mine for the antiquarian these old rooms are! As the visitor is shown from floor to floor, and sees closet after closet opened and stores of utensils and domestic appliances of generations ago revealed, he is likely to slip his grip on the commandment which reads, "Thou shalt not covet . . . any thing that is thy neighbor's." How could one look in the face of that ancient high-case clock and not say in his heart, at least, "How I wish you were mine!" In a corner cupboard in the refectory is a store of antique china—teapots, cups, saucers, sugar-bowls, etc.—that fairly makes one's fingers itch to possess it; here are also the turned wooden flagons and paten used in the celebrations of the Lord's Supper. In a closet in a small room, evidently a pantry in former times, are dozens of deep-red earthenware dishes, the handiwork of potters a half-century dead. Then there are as many small plates in which the portions of "ludvarreck" and bread and butter are served at the love-feasts.



IN THE KITCHEN OF THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE

An old holz-kist (or box intended for holding firewood) on another floor contains a lot of hackles and other appliances used in the preparation of the flax for the spinners whose deft fingers once guided the tow from distaff to bobbin on the wheels which now lumber up a corner in an adjoining room. It must be remembered, too, that some of the inmates of the convent were famous weavers, and specimens of their wonderfully intricate patterns are highly prized to this day; others were skillful basket-makers, and a dozen or more of their shapely productions have survived the ravages of time, which has turned their makers to dust.

In the attic, covered with a miscellaneous collection of bottles and the flotsam and jetsam of years, are a number of old candlesticks and iron lamps. The latter were known in the days of their use as "fett-lichts." They are small wrought-iron vessels covered with a lid and finished on one side in a sort of trough-like spout. A wick was laid in this spout and hot fat poured into the bowl. The lamp was an improvement over a tallow candle, perhaps, but still it was not a very long step toward a kerosene lamp. When it was desired to use the lamp, it could be hooked over a nail or the crane in the fireplace, or suspended from the barb thrust into a wooden beam.

A path, grass-grown since the population of the convent scattered to homes of their own, leads across the brawling Antietam to the meeting-house. Here, every seventh day, four or five score people who stand up for the doctrine which Conrad Beissel introduced to the Dunkers still gather to listen to the truth which their minister interprets from the well-worn Bible, or to participate, at proper intervals, in the festivals which they deem essential to the religious life. The meeting-house was erected in 1829, but previous to that time services were held in a room in the convent, in which are yet to be seen, it might be remarked, several fine examples of the fractur-schrift, or illuminated manuscripts for which the Ephrata community was celebrated.

It is considered quite a mark of progress in these days to have a department of the modern church structure supplied with facilities for cooking, the church supper or sociable being responsible for the introduction of this "advanced" idea. But the idea is not so advanced, after all; this little seventy-year-old meeting-house has its kitchen—it is that small building which adjoins the meeting-house on the left, as shown in the picture—and it is furnished with a gigantic bricked-in kettle.

Like the Friends' meetings of old, the interior of Snow Hill Church is very plainly furnished; there is no provision made for elaborate pulpit oratory; believing that the Gospel was sent without money and without price, their minister is not a "hireling." His plain desk is furnished with an English Bible, and English hymnals are also used by the congregation now instead of the German ones formerly used. Peeping from beneath the desk, on a shelf, were several copies of the ancient tune-books, very likely the work of some pious Sister at Ephrata. They are marvels of execution, both in coloring and lettering. Much of their music is a heritage from Conrad Beissel, whose skill in harmony is said to have been of the highest order. Old people who lived in an age near him have told of the impression made by the rendition of his six and eight part hymns—a sublime performance that is now numbered with other lost arts of his community.

A short distance down the creek is an old flour-mill, built in 1807 for the use of the Society. Although somewhat battered-looking, its solid stone base and heavy weather-boarding still give assurance of many years' further defiance of the elements. Only one of its really primitive features yet remains inside the mill—the wooden water-wheel. The water is carried through the wall of the mill in an oaken flume. This somewhat unusual arrangement of the power was not made for the purpose of keeping poets and artists from going into rhapsodies over it and neglecting other important work around the community, but for the very utilitarian purpose of keeping it from freezing up in winter-time. While millers are a jolly lot usually, it requires an extraordinary amount of good nature to take a man cheerfully into the wheel-pit on a cold winter morning to chop loose the frozen-up water-wheel. The humming of the burr-stones and the click-a-clack-a-click-a-clack-a of the damsel beneath the hopper gave place a few years ago to the less poetical but more practical harmony of a modern outfit of steel-roller grinding-machines and kindred devices.

Community life at Snow Hill may never again be resurrected, and there may be those who believe that the spirit of ages to come will never again prompt devotees of a religious idea to work it out in exactly the fashion expressed there and at Ephrata. But still the relics which yet remain are most interesting monuments of a people who were actuated by a desire to lead an entirely spiritual life, and are strongly suggestive of the days when the conventual system exercised a powerful attraction. Snow Hill is the failure of a mediæval idea in modern times.

The Hermit-Thrush

By Francis Sterne Palmer

Hidden away in the underbrush,
So somber and shy is the hermit-thrush,
One feels that nature has not done right
To so rob a bird of a bird's delight.

His cousin the robin of song is bold;
Meadow-lark has a breast like gold,
Brazen plumes and a brazen tongue,
And far in the field his cry is flung.

But when the evening sunlight shines
Through pulpy leaves to forest shrines,
Then in that solemn hour I hear
A hymn that comes so sweet and clear,
So pure of tone, it seems to be
A bit of heaven's minstrelsy—
And I know that nature is not unfair
To the hermit bird she has hidden there.

Miss Ophelia's Beau

By Annie Steger Winston

MY eyes strayed involuntarily over the little country church during the long wait for the straggling congregation. Here and there above the pews rose a sober iron-gray head, a smart or dowdy bonnet, but over each my glance passed listlessly undetained.

The stamping of a horse or the rattle of harness came in now and then through the open windows, and I could see the younger men of the congregation talking and laughing together under the locust-trees until the service should begin. As I looked back into the church my eyes were suddenly arrested.

In my first survey I had seen, a few pews in front of me, a woman's gray head, surmounted by a bonnet so naïvely, almost childishly, constructed that it had caused me a slight pang of amused pity; but it had passed from my thoughts as my eyes wandered on to rest on the feathery green of the locust boughs which swayed against the window. Now, however, the wearer had turned a little, and I could see her face.

I found myself staring like a child, hardly knowing what it was which so held my gaze. Certainly amusement no longer, for I was no longer conscious of the absurd bonnet. The long, delicate, incongruously young profile again turned from me, but it left with me a sense of quaint distinction which stamped itself indelibly upon every detail of the figure in front of me.

Her large, peculiarly limpid blue eyes rested upon me, as the congregation laggingly left the church, with something of the same interest with which mine had been dwelling upon her, and I foresaw acquaintance.

That was my first sight of Miss Ophelia Witherspoon. My second soon followed. I was boarding for the summer at Queen Mary Court house—the little settlement so called from its center of interest. A few years before lithia springs had been discovered in the neighborhood, and, as a consequence, a large frame hotel had been erected at the edge of the pines. But the promised tide of fortune had somehow never reached the "Cote'ouse," and the hotel then stood broken-windowed and ghastly—as desolate as Palmyra.

There was, however, lodging to be had with the famous housewife of the village, in a delightfully old-fashioned house, set back in a sunny, box-bordered garden, and I was well content in the bosom of her small, dull family.

I was sitting one day in the little arbor in the garden, when I saw coming up the front walk the lady whom I had seen at church.

Her step was very light and gliding as she passed in her pale grayish muslin gown between the low, dark rows of box and went up into the vine-covered porch. In a few minutes I was summoned by Mrs. Wingate. She seemed flurried and important.

"Miss Geddes," she said, "Miss Ophelia Witherspoon's come to see you. She said she reckoned you might be kin to her; her great-grandmother was a Geddes, she said: and so she made up her mind she'd come to see you directly she heard what your name was. That's a great thing for Miss Ophelia to do, I must say. It surely is."

Miss Ophelia soon came to a comparison of genealogies. I did not much care what she talked about—there was such a subtle, old-world charm in her soft speech; and as she talked I scanned her face at leisure under pretense of listening—so oddly was it like a faded miniature of some lovely young face of long ago, notwithstanding (or partly because of?) the light curls of gray hair that showed under the ill-trimmed bonnet—which no longer struck me as ill trimmed.

"And so," she said, "we must really be cousins."

She smiled with the sweet graciousness of one who is conferring an honor which she is glad to bestow.

"I am so glad," she went on, "because I was so drawn to you when I saw you at church; and I am seldom drawn to strangers. It must have been the tie of blood. Don't you think so? Nature is so very mysterious—"

"Yes, indeed," I murmured, ambiguously. "And *I* am so glad."

"It must be very dull here," she said, "for a young thing like you. Of course these are worthy people—there are *very* worthy people around here."

She left her qualification delicately unexpressed. She looked at me a moment as if making some sort of rapid calculation, and then her face cleared and brightened.

"My dear, won't you do something for me? It would give me so much pleasure. It is true, Castlewood is rather cramped, but there is a plenty of room for you, and mamma and I would be so delighted. Can't you come? These are *worthy* people, you know; but *not*—you understand. And then it would give us so much pleasure!"

I was disconcerted for a moment by this unexpected invitation, which she gave quite eagerly; but I pleaded an unwillingness to leave Mrs. Wingate, who had already upset her arrangements on my account; and, with a sigh, she finally acquiesced in my decision. I walked with her down to the front gate, and she paused there.

"I am afraid you find it very lonely," she said. "I hope we shall see a great deal of you—but it isn't that. A young girl wants—well, not exactly *beaux*, you know—but young company. And there is really nobody"—she dropped her voice. She hesitated a moment, and colored faintly.

"There *is* a gentleman, a friend of mine, whom I should like very much for you to meet. I should really like for you to know each other; but, unfortunately, he is away now. I am too sorry it happens so. I know you would like him, and he you. But you needn't mention, dear, that I spoke of him."

Mrs. Wingate was evidently but slightly acquainted with my visitor, except by hearsay.

"They keep mightily to themselves, old Mrs. Witherspoon and Miss Ophelia do. The old lady's got the chronics and never puts her foot outside her door, and Miss Ophelia ain't very strong. Miss Ophelia certainly did use to be pretty. And Castlewood was a splendid place. They lived in a heap of style before the war. And afterwards, too, till Castlewood burnt down—"

"But she said something about Castlewood," I said, "as if she were living there."

"Oh, they couldn't bear to part with the name, I reckon," she explained.

She pointed from the window. "Do you see that little teeny wooden house over yonder that don't look much bigger than a good-sized chicken-coop? That's Castlewood."

The name certainly seemed a little out of proportion to the house, as I approached it a few days afterwards; as much too large as the enormous antique brass knocker which shone upon the miniature door, and which startled me with its summons to the quiet household.

An old, old yellow woman crept from a little outbuilding and entered at the back of the house to let me in, ushering me into a small room which seemed part dining-room and part parlor.

I was so fascinated with a scorched cabinet in the corner filled with wonderful little spindle-legged silver things that I did not hear Miss Ophelia's light step upon the waxed floor.

She gave me a kiss upon my cheek, holding both my hands.

"My dear, I hoped you would come. I had a real presentiment; and yesterday, too, but that one didn't come true. I was selfish enough to hope you would feel a little lonely—just enough to want to run in to see me. I sometimes feel a little lonely myself, nowadays, when everybody has left the county."

"But there are so many things to do," I said. "With books and music and flowers."

"Oh, yes," she assented, "and the care of poor mamma. You must see her, by the way, before you go. You know she is bedridden. And there is sewing, of course, and housekeeping. But as for music, while I long for it, I lost my piano when my old home burnt down, and of course I could never get another."

"But you have that beautiful old violin," I said.

One was hung upon the wall over the cabinet.

"I should think you would learn to play on that."

"Oh, that has been in the family a

hundred years," she answered; "but we use it only as an ornament, though the gentlemen of the family have played on it. My grandfather was quite skillful. But don't you think that, for a lady, it is a little too masculine? I can't help feeling that it is masculine, but I have often wished that I had had a brother who could use it."

"If your friend were musical—" I suggested.

A tinge of color crept into her face, and she smiled.

"Isn't it unfortunate?" she said. "He isn't at all musical, though I am sure he could sing if he would only try; he has such a really delightful voice in speaking. I have often told him so. Not, of course, that his voice was nice, but that he ought to try and see if he couldn't sing or play on something. But we were speaking of doing masculine things," she hurried on, as if she felt that she had been a little too unreserved. "There is such a tendency in that direction now. It is really lamentable, don't you think so? As if woman could ever find happiness out of her own sphere!"

It was not long before I was further in Miss Ophelia's confidence.

"Don't you think," she said, one day, as we sat in the arbor, "that the Virginians are beginning to think less of blood and family and things like that? It seems to me that people attach less importance to those things than they used to."

"Yes," I assented. "Perhaps they do."

"It certainly seems so to me," she said; "but then I live so completely out of the world!" She broke off a fragrant bunch of blooms from the pink and yellow honeysuckle which overran the arbor, and kept it in her hand, putting it every now and then to her face as she talked. I fancied that I could see the light through her hand as she lifted it, it was so thin and pure in color.

"When we were living at old Castlewood," she continued, "our nearest neighbors were the Ashleys. Everybody in the county visited them. Ashley, you know, is a good name, but Mr. Ashley had *stooped*, and it made against his children."

She paused, and lowered her voice.

"Mrs. Ashley was a Miss Hoggins."

"Ah?" I said, mechanically, echoing her tone.

"Now I really would like for you to tell me honestly what you think. Do you consider that so great an objection that a person should—that a person couldn't—Do you think, in short, that it is an insuperable objection?"

"To marrying a person you *cared* for?" I exclaimed. "Why, Miss Ophelia!"

She blushed as if with pleasure, but held her ground.

"But, my dear, consider," she said. "There are any number of the Hogginses, I am told; and they live in the upper end of the county."

I gave Miss Ophelia a little squeeze.

"Never mind the Hogginses," I said, "if he is nice, and I know he is. *He* is the one with the melodious voice, is he?"

She laughed, coloring beautifully under her gray hair.

"The idea of your stopping for Hogginses!" I insisted.

"It really isn't at all a good connection," she went on, "but, personally, I must confess there isn't an objection. And perhaps—"

"Where is he now?" I asked her. "And what does he do, and what does he look like?"

She was looking at me a little abstractedly.

"My dear," she said, "I don't know what you will think of me for telling you about this—this matter that is on my mind. It seems almost indelicate, but there is really nobody else here that I can talk to but poor mamma; and I fancy it distresses her for me even to speak of marrying. Though nothing should ever come between me and my duty to her, and I could do so much more for her comfort then."

"I think it is just lovely of you to tell me," I said. "But go on telling me. Is he handsome?"

"He is considered so," she answered, with careful impartiality. "I have heard some people say that he was the handsomest man in Virginia. But you know, my dear, they hadn't seen every man in Virginia, and there may be others every bit as handsome. But I think you would like his face."

"And he has a delightful voice," I added.

"Most delightful," she assented.

"With plenty of sense, and good?" I questioned.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Really brilliant, and noble in character."

"And you stop to think of Hogginses!" I ejaculated. "You don't deserve to have him!"

That was but the beginning of many long and delightful conversations with Miss Ophelia, though a certain fine reserve never left her, which was not unfrequently baffling and tantalizing.

Sometimes she would change the subject abruptly, as if she felt that she had said too much; and again it would crop up in the most unexpected ways, and out of all obvious connection.

I was surprised to find that she showed a curious hesitation about telling me his full name, when I had most innocently asked it. I did not often ask her any question, but I could not imagine any reason for shyness upon this point.

"I suppose people get attached to their family names, no matter how ugly they are," she said. "But it does seem a pity to perpetuate them, sometimes. A name may be so ugly that it is a positive objection to a person. Now, *would* you marry a person named Hezekiah?"

I burst into an irrepressible laugh.

"Yes, indeed, I would—if he was as nice as somebody we know."

She smiled rosily and dropped her voice.

"You know Mrs. Ashley was a Miss Hoggins. I have always thought this must have been her father's name. It seems to go with Hoggins, and it isn't an Ashley name."

"It isn't so very ugly," I said.

She looked at me earnestly, her head a little on one side. "No?" she said. "Don't you really think so?" She paused a moment.

"It doesn't sound at all ugly to me. But then I thought that was only because—"

She broke off with a quick blush, and rose to go. We had been sitting in the little arbor, which, I had noticed, was the favorite scene of Miss Ophelia's confidences. In her own home her references to her "friend" were few and hurried, as if she feared that her mother might overhear and be distressed.

"Because?" I said.

She hesitated, turning to break off a spray of honeysuckle—and then she laughed and blushed and made no answer. But she kissed me first upon one cheek and then upon the other; and I understood. She stood a moment holding both my hands. Suddenly she gave a long, deep sigh.

"But, oh, Helen, the difficulty will be to reconcile poor, dear mamma!"

The next day Mrs. Wingate took me upon a long drive, saying that it was "a shame" that I had seen nothing of the county beyond the "Cote'ouse."

We drove to the old Castlewood, but of the house there stood only a blackened chimney and a fragment of wall, and I did not care to linger.

"I reckon it would have passed out of their hands anyway by now," my hostess said, as we drove on. "Nearly all of these old places have gone over to strangers—people got so poor after the war. But it certainly is a pity about the family burying-grounds. Now just look over there at that brick wall. That's the old Ashley burying-ground; and there ain't a soul to care for it since they sold the place."

She drove up to the low wall, and checked the horse to look over. I felt a little thrill at the name, so thoroughly had I entered into Miss Ophelia's romance. But the dank inclosure was a gruesome sight; so overgrown and neglected that it was a blot upon the fair face of the earth.

"Just look at that tombstone right there that's tumbled flat," she said. "It's real scandalous, but I don't know whose business it is to tend to it. What's that written on it? H-e— Oh, yes!

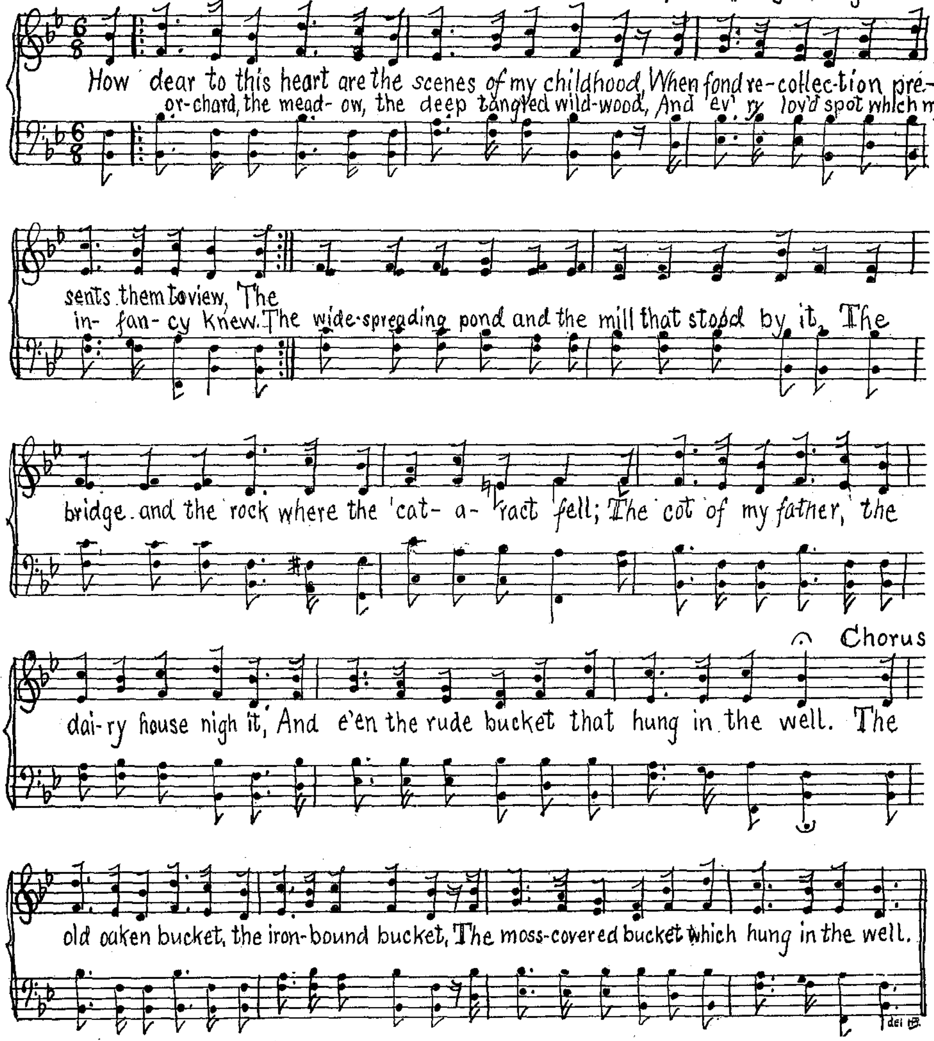
"HEZEKIAH ASHLEY,
Aged 22.
Killed at Malvern Hill.

"Miss Ophelia's beau, they said he was, and a mighty nice young man. But ain't anybody remembered long in this world! (Get up, Grover!) The place makes you feel real creepy, don't it?"

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Samuel Woodworth.

Air— "Araby's Daughter."


How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond re-collection pre-
or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tangled wild-wood, And ev'ry lov'd spot which my
sents them to view, The
in-fan-cy knew. The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it, The
bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my father, the
Chorus
dai-ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well. The
old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure:
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" and its Author

By James S. Gibson

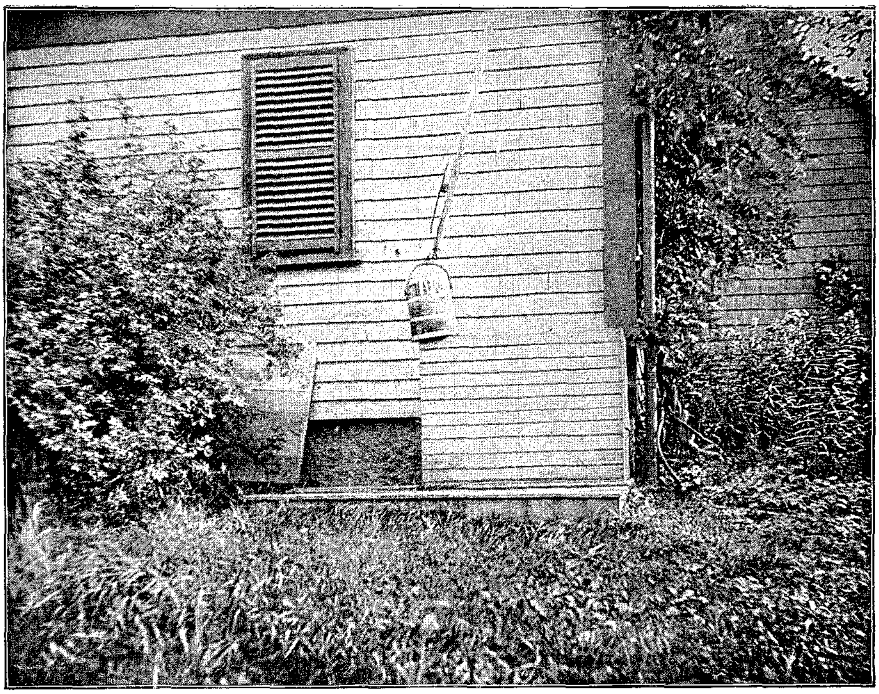
SAMUEL WOODWORTH

From an old miniature.

About thirty miles from Boston, in the old town of Scituate, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, flows a little stream known as the First Herring Brook. This little brook—scarcely three miles in length—sparkles through shady woods, offering a mirror to many a dainty overhanging fern, and, gliding across quiet meadows, meets the North River near Scituate Harbor, and finally joins the waters of the sea. Passing through the quiet village of Greenbush, its course retarded by an old dam, broadening into a pond, it turns the wheel of an antiquated mill. Although the stones in this mill have done good service for two centuries and a half, and the mill was one of the first built by the men from Plymouth, it is not because of its historical interest that the reader's attention is now directed to this little old building and its surroundings. A few rods from this mill lived, when a boy, the poet Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Who does not know it? For three generations it has sung its way around the world, until its familiar lines are loved wherever memories of childhood and home are held dear.

Samuel Woodworth came from good Pilgrim stock. The first record of his family in America appears on the books of the Plymouth Colony, where the name of Walter Woodworth may be found numbered among the Freemen of Scituate.

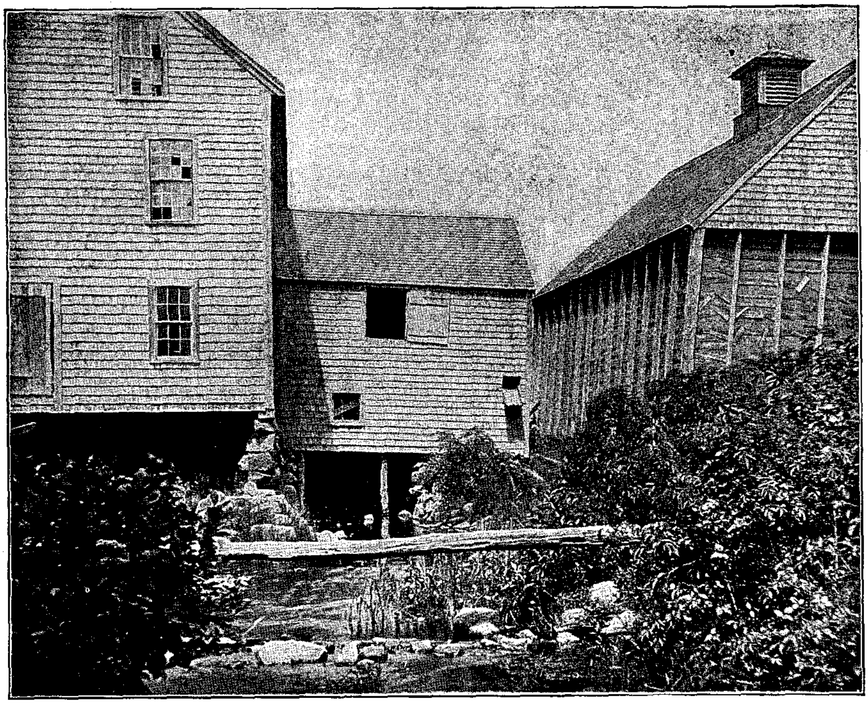
An interesting historical incident, connected with the family of this first American representative of the Woodworths, may be found in the old records of the Plymouth Colony. This incident occurred during the latter part of the seventeenth century, when all New England and a large portion of the civilized world were inflamed by that wave of superstition known as the Witchcraft Delusion. One of the unfortunates suspected of being in league with the devil was an aged woman, Ingham by name, and the following is the quaint language of the charge against her: "Mary Ingham, thou art indited by the name of Mary Ingham, wife of Thomas Ingham, of Scituate, for thou, not having the feare of God before thine eyes, hast, by the help of the Devil, in a way of Witchcraft or scorcery, maliciously procured much hurt, mischieff and paine unto the body of Mehitabal Woodworth, daughter of Walter Woodworth, of Scituate, and to some others, particularly, causing her greate paine unto several parts of her body, at several tymes, so that the said Mehitabal hath been almost bereaved of her senses; and hath greatly languished, to her much suffering thereby, and procuring of greate grieffe, sorrow and charge to her parents; all which thou hast procured and done against the law of God and to his greate dishonor, and contrary to our sovereign Lord the King, and his crown and dignity." She was duly tried and found "not guilty:" good sense triumphed over superstition! Plymouth Colony, be it said to its credit, has no judicial murders of this character as a stain on its record.



THE WELL

Samuel Woodworth was born in Scituate on the thirteenth day of January, 1789. At fourteen the only education he had received was a partial knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, obtained at the village school during the three months of the winter season. At this early age he gave indication of his talent, and his verses attracted the attention of the local schoolmaster and parish clergyman, Rev. Nehemiah Thomas. His parents were encouraged to place him under the care of the latter, and he remained in the family of this worthy minister for one year, during which time he was taught the English and Latin grammar and gained some proficiency in the classics. It soon became necessary for him to think of obtaining some employment. Choosing the profession of a printer, he proceeded to Boston and bound himself an apprentice to Benjamin Russell, editor and proprietor of the "Columbian Sentinel," with whom he remained until his apprenticeship expired in 1806. During this period he employed his leisure hours writing poetry for publications then issued in Boston, generally under the signature of "Selim." He continued to use this *nom de plume* for many of his writings in after life.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship he became ambitious to take an extensive tour through the United States, for the purpose of writing a description of his travels. A friend furnished him sufficient funds to enable him to begin his tour, and as he expected to procure employment in the different towns through which he was to pass, he had no doubt he could reach New York without suffering inconvenience. This expectation was the source of severe disappointment; for, after vainly applying at every printing establishment in the various villages on the road, he at length found himself in the city of New Haven, a stranger, footsore and penniless. He finally found employment with a Mr. Babcock, remaining with him nearly a year, contributing meanwhile to a local paper. Woodworth now desired to establish a publication of his own. He obtained a press and type on credit, and we now behold the poet as the editor, publisher, printer, and—more than once—carrier of the "Belles-Lettres Repository," a weekly paper, dedicated to the Ladies; subscription price two dollars per year, payable quarterly in advance. As might have been expected, the subscriptions received in advance were insufficient to



THE MILL FROM THE REAR

meet the expenses, and at the end of two months the young editor found his buplication a failure, and himself burdened with debts. He shortly after left the city, venting his feelings in a poem of six hundred lines! Returning to his birthplace, he made a brief visit and again set out in search of fame and fortune, assuring his friends that he would never again visit the place of his birth unless he was accompanied or preceded by one or both of the objects of his pursuit.

The poet next located in Baltimore, where during the summer of 1808 he contributed both prose and verse to various newspapers. The following year he proceeded to New York City, and the next year—1810—married Miss Lydia Reeder. He continued to reside in New York until his death. His married life was happy, although for some years not far removed from want. During the war of 1812 Woodworth conducted a weekly paper entitled "The War," in which he chronicled our victories by land and sea. He edited at the same time a monthly magazine called the "Halcyon Luminary and Theological Repository," devoted to the promulgation of the doctrines of Swedenborg, of whom he had been for some time a sincere disciple. Both of these ventures were financial failures. Discouraged by his lack of success, he felt no inclination to commence any new undertaking on his own responsibility. He therefore applied for and obtained the position of foreman on the "Columbian," one of New York's early daily papers. In 1816 Woodworth wrote "The Champions of Freedom; or, The Mysterious Chief," a two-volume romantic novel of the war of 1812; and at a later date a series of prose papers entitled "The Confessions of a Sensitive Man." He subsequently conducted "The Casket," "The Parthenon," "The Literary Gazette," and published "The Complete Coiffeur." In 1823 he was associated with George P. Morris in establishing and conducting "The New York Mirror," which afterward became the property of Morris and N. P. Willis. It seems to have been the rendezvous of poets. Besides the three associated with it, there were numbered among its contributors Hoffman, Cooper, Sigourney, Fay, Halleck, Leggett, Whittier, Verplank, Irving, and other well-known writers and poets of the day. At this time Woodworth wrote much for the stage. "The Deed of Gift," a comic opera, "Kings Bridge Cot-

"THE DEEP TANGLED WILD-WOOD"

tage," a two-act drama, and "The Forest Rose" were popular for many years.

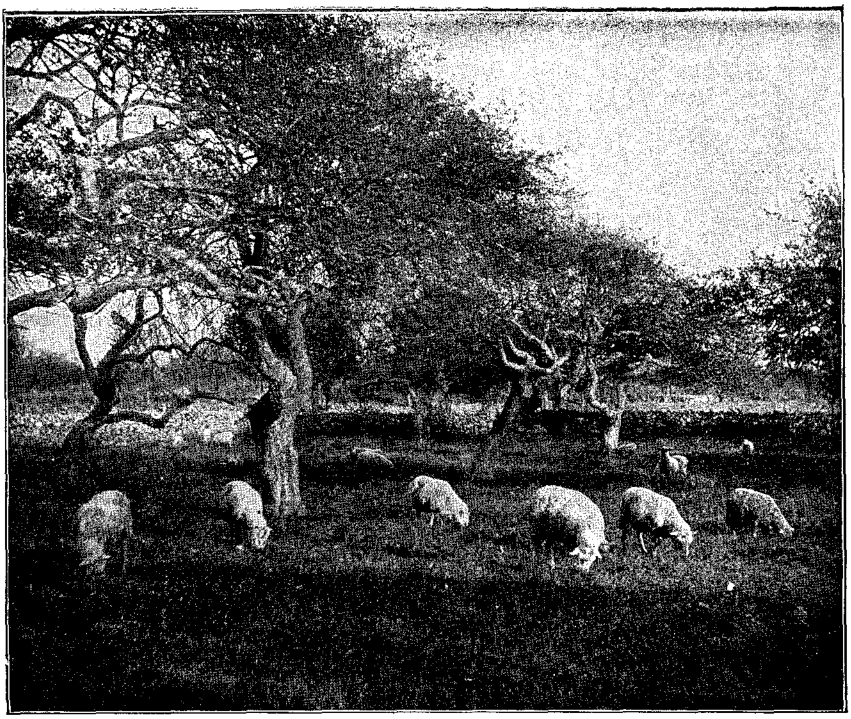
It is not generally known that several of Woodworth's poems were attributed to Wordsworth, and, as such, became popular in England, and were recopied in the United States as the productions of England's Poet Laureate! Six years previous to his death he suffered an attack of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered, and died in New York City in 1842, in the fifty-eighth year of his life. His remains now lie in the Woodworth mausoleum in San Francisco.

Samuel Woodworth's whole career is full of interest. As a poet he has been eulogized by Webster, Channing, Everett, Halleck, Irving, Griswold, Duyckinck, Story, Sir Walter Scott, and other eminent writers. In private life he was kind, gentle, and universally beloved.

The first edition of his poems was published in 1818. The fourth, and last—a two-volume edition, edited by his son—was published by Scribner in 1861. All are now out of print.

Although Woodworth's writings would fill many volumes, his fame rests secure upon one poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," originally published as "The Bucket." Some years ago the statement was widely circulated that the poem which had made Samuel Woodworth famous was written in a saloon. This report is without foundation in fact. Upon the authority of a member of the Woodworth family, the writer states that the true version is as follows: The poem was written during the summer of 1817, while the family was living on Duane Street, New York. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, near the foot of Wall Street. Being much heated with the exercise, he drank a glass of water—New York pump water—exclaiming as he replaced the water on the table: "That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught this warm day from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home!" Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said: "Samuel, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" The poet took the hint, and, under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured out from the depth of his heart the beautiful lines which have immortalized the name of Woodworth.

The old oaken bucket long since dis-



THE ORCHARD

appeared, but the old well still remains—its water as pure as the poet found it in his boyhood days. The "cot" has given place to a comfortable farm-house; and the old mill and pond remain practically unchanged, but the orchard has nearly disappeared. Two years ago a movement was agitated in California looking toward the erection of a statue or monument in memory of the poet, and in Massachusetts there has been some talk of purchasing Woodworth's homestead and dedicating the ground to public use as a park. Nothing substantial, however, has yet been accomplished toward the realization of these projects. Many visitors annually journey to the obscure village of the poet's boyhood to see the mill and pond and drink from the old well, delighted to visit the scenes made familiar to their parents and grandparents by the musical lines of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The Cameo-Cutter

By Clarence Urmy

Worker in that most venerable art
So much esteemed in mediæval days,
And now brought forth for fresher, brighter bays,
What talismanic dreams must crowd thy heart,
Of brilliant booths in Greek and Roman mart,
Where careful, cunning workmen deftly raise
On jasper, onyx, bloodstone, chrysophrase,
The life and scenes of which they form a part.
O patient lapidary! in the stone
What wondrous arabesques of shine and shade
Abide their time thy tracing to adorn—
Imprisoned beams, perchance, that one day shone
In primal Eden-bower, glen or glade,
Waiting thy touch—their resurrection morn!

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

For Tired Kittens

By B. B. Reeves

Said Kitten Black to Kitten Gray,
Confidingly, one lovely day:
"I'm growing thin as any rail,
Just chasing my rambunctious tail."

Said Kitten Gray to Kitten Black:
"It's evident you are a Jack!
To catch your tail's no work at all:
Just go to sleep curled in a ball;

"If when you wake you do not stir,
Nor stretch away from where you were,
Beneath your nose you cannot fail
To find a tame and tranquil tail."

Our Nearest Neighbors

By Helen S. Perkins

On one of the streets of the town in which I live stands a little red house. Behind it slopes a broad green meadow, where grow many apple-trees loaded in spring with lovely pink-and-white blossoms, and in autumn with delicious rosy fruit; and each side of the front door, like sentinels to guard the little red house, stand two pine-trees that have grown so straight from always looking at the sun.

The little red house is a kindergarten, and here every morning comes a merry troop of boys and girls, some with curly and some with straight locks, brown-eyed, blue-eyed, and black-eyed, to spend three hours of happy work and play. Here, too, one bright spring morning, came some one else—a little chipping sparrow who had just come North and was now house-hunting.

She looked at the tall elm-tree just outside the gate, where hung the oriole's deep pocket of a nest, and then at the pile of brush where her cousin the song-sparrow had found a home; but, like the great bear's and the little bear's chairs, one was too high and the other too low for her, so at last she decided that one of the little pine-trees standing so close to the kindergarten was just right. When the children came at nine o'clock, Mrs. Chippie was busily at work—a wonderful little carpenter, building her own pretty home. She made the outside of the dried grass that she found in the yard, woven together with small twigs; but for the inside, Prince and Patty, in the field beyond, gave her some black hairs from their tails to make a soft bed for the precious bird babies who should come some day.

You may be sure the children were delighted with their new neighbor, and all the crumbs from the lunch were saved for her, and some of the seeds from Buttercup's—the canary's—cage were strewn under the tree, in case she might like variety in her diet.

One day in May the biggest boy in the kindergarten climbed up on the fence. From there he could easily reach the tree, and, pushing the branches aside very gently, he looked into the little nest. There lay five greenish-blue eggs, so prettily flecked with brown, cuddled close together. Day after day, we could just see the chestnut cap of Mother Chippie as she sat upon them and kept them warm under her soft gray breast.

Patient little mother, there she sat, day and night, and it was not often that we could get even a glimpse of her treasures. She was kept well supplied with food by the children, and a little dish of water was put on the fence so that she might have a well in her back yard, so to speak, and not be obliged to leave those precious eggs to grow cold while she went in search of water.

When one morning we heard Mrs. Chippie calling "Come! come! come!" in her loudest tones, we knew the babies had finally appeared. It was hard to tell which was the more delighted, the children or the little bird mother. From his watch-tower on top of the fence the biggest boy reported that there were no eggs at all in the nest, but five baby birds—not very beautiful babies to any one but their mother. I have no doubt she thought them the daintiest little darlings in the world, and possessed of enormous mouths and appetites to correspond. We watched them day after day, as their mother fed them, taught them to say "Chip! chip! chip!" and we were present at the first flying lesson, when one of the babies ignominiously tumbled to the ground and had to be rescued and put back on the tree again, until at last they grew old enough to fly away and make homes for themselves. And when the children scattered for their summer vacation I think their own homes and their own dear mothers were dearer for this little glimpse of the bird world.

Bossy's Entering the World

The children were delighted. They had watched the driver coming up the street, and their tender little hearts were saddened by the sight of the weak, tiny calf driven along with the strong cows and bulls, with no thought of its weak, wobbly legs by the driver.

Their father was as tender-hearted as the children, and he bought the calf, and drove it through the front door into the little back yard, where the grass grew up in little tufts between stones, cinders, and the usual things to be found in a yard surrounded by tall tenements. Other children in this region had goats for pets, but these little ones were envied by all their little friends. A calf promised so many things—milk, butter, buttermilk—besides all the love and pleasure she would give.

The calf grew. She had the sweetest temper and warmest heart that ever was. Every dainty that could appeal to the appetite of a growing calf was saved and fed to her. If only those five little loving barefoot children could have seen the future, so near and so shadowed!

One day the terrible discovery was made that Bossy had outgrown the back yard. This was not because Bossy was so enormous, but the back yard was so small. What was to be done?

The limits of the yard were settled. There were the walls of the tall tenements. Not only was the terrible discovery made of Bossy's dimensions exceeding the capacity of the back yard, but she seemed to grow larger every day.

To this was added another terrible discovery. Bossy had outgrown the width of the doors that had gladly closed between her and the cruel drivers. Friends advised, but they did not help.

The butcher came and bought Bossy, but he could not remove her. The question roused the neighborhood. The children were in despair. She could not stay in the yard, and no one could get her out.

The butcher came one morning and gave orders that Bossy must not be fed. Loud were the protests, but the butcher convinced them all that Bossy must have more room, light, and air, and the doors were the only means of reaching these.

The day came when it was thought Bossy could go into that outer world that would offer her fitting opportunities. All gathered to see her pass triumphantly where she had entered so meekly.

She passed through the back door and into the hall, but the front door was too narrow.

The butcher, the children, and their father looked at each other in despair. The butcher called for a hammer. It was given to him. He removed a part of the door-frame, and proudly led Bossy through.

"Well," said the father, "when I buy another cow, it will be a rabbit."

He was thinking of the back yard.

From the Vine to the Box

Raisins, as you know doubtless, are dried grapes. But the raisin-grape is of a peculiar kind. It is said that the country is indebted to a few men for the introduction of the raisin industry in California. These men went abroad and studied the process of raisin growing and drying, and spent money in their efforts to prove that it would be a profitable business in this country.

The grapes are picked and must be dried out-of-doors.

When the grapes are ripe, the bunches of the best grapes are very large. These are laid on wooden trays. When the grapes on one side are dried, they are inverted on another tray, as the raisins that are handled least are best. When dried, which involves watching the trays and tipping them to catch the sun as much and long as possible, they are put in boxes, and in these boxes taken to the packing-houses. Now a sorting process begins. This gives employment to many people. It is said that in the harvest or gathering season, miles of wagons pass over the roads loaded with the grapes and raisins. The children have so many of these to eat that they do not stop to pick up the bunches that fall from the wagons.

The best raisins are packed in wooden boxes of sierra-wood, and the paper and decoration used on them improve every year.

The making of the boxes and of the decoration gives employment to many people. Whenever you eat a raisin, think of the sunny vineyards of California and the hundreds of men, women, and children who work in them to give you this delicacy.

The City of Toy-Makers

Nuremberg, an ancient city in Germany, is the home of the toy-makers. Hundreds of makers of toys live in this city. The houses are tall and have high roofs, which have two and sometimes three tiers of windows. The toy-makers have their factories and shops, and live in one of these buildings often. Each family has a specialty. One will make wooden toys, another tin, another papier maché. One will make only tin kitchens, while another will make only tin soldiers; another man makes only magnetic toys—the fishes that will follow a magnet—while another will make the toys that are run by clockwork. In some houses only the members of a family are employed; in others many outsiders. This old city is noted for its skilled workers. Beautiful carving in wood and ivory is made here, and very beautiful ironwork. The people pride themselves on doing beautiful work, and the little children are trained to admire the artistic and the skillfully made. They learn to imitate the beautiful things that are made in their homes; and that is why Nuremberg is the center of the trades that require daintiness and skill and a love of the beautiful.

A Protector and Guide

Three little girls went berrying recently, going up the side of a mountain. Sunset came and the little girls did not come back, so the family went after them; but night came and they had not been found. All night long the people searched, but there was no sign of the children. Word was sent out, and all the neighbors joined in the search.

Early the next morning the bark of a dog was heard, and the people shouted. There was a sound of crashing in the bushes far up the side of the mountain, and the dog that had gone with the little girls came bounding into the path barking with all his might.

When he saw the people, he turned about and went bounding, running, and barking joyfully up the mountain. The people followed, and there they found the three little girls sitting close together under the protection of a big rock. The dog had laid at their feet all night, and only left them when he heard the voices, to guide the hunters to them.

Sleep-Fairy

By Annie E. Tynan

"Heigho, my precious!" sings the little brown Mary,
"Baby is sleepy, and Mary is too;
So shut the white eyelids and hark for Sleep-Fairy;
She'll come with her dream-songs to sister and you.
Hear her soft mantle among the high grasses!
Hear the sweet twang as she touches her strings!
All the winds pause when her fairy harp passes,
And all the birds listen when Sleep-Fairy sings.

"Heigho, my primrose, the daylight is sleeping!
Draw the white curtains across your blue eyes.
Shut out the shadows that round us come creeping;
For night never darkens in Sleep-Fairy's skies.
See how the daisies nid-nod as they listen!
All the brown bunnies lie warm in their nests.
Deep in the brook-bed the still fishes glisten—
Sleep-Fairy sings while the busy world rests."

—*St. Nicholas.*

Correspondence

Cuban Character

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have recently read the article published in The Outlook under the title of Cuban Character. It pleased me very much, and I wished to show you the approval of one who is living with them. Most Americans who come here stay for about two weeks, and usually come in contact with no one but waiters, merchants, or hack-drivers, who are almost always Spaniards! They go back to the States and air an opinion which is biased in the extreme, and never think how much harm they are doing the real Cubans. I have, like the writer of the article, lived with them and have been brought in contact with all classes, and am able, I think, now to have an opinion of their character. His ideas coincide with my observations entirely, though, of course, there is a certain higher educated class which is much superior, as there is a lower class that is much inferior, to his character sketch, which, as I read it, is a boiling down of all classes and getting an average out of the result. I am sorry to have taken up this much of your time, but could not help letting you see my approval of the article.

William N. Bispham,
Ad. Surg. U. S. A.

Chief Surgeon's Office, Department of Havana.

Already United States Territory

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It appears to me that the fact that the Philippine Islands are United States territory is a most important factor in the settlement of the Philippine question. That they are a part of the territory of the United States is settled by treaty and recognized by the whole civilized world. The Filipinos are inhabitants of the United States, and possess the rights of citizenship. It is the constitutional duty of the Government to establish law and order in the Philippines, and to protect each individual there in his personal liberties as thoroughly as a citizen of the States is protected. If it be necessary to send a million soldiers there to establish authority, law, and order, it is the duty of the Government to send them, and that promptly.

Our dilemma in this matter is made unavoidable by the lack of wisdom in making such a treaty. The Filipino must submit or die.

The Outlook's heart is all right on the settlement of the Philippine question; but such a settlement as it desires is one of the grand ideas made, by governmental blundering, impossible to be realized. The Outlook says: "The duty of the United States respecting the Philippines is exactly what it is respecting Cuba—first, to disperse all armed forces and establish order based on law and justice; and, when that is accomplished, leave the government and control of the island to its people." With respect to Cuba, we have bound ourselves to do so, and declared it to the world; with respect to Porto Rico and the Philippines we declared no such thing, and now our hands are tied.

The Outlook suggests that the question of belonging to the United States or not be left in due time to the vote of the people of Cuba and the territory acquired from Spain. Such a move on the part of Cuba is very proper; she would be voting to come in; but Porto Rico and the Philippines would have to vote on going out—a most radical difference—for they are already in. There is an acknowledged constitutional right of our Government to acquire territory, but none to let it go. "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever," is one of the strong principles of our Government, emphasized by a great war; and the idea of permitting Porto Rico or the Philippines, or any of our territory, to deliberately resolve by ballot to go out is an idle dream.

Oral, Mich. S. D. Watson.

Retributive Justice

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your article on the Fetich should be widely read and pondered. The Fetich rages also among examining boards for teachers from Florida to Maine. In Florida a successful teacher holds a certificate for four years at longest; then he must either stop teaching or pass a fresh examination, to qualify himself to continue in the profession. There is no such thing as vacation rest; the whip and spur of elementary examinations are forever active. The Teachers' Institute must also be supported, and attendance is virtually compulsory. Is it known what great mind originated the Fetich? Internal evidence points to that style of School Board or Legislative Committee which would fain set the universe in order, discipline everybody into line, and send stragglers about their business; which is ready to supply the world with machine-run architecture, and voters as well as students and teachers. The brethren probably were stirred to emulation by the civil service system. Why not apply it everywhere and every time, and thus tackle and shackle teachers themselves with a noose of their own expert making?

It really seems like retributive justice, and the most extraordinary thing is that the whole teaching corps has submissively put on the harness far and wide, apparently without flinching or wincing. The fact is, teachers dare not confess that they do not stand prepared every day and hour to take all manner of examinations. Omniscience is expected by school boards, and by not a few pupils—the precocities who are always probing their teacher's knowledge instead of increasing their own. The system has spread over the land, as panics have a fashion of spreading; it should be reasoned down before it is legislated that the test be applied to candidates for college presidency. Those already seated would do well to hold down their chairs vigorously. It is very doubtful whether Seth Low or President Eliot would be able to "pass" into other positions if examined on elementary studies. I am unfamiliar with the customs in California, but trust that "the powers that be" there are not preparing to worry the new and brilliant President of the State University, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, with elementary examinations. If such things are to be, why should not the public demand that, first of all, school boards and college examining committees be examined to make sure of their competency to examine? Alas that these searching tests do not secure the results we all desire! Alas for the fact indisputable that the English both written and spoken by students who have successfully passed not only entrance but final examinations at our schools and universities, and by men and women who have passed and repassed the examinations guarding the portals of the teacher's profession, should be so often a shock to ears polite, ears cultivated and sensitive though perhaps less skilled in mere text-book knowledge. How much is the teaching capacity of a candidate increased by having been able to answer such questions as these taken from a list which has seen much active service? "Draw a township, number its sections, subdivide its twentieth section into quarter-quarters, and its S. E. ¼ section of the northeast quarter into quarter-quarter-quarters, and make a cross in the S. E. ¼ of S. E. ¼ of S. E. ¼," and "Have you attended a teachers' Summer School this year? If yes, 20 credits. If no, no credits." We are reminded of the old saw, "Do you like cheese?" Ans. "No, but my brother plays the German flute."

I know a woman of mature years and of wisdom which has come from intellectual growth, of French stock and a student and teacher most of her life of the French language and literature. She spends her vacation in studying to keep abreast with the newest literature and methods in her specialty. She can and has carried off the highest university credits in examinations on the critical study of Corneille or Racine or French construction; and yet when she is selected by a Boston superintendent as the most desirable special instructor he can find, she is not able to accept the position, because she has neither strength nor courage to prepare herself for examinations in physics, algebra, geometry, chemistry, and other studies which she disposed of as a schoolgirl and which have no bearing on her chosen work in life. If this system is persevered in, we shall have nothing but misfits in school positions—the mechanical toy.

Ithaca, N. Y. S. W. M.

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